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MARION LAWRANCE

A Memorial Biography

A MEMORIAL BIOGRAPHY

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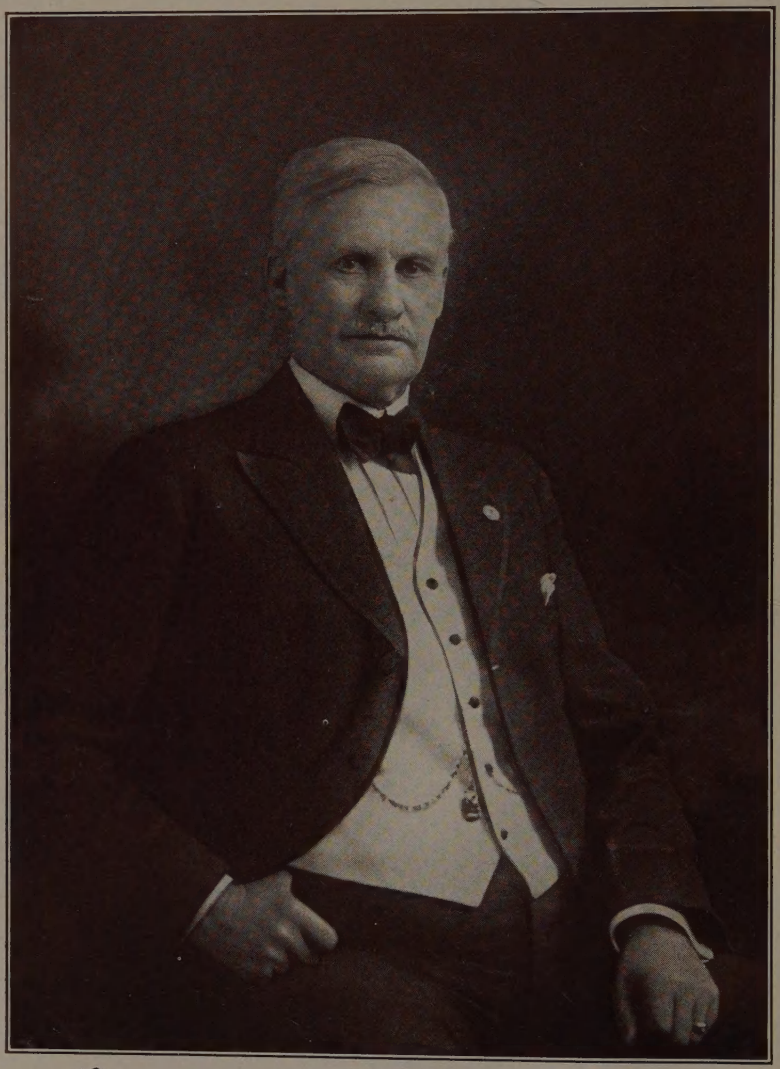

Faithfully Yours
Marion Lawrance

MARION LAWRANCE

A Memorial Biography

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By his Son
HAROLD G. LAWRANCE

With an Introduction by
HUGH S. MAGILL
General Secretary, International Council of Religious Education

"I speak; my work is for a king."
—*Psalm 45 : 1* (Margin reference)

ILLUSTRATED

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To

THE MYRIAD OF CHRISTIAN FRIENDS

who have, in reality, written this volume of sympathy with Marion Lawrance as its hero and have bound it with their prayers,

And to

CHRISTIAN FRIENDSHIP,

the supreme tie that survives death, this Biography is gratefully and reverently dedicated.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

MY thanks are due the officials at "Bethany" Headquarters for innumerable and gracious courtesies; to Dr. Hugh S. Magill and the office of the International Council of Religious Education for generous coöperation; to Drs. E. Morris Fergusson and Joseph Clark, for valuable and extensive contributions; and to thousands of friends who gave me encouragement and a public viewpoint through their letters.

Among all the aid given by relatives, immediate friends, office-assistants, perhaps the greatest help was rendered by Miss Nellie A. Waggener, who for twelve years was my father's trusted private secretary. It was due, largely, to her detailed knowledge of his work, her splendid efficiency, and her sympathetic attitude, that this Biography of my father was completed in the form in which it now appears.

H. G. L.

INTRODUCTION

MARION LAWRANCE was recognized as the best known and most beloved Sunday school leader in the world. He attained preëminence in this great field because of his loving, inspiring personality, given throughout the years in consecrated service. If the achievements of one's life may be measured in some degree by the friendships formed, Marion Lawrance was most successful, for he was loved and admired by hundreds of thousands.

The record of such a life should be preserved as a source of joy and satisfaction to those who knew him, and as the inspiration and guide to those who shall come after. It is highly fitting and fortunate that his only son should be the author of this Memorial Biography. The power and influence of the life of Marion Lawrance emanated from the qualities of his personality, —love, faith, gentleness, sincerity, consecration. Multitudes felt his sway, but he was best understood and appreciated by those who knew him most intimately. To those of us who were privileged to be associated with him daily, to have the benefit of his wise counsel and feel the ennobling influence of his beautiful Christian character, his life was a blessing and a benediction. Of course his own children knew him best.

As "the little red schoolhouse" has developed into a great system of general education, so Marion Lawrance lived to see the dawning of the new day when his beloved "little white Sunday school" has developed into the Church School, with its vacation and week-day sessions, destined to emerge as a great international system of religious education. Nothing gave him greater happiness than the development of this new movement, supported by the coöperating Protestant Christian forces of the continent. He gave whole-hearted assistance to the merging of the International Sunday School Association and the Sunday School Council of Evangelical Denominations into the International Council of Religious Education, and rejoiced in the development of the

broad educational programme for the teaching of the Christian Religion.

As Consulting General Secretary of the new organization during its first two years, the services of Marion Lawrance were invaluable. He knew well the past out of which we have come. He saw the future with a clear vision of unwavering faith. His love and devotion to the work to which he had given his life in matchless service did not lessen his loyalty to the new organization with its broader field and unfolding challenge. His every thought and word and act was the essence of unselfish devotion and sterling loyalty to the new movement.

The value and significance of the services of Marion Lawrance will be better understood and appreciated through the vista of coming years. He was admired and loved by all who came under the radiant influence of his personality. Thousands have felt the inspiration of his addresses and writings. He left earth rich in the love of his fellow men, and richer in the treasures he had laid up in Heaven. All humanity is better because he lived.

"No life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife and all life not be purer and stronger thereby."

HUGH S. MAGILL.

Chicago, Ill.

FOREWORD

TO write the life of my father within a few months of his passing, when his face is still vivid before me, his words fresh in my ears, and his presence a radiant memory, seems almost impossible of achievement. The perspective is too close, the time too short, and the personal loss too poignant. Then, too, a son is always precluded from putting himself forward as a witness for his father, since his impartiality will always be under suspicion.

Many may ask, "Why, then, do you undertake it?" The answer is: first, my father so wished it; and second, I can only repeat what Lord Duffield said regarding the life of a famous Spanish author he was writing: "I do not presume to write of this renowned man because I deem myself worthy, but because I will not suffer any hand but mine to raise this tablet to his memory."

The supreme test of any biography is that all readers may say, "This is the man I knew," even though they knew him in different ways and though their points of contact were widely divergent. Perhaps the best way is to let the subject of a biography speak for himself—through his records, diaries, correspondence, friends, and achievements. To put forth evidence in such a way that the reader can draw his own conclusions, requires the amassing of a vast amount of material, careful selection of the material, with the proper amount of emphasis, and judicious interpretation.

In order then to present the totality of my father's life, with its sympathetic impulses, its handicaps and obstacles, its triumphs, and all those delightful intimacies which won him such a troop of friends—in fact, his whole many-sided personality—I have asked for personal reminiscences and impressions from surviving

associates. Thousands of letters have been received from nearly every corner of the earth, each with its definite line and rare bit of colour, to help make a full-length portrait. With this material, and my father's well-kept records and reports, official and private correspondence, records of trips, domestic and foreign, I am supplied with ample evidence.

But to recreate a personality mosaic-like, out of the records of the past and present, is not easy. It is especially difficult when the perspective is near and when the subjective mind constantly sweeps one away with emotion. So this evidence must be presented from an objective point of view and without personal eulogy, not from lack of filial sympathy, but in order that the portrait may clearly and broadly show individual qualities, interests, blunders, achievements, and defects in their true relativity. I regret that the picture in the following pages could not have been outlined in bolder and larger strokes. This, indeed, is really necessary, to present completely the nation-wide rôle of the man, Marion Lawrance. But always when I essayed such a portrait, a kindly, devoted father stood before me, and my hand fell limp.

My thanks are due those friends and associates who have so generously contributed to the contents of this volume. So much that is worth while has been offered that it has been, indeed, a tremendous problem to discard any of it. I wish it were possible to present every sentiment and I regret that each collaborator, in addition to those whose names are definitely mentioned, cannot receive public recognition.

This biography of my father is, in a large sense, the history of a great idea. So closely were his personality and the cause of the Sunday school linked, that it is impossible to separate them. He was truly one

Whose faith and work were bells of full accord.

His humanity, his gifts of imagination and executive action, and nearly every utterance, whether spoken or written, were directed toward one great aim—seeing childhood and freeing childhood as the greatest religious, spiritual and educational force in the expansion of modern life. He was absolutely committed to the

principle that all progress, religious or secular, can be made only through the child. For half a century, he laboured unceasingly, enthusiastically, among the churches of all denominations, to "set the child in the midst." An ambassador of childhood, therefore, he was, in behalf of Christ, as though God were entreating by him (2 Cor. 5:20).

H. G. L.

Winona Lake, Ind.

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I

BIOGRAPHICAL

I

OUT OF THE PAST

"In the beginning was the Word."—JOHN 1:1.

"NATURE is an old-fashioned shopkeeper. She seldom puts her best goods in the window." It can also be said that Mother Nature frequently drops her fortunate children—those destined to lead others and mould public opinion—into families that are very large, humble, and poor. But nothing with God is accidental, and it is quite likely that the illustrious names in the long history of the Lawrance family owed their fame to the pure stock from which they sprang, almost as much as they did to their environment or to the training which they gave themselves.

The Anglo-Saxon house of Lawrance has exemplified certain individual characteristics in all the complex lines of lineage that can be traced. The Lawrance families were usually large, numbering eight to sixteen children; influential in country-side and community because of their simplicity and integrity; and constitutionally resentful of any form of injustice or unfairness. Many branches of the house, in a period of three or four centuries, were loyal to the ruling sovereign, although opposed to tyranny. While some members attained noteworthy distinction, through arms, letters or knighthood, most of those who bore the name were content to be artisans, landowners, loyal subjects and citizens, and pious men and women.

There seems to be a strain of mechanical cleverness throughout the American branch of the family, whose direct English ancestor was Henry Lawrance. This strain of creative ingenuity began with the immigrant Thomas Lawrance and followed a devious path until we come through several gaps of unrecorded descent to Chauncey Lawrance, a clockmaker by trade, and the grandfather of the subject of this book.

Rugged Pioneer Ancestry

The family history records that Chauncey Lawrance and Sallie Hall Clark Lawrance travelled from Delaware County, New York, to Green County, Ohio, in 1813, making the journey in waggons filled with furniture, implements, tools and food, sleeping by the roadside at night, under the heavy hemp cover. They used the tinder-box to start fires, the long-handled and long-legged skillets to cook food, and the ever-ready flintlock to keep the table supplied with game. Everything they used they made, from chairs and tables to clocks and looking-glasses. The Lawrances were devout Baptists and unlike many of the pioneers of the day, refused to travel on Sunday.

Elonson Lawrance, Marion Lawrance's father, and the eighth child of Chauncey Lawrance, was a school-teacher, who rode to his school on horseback. After instructing his dozen pupils in the "Three R's," he came home and carried on farm-work. He was regarded as an excellent teacher, for he knew his books by heart, never using them in class. Moreover, he was a great reader and had taught himself many subjects, such as "Celestial Scenery," from books which he read aloud to the family in the long winter evenings. He was regarded as exceptionally fine looking, in spite of the fact that the sight of his right eye had been destroyed while on a fox-hunt.

In the year 1812, a strong-minded minister of the Campbellite Church, who had preached in private houses in a Kentucky town just across the Ohio River, decided stoutly against slavery. He had such positive views on the matter that taking his wife and two children, he crossed over to Clinton County, Ohio, in order that he might be in more congenial territory. It so happened that this minister, whose name was Stephen M. Irwin, and his family located in a settlement that was only fifteen miles away from the Lawrances. Both families were hard-working, honest, outspoken, religious and possessed of the true pioneering spirit which endures to the last.

Marion Lawrance's mother, Amanda Melvina Irwin (named after the two heroines of *The Children of the Abbey*) was the oldest of the ten Irwin children. Even for those times, she was

an unusual country girl, for, when quite young, she could sew and make buttonholes and knit exceptionally well. She helped her father at the sugar-camp with her little bucket. From the teachers of the East who came to those Western towns teaching embroidery, painting, singing, needlework, dancing, etiquette, and other accomplishments, she learned much.

An important event of those days centres around the home of a farmer living near the Lawrances, named Jacob Paulin, whose wife was a coatmaker. Amanda Irwin, as the needlewoman of the family, was taken to the Paulin home to learn how to make the new-style overcoats called shingle cape coats. Now Elonson Lawrance and Milton Paulin were chums, and the latter had invited Elonson home from church one Sunday to see a "pretty Clinton County girl." He did not have to be invited again, but kept coming the remainder of the six-weeks' apprenticeship. When Amanda's father came to take her home, saw the young school-teacher, learned of their engagement, he told her very forcefully that she was too young to get married and that never could a daughter of his marry a Yankee—for there never was an honest Yankee born! The girl replied that she and her sweetheart expected to be married in six weeks. They were not married in six weeks, however, but in three months, and when these two—Elonson, twenty-five, and Amanda, eighteen, walked up the church-aisle, October 21, 1828, they were declared by the townspeople to be one of the handsomest couples ever married in that church.

The new home was located on a farm of a hundred acres of land, well divided between woodland and prairie. The double log-house was made into an attractive dwelling. In the centre of the house were two fireplaces, with their backs together. With the Lawrances' fine ability to work in wood, combined with the initiative, skill, and pride that characterized both families, the rooms were furnished unusually well. All the rooms were large, especially the living-room which contained a bed draped with a variegated canopy. The girthing all-wool carpet, made from the Lawrance sheep and brightly coloured by the mother, held the place of honour in the centre of the floor. In the summer, the

large yard bloomed white with the clover for the many stands of bees. The orchards yielded apples, cherries, peaches and other fruits in great abundance.

A Father of Intellectual Gifts and Stern Integrity

Elonson Lawrance's gift as a teacher and his intellectual taste are set forth in many a letter and bit of tradition. Annie Lawrance, Marion's sister, recalls how he gave the little girls of the family in their hoods, cloaks and mittens, outdoor lessons on clear, starry nights, with sometimes their mother with them. He would locate the north star by the corner of the barn or the limb of a tree, with his head down to their range and follow with them the constellations until they saw all that were familiar. At breakfast he would have the little people tell him what they could about their lesson.

Elonson Lawrance sold his farm in 1846, purchasing some ground on the Federal Road, where he built a house with a store at one end. Here he sold groceries, dry-goods, and hardware, buying up all kinds of country produce for this purpose, even trading by teams as far as Cincinnati. Ellis Bradstreet, Marion's uncle, who was doing the same kind of business near Dayton, and Marion's father, decided to go into partnership. They subsequently moved their shops to Winchester, Preble County, Ohio, —a community that had recently attracted attention throughout the country because of the fact that at Yellow Springs, a few miles away, Antioch College had been established. This institution, founded by The Christian denomination—chiefly through the beneficence of Judge William Mills, was co-educational from the beginning and stressed scholarship and democracy, winning thereby the financial and moral support of the Lawrance family.

William I. Lawrance, brother of Marion, and youngest of the family of twelve, is the historical authority for many illuminating experiences relating to their parents. He states that the near-by location of this College, later immortalized by Horace Mann, induced Elonson Lawrance to leave Winchester and to open on Xenia Avenue, " The Antioch Bookstore," in time to furnish texts for the first college term. At the beginning of the Civil War, he

Elonson Lawrance.
(Age 73.)

Amanda Melvina Lawrance.
(Age 75.)

BIRTHPLACE OF MARION LAWRANCE
at Gratis (Winchester), Preble County, Ohio.

felt so strongly the urge of sacrifice, that as the young students enlisted, he marked every account on his books, standing in their names, " Paid in full."

A few years before this, because of his brother Uriah's misfortune in the shoe business, Elonson Lawrance, who had been the former's security in buying goods, had become financially embarrassed. So great was his burden that in the great panic which came about that time, he was " swept-away "—not because of his own debts, which were not pressing, but because of his goodness of heart as expressed in his care for his brother. " Even in this disaster," states William, " our father showed his nobility of character so clearly that we always thereafter looked back upon that period with more pride than regret." When the crisis did come, instead of compromising with his creditors, as he might well have done, Elonson Lawrance paid every dollar he owed, notwithstanding the fact that it reduced him and his family from comfortable circumstances to genuine poverty. " Brother Marion and I," declares William, " were brought up under the most limited conditions. While we wore home-made clothes—I certainly never wore a tailor-made or even a ready-made suit until I was of age, and I question if Marion did—we held our heads high, proud, even as boys, of our father's integrity."

Another incident that shows the character of Marion's father is the following: When he had charge of a fruit-tree nursery, he employed workmen to help him manage the enterprise. One stormy night, when he was far from well, he put on his overcoat to go out. His wife pleaded with him not to go. He replied, " I did not see Grimes [a coloured man] to-night, and so have not paid him for his day's work. I cannot sleep with another's hand in my pocket." Then, drawing his children to his side, he said, impressively, " Remember this: never go into debt. If you cannot pay for what you want, go without it." There is little doubt that these children never violated that law.

Elonson and Amanda Lawrance lived together fifty years. They were so constantly together that Elonson had no occasion to write letters home, except once while on a trip of several weeks when he delivered fruit trees in Indiana and Kentucky.

Then he wrote five letters. With very simple, yet direct and forceful words, there is given a picture of the man to whom duty was always a clear call. One sentence is particularly interesting, showing his faith in one of his boys: "Marion's letter was good. He says he 'is conducting things as well as he can.' Bully for him! I have no doubt about matters at home, nor never have had."

Little incidents that Marion Lawrance told of his father indicate something of the stern and energetic nature of one who, nevertheless, was a man of great honesty, piety and hard work. One day, Marion was complaining of the hardness of the bread at the table. His father, becoming somewhat vexed, remarked to him, "If the bread is hard, it's harder where there is none." He also told of what his father used to say to him when he was helping to plough corn. Up and down the rows they would go, and his father would always say, "One row more, and then ——" The boy thought "then" meant a stop and rest, but the father continued, "Then, the next row."

Both Marion and William have frankly admitted that their father was very firm with them—even austere. He never petted them, feeling apparently that a father's duty was first of all disciplinary. But he was always just, and while he made them fear even the tap of his pencil upon the table, they never apprehended anything more harsh. "But the tap," exclaims William, "even the rolling of his eye toward us noisy youngsters quelled our exuberance and restored quiet." He read much at night, holding a candle in his right hand, and his book in his left, looking up now and then to "snuff" the non-consumed wick as it threatened to lop over and "gutter" the candle. His favourite books were Dickens' works, and the writings of William Ellery Channing. In his later years, he read the Bible almost continuously. Twenty-five months before he died, he was stricken with a disease of the brain-tissue, from which he never recovered. Death came as a release from this infirmity in November, 1878, shortly after his golden wedding anniversary. He was an honourable man, intelligent, positive, a born leader, profoundly religious, a devoted churchman. Marion, so thought his brothers and sis-

ters, was the one child of the family who resembled him most, at least in these qualities.

An Industrious, Devout, Sweet-spirited Mother

The beloved mother was, as the father used to say, "of the Levitical priesthood." Her own father, his four brothers, and his four sons were all ministers of the Gospel, in the Disciples Church. Nearly all of these men followed other occupations, for the ministry rarely brought adequate support. Marion's grandfather Irwin was also a school-teacher, who specialized in bee-culture on a small farm. His oldest daughter, Marion's mother, was his expert assistant. It is said that the bees never stung her, though she lived and moved freely among them.

In connection with this bee industry, an anecdote is told that illustrates the integrity of the Irwin family. Mr. Irwin once made an unusually large and handsome cake of beeswax, the like of which had never been seen in the whole country-side. When he brought it to the store where he usually traded, he found the proprietor very eager to buy it, and many townspeople gathered to see it. The storekeeper, evidently intending to be jocose, said with a sly wink, "Now, Mr. Irwin, if we could only be sure that this beeswax is of the same quality all through——" He got no further, for the incensed owner seized a hatchet that lay upon the counter, and striking the cake a mighty blow, shattered it to bits. The dealer's protest came too late, and he lost a prize by his own foolish remark, the only verbal reply to which was, "No man challenges my integrity."

Amanda Irwin Lawrance had not only learned tailoring in her youth, but became an expert in the preparation of wool and in spinning and weaving. For the garments for herself, father, and later on, for her own large family of children—(so far as wool could be made to serve)—she washed the fleeces, spun, wove, and made the cloth all with her own hands, for hired help was not to be thought of. While the father of the family rose long before day, milked cows, fed stock, did barn-chores, journeyed horseback in the early dawn to teach his school, returning at dusk to continue his farm-work and make shoes for the entire family,

the mother would do all the cooking and other housework, help with the countless chores, fashion the clothing and rear a family of twelve children of which Marion was number eleven, and William, the seventh son of the seventh son, number twelve. How one person could find time to do all this mother did, or how one human body could bear the strain, is an unexplained mystery. Only a well-born woman, who had lived an absolutely regular and wholesome life, animated by such a love and sustained by such a religious faith as she had, could have even remotely approached the achievement that was hers. And, according not only to the experience and testimony of her husband, but also to that of her sons and daughters, she had never in all these years been known to lose her temper or speak a harsh word. A character is thus set forth, such as humanity seldom produces. "How we loved her," exclaimed a favourite son, "even as youngsters full of mischief. A tear in her eye, or a passing shadow crossing her face, as a result of our misdoings, was more dreaded than even Father's pencil-tap." Those who knew her best recall her as serious, yet cheerful, and when not talking with her children, crooning favourite hymns, reciting Scripture-passages, or murmuring prayers. She loved her Bible. Jesus was as near to her as any human being. Her soft voice, especially when reading aloud—in which art she was remarkably proficient—carried with it far more than the subject-matter of her words. All revered her, for in her countenance they saw God.

Back of every successful man is a good mother. Back of Marion Lawrance was this strong, sweet soul, gentle, devoted, religious. She said one time to him after he had been visiting among friends, "Tell them how grateful I am for their good care of my boy." Her love and prayers followed him throughout her life. Her faith—simple as sunshine—her outflowing mother-heart, and her sweet unselfish character largely shaped his future.

"Manie"—the Serious Little Boy

In Elonson Lawrance's family Bible there is an entry—"Uriah M[arion] Lawrance, born October 2, 1850." The "Uriah" was a recognition of Marion's uncle; the "Marion" was a tribute to

a great hero of the family, General Marion, one of Washington's generals in the American Revolution. A picture of this hero, showing him at his dinner of herbs, astride a log, hung for years in the old home and became a vivid memory to the younger members of the family. The name "Uriah M." Lawrance is not known, but thousands around the world know "Marion" Lawrance. In his early boyhood, however, "the fellows" knew him as "Manie." This was as near to the pronunciation of "Marion" as his little brother Willie, three years younger, could approach, and the nickname clung to him for years. The earliest recorded incident in the life of Marion Lawrance is connected with the journey of the family to the new home in Yellow Springs. The boys preferred riding on the waggons, for the better view. In addition to several rockers in the van, there was Marion's high-chair and little rocker. Annie, the sister who raised Marion, and Jane, another sister, took care of the two little boys, often trading their babies with each other, for Marion was past three years old, and heavy, while William was nine months and restless. On arriving at the yet unfurnished house Elonson Lawrance was building, William was carried into what was to be the parlour, and laid among the curling shavings on the carpenter's bench. Every one was busy that day. Even Marion, three years old, performed his part, how helpfully, of course, is aside from the question. It is related that, shortly after Annie had dressed him in his best, curled his blond hair into a fine roll—called, then, a "roach"—on top of his head, he ventured too near an open door that was to lead upon a back piazza, but then led only into vacant space. Out he fell, landing (so tradition has it) on his head in a muddy puddle. Of course he cried, though uninjured, the burden of his woe being, "I've 'poilt my woach!" This was probably the first evidence of that lifelong characteristic of his —scrupulous neatness and order in all matters that pertained to appearance and dress.

There was not much play for any of the boys, especially after the war deprived the father of his property, and sent the four older sons in uniform to the front. Elonson Lawrance was compelled to revert to his earliest occupations of farming, nursery-

managing and lumbering while his wife kept student boarders. Even Marion and William worked in their spare time while their schoolmates played ball and went on hikes. William helped his mother in the house, while Marion assisted his father. Perhaps that is why, in part at least, William grew up (so people said) to resemble his mother, while Marion became like his father. The chores must have seemed endless routine to a boy's imagination, for every morning and evening there were horses, cows, pigs and chickens to feed, and sometimes fruit to be carried to customers, vegetable beds to be weeded, and—the eternal woodpile! The cooking was done, and the house was warmed (?) with wood, and fireplaces consume century-growths of oak and beech with voracity. William relates that, to vary the monotony, the two made a treaty of coöperation with the other boys in the neighbourhood, so that a considerable group of them would go from woodpile to woodpile, especially on Saturdays, and the week's sawing and splitting was more easily done! This was surely a far more unselfish method of solving the youthful labour problem than Tom Sawyer's, and was prophetic of that later day when both brothers revealed a genius for working with others.

There was no question of the industry of these youths. They moved along very fast from grade to grade in both public-school and college classes. Marion dropped out of academy and college a term now and then to earn the means to continue his study, never completing his college course because of ill health, while William maintained his course to the end, winning several University degrees in an unusually brilliant collegiate record. Few boys worked as hard as they did in their growing years. But undoubtedly this early discipline of work was wholesome. Certainly it left neither time nor energy for them to get into trouble. School, for one thing, became a joy, not an irksome task, for a good book—even a school text—is better fun to a muscle-weary boy than skylarking about after dark. Christmas and the Fourth of July were their only holidays. Even then, duties continued as usual; but on the one holiday there was the church Christmas tree to trim and the gifts to others to distribute while on the

other, they could hear the firecrackers by day and see the Roman candles by night that others set off.

An Affectionate—but Human Boy

Marion and William were such good chums that nothing could separate them. They were always together, often with arms around each other's neck. Real affection and loyalty existed between these two all their lives. One day, however, according to William, a most unusual occurrence happened. These two little boys fell out and grew a bit hot over something. Their mother, always gentle, tender, deeply emotional, did not punish them but drew them to herself and said: "Now, boys, suppose one of you should die, how sorry the other would be!" It did not take long for this terrible thought to melt them, and their arms were immediately about each other, in loving embrace.

About this same time, measles came into the family through Manie, the elder. A family council was held, and the two boys who had been sleeping in a trundle-bed were separated for the first time in their lives. William was taken to another part of the house. This was a distressing situation indeed for these small hearts to endure, but the sickness must not be allowed to spread. In the middle of the night, however, Willie became so lonesome for his elder brother that he could stand it no longer; so he took things into his own hands. The next morning the parents found the two boys in their old trundle-bed with their arms around each other. William declares that the most welcome words he had heard for a long time were those of the doctor who said, "I think the little fellow has it too." For they always went halves in everything, and liked to share not only their joys but even their sicknesses and troubles with each other.

In Manie, who was exceedingly human, play, curiosity and other instincts fought for and occasionally gained undue expression. His father had been interested for a number of years in growing fruit-trees. He owned an especially fine peach tree, which was bearing an unusually large and perfect peach. Its size and colour caused considerable interest in the neighbourhood.

One day, according to his own narrative, given years later, the

family was obliged to go away, but felt that some one must be left to guard the tree. Manie, the faithful, was entrusted with the duty. It was a most glorious ball of colour, that peach, and Manie walked around the tree, eyeing it in a most interested way. Then he climbed it and reached out on the limb. The fruit was soft, yet firm, to his small hand, and he fondled it with loving care. But, to his surprise and joy, the peach fell into his hand! What should he do with it? He ran with it to the barn, and then, another great temptation came—to see how this fruit tasted. And he ate it—all of it—he who had been left at home to guard it from thieves!

In spite of the thrill the delicious flavour gave him, consternation soon filled his mind. What would his father say? He began to cry, and was found crying in the barn when the family returned. The disappearance of the fruit was noticed at once. Manie was asked but he said he did not know anything about it, and burst into tears afresh. The family ate their supper in silence, and then Manie was called in for his. His father sat at one end of the table, with a switch in his hand, while Manie sat at the other, tears in his eyes, appetite completely gone, and great heaviness in his heart. Although nothing tasted good to him, *he delayed that supper as long as he possibly could* while his father sat patiently opposite. The rest need not be told, but it is safe to say that Manie would have made an excellent guardian of fruit trees thereafter.

Loyal to Church and School

Sunday was literally the best day of the week, according to members of the family, as it should be to all but is not always. Marion's parents were loyal church-goers, never absent for any but imperative reasons. But these parents did not have to require Manie or Willie or the older children to go to church or Sunday school. Their problem would rather have been, if they so desired, to keep them away from either or both. That the entire family should be there was assured as a matter of course. No criticism of minister or teacher, of church or school was ever heard in their home!

Marion Lawrance's First Sunday School.

The Lawrance Home at Yellow Springs.

"Manie" at Six Years.

The Christian Church at Yellow Springs.

The Elm Street School.

That Manie was a faithful, thorough and serious-minded student at school there can be little doubt. In an old, black box, preserved for years, there were found many of his old school-papers, with a number of Merit cards for good attendance, faithfulness, and excellence in studies. Some of the latter are called "Shares on the Bank of Merit." Others are illustrated cards called "Rewards of Merit" from his teacher.

Among these papers, so long preserved, is a pledge he signed June 7, 1859:

I, Marion Lawrance, do now resolve ever to resist, to the best of my ability, the temptation, either to drink intoxicating liquors of any kind as a beverage, or to use tobacco in any form; also to refrain altogether from the use of vulgar and profane language, and endeavour to persuade others to do the same.

His grade cards are interesting, for they show the uniformity of his scholarship when he was twelve and fourteen years of age. His standings, computed upon the basis of "10 perfect," read all the way from "7½" in spelling to "9⅝" in reading. No grade is lower than "7½."

Childhood shows the man
As Morning shows the day.

But the papers that show, most of all, his youthful philosophy, his serious attitude toward life, his balance of mind, and introspective nature, are the little essays composed for the most part when he was seven or eight years of age. These forecast rather faithfully the traits of his manhood. The subjects were evidently chosen by Manie himself, for they range all the way from "Mud" to "The Sunday School."

One can image the tall, princely figure of seventy years—with silver hair, sympathetically-smiling countenance, immaculate attire, and then read understandingly what the little boy Manie has to say on the far-reaching and tremendous theme, "Mud"!

There has been a great deal of mud this winter. All that like to walk in the mud are not like me, for I would rather wade water knee-deep. I believe that every person dispises mud, at

least I do for one. I dispise the word mud, but worse than all the mud itself. I hope that it will not be as muddy this spring as it has this winter. I never saw so much rain and mud in one season as there has been this winter. It has rained almost every Sunday this winter season.

M. LAWRANCE,
Composition Number 8.

No modern educator would deny any of the statements in the following treatise, written when Manie was in the primary grades:

SCHOOL

School is the place for all uneducated. Education is what we are seeking. Without it we will not become wise. Wisdom is more precious than gold; but where shall wisdom be found? Some boys spend most of their time in catching flies; that is not what we come here for. We come here to learn to read and write and spell.

Composition Number 1,
MARION LAWRANCE.

Three subjects that, of course, would appeal to any normal-minded boy, are "Vacation," "The Weather" and "Wild Animals." These subjects are treated with boyish seriousness, but with close observation. The last is reproduced:

WILD BEASTS

There are a great many wild beasts in all parts of the world. The lion can master all the rest. It is the most fearless and strong of any. The elephant is the largest of all the rest. In the show at Clifton I seen a man put his head in an elephant's mouth. And a man exercizeing with lions. The tigers are very fierce it don't make any different to them who or how they attack a person. The leopard is of the leaping disposition. It leaps the best of all animals of the forest.

M. LAWRANCE,
Composition No. 14.

Marion Lawrance, the world traveller who, in the last two decades of his life, travelled as much as fifty thousand miles a year, is surely foreshadowed in the following essay. It is not

certain if Marion Lawrance, the fisherman, is prophesied in this composition or not, although there is an indication of a leaning toward that form of recreation:

STEAMBOATS

When I get educated, *that is if I ever do,* my chief engagement will be to make steamboats and ride in them. For there is nothing better than to be in a steamboat when it is gliding over the smooth waters. And not only steamboats, but ships and canue and skiffs. Anything just so it is to ride. When I am down at the river fishing I often drag a log to the river and push it in. And then I bate my hook and jump in and throw my line out and then I thought I was alright but I soon found out that I was not alright for the log turned over and I tumbled off in the water and worse than all I lost the fish which I had caught.

M. LAWRANCE,
Composition No. 11.

Boys, like men, are known by their heroes and ideals. Again and again, when Manie was young, he voiced strong disapproval of war, and gave his unmodified sanction to a high standard of nobility of character. Whether this early vision of a great man was crystallized into his own character in later life, is left to his friends to decide:

GREAT MEN

What is it to be great and distinguished? Is it great to murder innocent people by waging war against them? Is it great and noble to take advantage over poor people, by murdering them at midnight, when they are clasped in the strong embrace of slumber and forgetfulness? No! Rather meanness than goodness. A person or band of persons must have dictionaries of their own authorship, which have meanings to suit themselves. If this is greatness, I don't believe we will come very near the mark. To be great is to be honoured in society, to be honest and upright in your dealings, to be willing to aid any good and noble institution.

To be great is to live, not for yourselves, but for the good of others.

Great men of the former age, had not the chances we had, and while we have these opportunities we should improve them.

M. LAWRANCE.

The future leader of Sunday school hosts throughout the world was early initiated into the Sunday school in his own town. When he was three years old he was taken to his first Sunday school. Evidently it was a delight to him. So much did he like to go, and so highly did he regard his teacher, that, evidently, when he was seven or eight years old he was constrained to express his thoughts in the form of a composition. Given herewith are his early conceptions of what a Sunday school should be. He emphasizes the teacher very prominently, and the personal side of teaching in the Sunday school was the main point of emphasis in all his later lectures and books. A temperance lesson is given in one sentence. The challenge at the close, so far as is known, was never accepted.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

I love to go to Sunday school. My teacher is Mr. Saulsberry. And I like him very much as a teacher. And he expects to teach me but a few Sundays longer as he is going to fight for his cuntry. And after he leaves us, I don't know what to do for a good teacher as he is the best Sunday school teacher that I know of he is a kind and noble fellow. I love to go to Sunday school very much. We get a paper every Sunday and a book we wish. I will say a little piece which was in one of our papers, it was of a boy who got a going and couldent stop. he was in the habit of drinking strong drink. he got a going and will stop in prison. if you cant beat this composition try try again.

MARION LAWRANCE,
Composition No. 2.

Manie was no better, nor any worse than other boys of the community; no brighter, no duller; no more ambitious; no more of a "genius." He may have been, as one neighbour has said, "always clean, well-behaved, and lovable." But the chief trait of these early years seems to have been a rare strain of seriousness which merged, later, into a deep religious sense. Although usually buoyant with boyish hopes and fun, he appears to have looked out on life with a trace more of concern and sense of responsibility than his playmates.

II

DREAMS OF A WIDE-AWAKE YOUTH

"The growing virtue of a young man—full of grace."—ANON.
"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."
—ECCLESIASTES 12: 1.

NO man successfully runs the race of life without burdens and handicaps to goad him on to supreme effort. Marion Lawrance's handicaps, however, must have seemed to him at times almost insurmountable. They included poverty, the beginnings of that insidious disease tuberculosis, the lack of college training, and the absence of friendly influence which could bring him aid at the right time. He himself writes of some of these early difficulties to his wife's uncle, General J. Warren Keifer, many years later, in the following simple unpretentious letter:

When Father lost his money, I was put out to work, when twelve years of age, in Butler's Nursery at twenty-five cents a day. During the closing years of the Civil War and immediately following, I wanted to go through Antioch College but Father could not pay my expenses. He did agree that I could board at home if I could provide the money. This I did, paying my tuition by teaching in the Antioch preparatory school for several terms such subjects as arithmetic, grammar and Latin. Prof. Orton, who was acting President, was very kind to me, also Prof. Derby.

I broke down in health in my first year, because of overwork and had to engage in an occupation that took me out of doors. This prevented me from completing my college course which fact has always been a deep regret to me.

DREAM OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION

Even one year spent at Antioch College revealed both great weaknesses and definite strengths in the unfolding personality of the young Marion Lawrance. That year not only showed him

what a weak, physical constitution he possessed, and certain forms of mental and physical exercise in which he could not engage, but also made concrete his great interest in personal ethics, sociology, languages and sacred literature; opened his eyes to the enduring value of friendships; broadened an already deep and abiding love of nature; and above all increased his faith in a personal and practical religion which could function successfully in the performance of daily routine as well as in the solving of life's great problems.

Although he had been given the best public-school education the little village afforded, his whole being hungered for the hundred stimulating contacts and uplifting influences of four years at college. He looked upon his broken college career as one of the greatest misfortunes of his life. But this very handicap compelled him to form habits of concentration, of study and observation in this critical period, which were invaluable throughout life. What Marion Lawrance, the Antioch College student and assistant teacher thought about may be inferred from reading the following extracts from some of his school essays.

One, on personal ethics, entitled *Hold Your Temper and Your Tongue* ends with a bit of autobiography:

Let us then resolve not to get angry at every trifling occurrence which is not in accordance with our view of things. Let us not question the advice of older persons. They have passed through the valley of trials and know best how to direct us that we may not stray from the path of virtue and manliness. We should be careful as to our actions while in each other's company. Even a cross look often causes sorrow and discouragement. Let us then endeavour to keep always in good humour and greet our school and classmates with a smile that they may know we sympathize with them and wish to encourage them in the noble work for which we have assembled. We should say nothing to offend others, nor should we speak of another's faults without mentioning at the same time as many of his good traits as will counterbalance the evil ones; for the secret of getting a good name is first, to be truthful, honourable and upright, and second to always speak well of others.

In another essay *What Makes the Man,* there is forecast his own philosophy of life:

When a man comes to accept the Bible as his guide and impartially and unprejudicially studies it as such; when he learns that the study of that Volume brings him constantly into a more intimate relationship with the Great Author; when he learns to accept and obey the precepts found in the Scriptures as the only means of grace, and loves and worships his Creator supremely, he has the first and foundation principle of manhood and has taken the first step to wisdom. This is what makes the man, and until man does this he has not attained his consummation.

His close interest in Nature as well as his fondness for " larks " which he, Henry Fanning, Warren Wilder, and his brother William used to take are set forth in a well-written essay about Clifton. Another essay that indicates a logical mind, a somewhat advanced philosophy of life, and, in addition, perhaps, a rather unusual mastery of diction for a boy under twenty, is given in part:

An Honest Man's the Noblest Work of God

An honest man is one who is fair in his dealings, and just, good, faithful to others and to himself. One is not faithful to himself so long as he permits others to trample upon his rights, or infringe upon his privileges. Here equity is implied. Nor is one just and fair with his fellow man, unless he is willing to render him assistance in time of affliction, or aid him as he would be aided in similar circumstances. In this instance honesty and charity coincide.

Again one is not faithful to his country unless he contributes to her support, defends her in the hour of peril if demanded, cheerfully lays down his life for her welfare. Finally, one is not faithful or just to his Creator, unless he loves Him supremely and feels truly grateful for the innumerable privileges which he enjoys, unless he endeavours to promote the happiness of those about him; in short, unless he obey God's will, which, indeed, is man's whole duty here.

It is truly a surprising fact that the proportion of honest men is so *small* when the rewards of honesty are so great. For pros-

perity, happiness and consciousness of duty done, depend upon it. Under what pretense can one be dishonest when he knows that if he were honest he would stand highest of all created things! The same God is the author of the hidden treasures of the earth, the phenomena of the elements and thousands of mysteries yet unknown. The forest trees with their majestic trunks o'erspread by nature's mantle of green; the birds of the air brilliant in plumage, warbling from the tree-tops songs of praise; the clear brook winding through fertile fields, almost concealed from view by luxuriant vegetation, are but so many manifestations of His providential goodness and wisdom. The systems upon systems of heavenly bodies which move with incredible velocity through unbounded space no less than the most insignificant worm that crawls at our feet are His. He is the author of the laws that bind the universe into one harmonious whole. And even yet, magnificent and sublime as these exhibitions of His power are, " an honest man's the noblest work of God." How truly great an honest man must be if he excel all these! And how meagre the excuse for being dishonest! Finally, if all were honest the result would be simply this: penitentiaries would be changed to colleges. Almshouses would become academies. Courthouses would be used for churches; and jails for workshops. The Golden Rule would be the only law. Governments would crumble to dust. The clamours of war would be softened into harbingers of peace. This earth would be a paradise.

Other incidents, sometimes of a humorous nature, were not lacking. Often on Sunday afternoons, he and one or two chums would take a book and stroll through the Glen, find a quiet place beside the stream or pool or waterfall, and read and talk over different subjects with the seriousness of youth. The Glen affords students exceptional opportunities for the study of geology, zoology and botany. A close friend of those days, Warren Wilder, remembers the Sunday afternoon stroll he and Marion took after they had been studying natural history. They came across a skull which they picked up and examined carefully. Judging from the wide formation of the nasal bones they decided it belonged to no animal known in that zone. Marion persuaded Warren to take it to Prof. Orton and get his classification.

Warren vividly relates that on "Monday morning, I was early at the classroom door with the specimen neatly packed in cotton in a collar-box. I timorously explained to the professor, being careful to emphasize Marion's desire in the matter, that he thought we had found an unusual skull for this latitude, and was it not a 'Platypus'?" The professor looked at it quickly, then laughed: 'Chicken's backbone! Well, you are not the first one to be misled.' As Marion said, in retelling the incident, 'That was some joke on us.'"

The Ideal of a Godly Life

One of the great, in fact, the great climax in his life which led directly to his life-work, was his conversion. The story is given below in his own words:

When I was fourteen years of age, Dr. H. Summerbell was conducting special services in our church. The invitation was given each night to all of those who desired to confess Jesus Christ. The early training in my home was such that I well knew the stand I ought to take, but, like many another lad, I fought it off. One evening, when I had been sent to the pasture-lot to get the cow, I remember well of standing on a pile of gravel in the middle of the street. I was deciding in my own mind what I should do that night when the invitation would be given again. With a stick in my hand, knocking stones from the top of the gravel-pile against the fence, I took the step that every one must take, if he ever enters the kingdom. I surrendered my will to Him.

That night when the invitation was given again, I started to the front from one of the back seats. It seemed to me it was a mile and a half across that church, and I could neither see nor hear anybody else coming until I got well toward the front. Then I heard another pair of feet following me in the same aisle. I wondered if it were another boy from my class taught by my beloved Sunday school teacher, John Van Mater. When I arrived at the front and stood facing Dr. Summerbell, the one who had followed me came up to my side and the first I knew, I felt two arms around my neck. I did not have to turn to find out whose arms they were; they had been there many times be-

fore. There we stood alone, the mother and her fourteen-year-old boy. Her prayers were answered.

From that time on and for over sixty years, Marion Lawrance was an active, ardent church and Sunday school worker. He himself relates:

Soon after that, I think it was when I was sixteen years of age, Dr. Weston, who was the superintendent of the Sunday school, asked me to become the chorister, and I did. This was the beginning of my Sunday school work. I retained that place as long as I remained in the town, and during a considerable part of that time Mr. Weston was the superintendent. A little later I became assistant-superintendent when perhaps I was nineteen years old. I always loved Dr. Weston and believed he loved me. Some of the choicest letters I have ever received have come from him, written with his own pen after he was eighty-five years old. Nobody could help loving him. He was generous and true, kind and loving, and his memory will always be revered by me. He was often in our home and officiated at the funeral services of my father.

I owe much to him as the one in the early years of my life who had faith enough in me to push me into places of responsibility. I have no doubt his influence had the same good effect on hundreds of other boys and girls that it had on me, and I thank God for the memory I have of his dear face, the pressure of his hand upon my shoulder, and his kind fatherly words.

The Art of Making Friends

In the early years of his life, Marion made friends at school and in the village that were so genuine and vital that the fellowship lasted until their death or his. Before he was sixteen, he showed a remarkable gift for making and holding friends. After a period of thirty or forty years he has been known to come upon these early friends in remote cities and promptly speak their names and recall minutely the many early associations. Seldom was he at a loss to identify a face or a name. To do so was as great an error on his part, he thought, as to forget a great favour done him.

Some of these friends of his schooldays have much of interest to say regarding their intimacies with the subject of this book. Warren H. Wilder writes that he became acquainted with Manie and Willie in the High School at Yellow Springs, sitting just behind the two brothers. The three were competitive classmates and soon became confidants, and warm friends. Moreover, they attended the Christian Church Sunday school where they were enrolled in Mr. Van Mater's class. Frequently Marion dropped in to see Warren at his home, where the two would sit at the table with their singing-books, Warren's mother often stopping her kitchen-work to come in and sing with them. One of the popular winter pastimes was the singing-school which all the young people attended, Marion's Uncle John being one of the popular singing-masters who held classes several evenings a week in private homes. A young man paid a dollar for himself and best girl for a term of twelve lessons. Marion, who was very fond of all forms of music and who possessed a rich tenor voice, kept up the interest and enthusiasm of the others.

In 1865–6 baseball became prominent. With the assistance of Captain Shaw, their teacher, the schoolboys laid out a baseball ground. Marion usually played first base, and Warren shortstop. Once the team played against the Cincinnati Red Stockings, a club made famous by the Wright brothers. Occasionally the boys made trips to Springfield, nine miles north, to call on Marion's brother "D," who was foreman in the Lagonda shops. There were no street-cars nor paved streets in those days, so the lads trudged along in the dust and hot sun. Sometimes they would come upon Barnum's Show which was an exciting event. On the trip, in lieu of lunch, Marion always bought peaches, and Warren, peanuts.

During vacations Marion clerked in the village post-office which his companion used to think was quite a distinguished position. Sometimes, later in the season, Warren's uncle, who sold nursery stock, would take Marion, Warren and several other boys to Columbus to help pack and ship. One night the boys played a prank on their employers by putting red pepper between their sheets. Of course this caused considerable sneezing and bad

feeling arose which resulted in an investigation. But it was never thought that Marion was a confederate for he was the soul of honour, although if need be, he could very well take his own part. In a recent letter he told one of his boyhood chums that another lad had spit in his face. "I do not remember what I did to him," he says, "but he never did it again."

When he was last in Springfield, June 23, 1923, Warren Wilder 'phoned him at the hotel: "Is this Manie Lawrance?"

"Yes."

"Well, I do not believe you know who is talking."

"I'll be switched if I do."

"It was the same expression he used when we were schoolmates. I told him my name."

"Well, well, Warren Wilder."

"We were overjoyed to meet and talk over old times; the best thing I can say about Manie Lawrance, my school-chum, is that *he was the cleanest young man I ever knew.*"

Another boyhood-chum, J. Perry Miller, tells a humorous incident which Marion Lawrance never tired of retelling—once even at the Antioch Commencement exercises, when upon him there was bestowed the honorary degree of LL.D. Marion and Perry were both members of the Christian Church and Sunday school. The young people's societies, church suppers, and picnic parties furnished means for pleasant social intercourse where it was soon evident that no one was more ready to recognize and enjoy a joke or ridiculous situation than Marion, even if it bore heavily upon himself. The church choir, as was the custom in most villages at that period, was composed of a number of young people chosen more because of their good looks and willingness to serve than for their knowledge of music and ability to sing. No particular leader was needed although some one acted as *starter* and the rest followed. On one occasion, a hymn was announced which should have been sung to a long-metre tune. By some unaccountable error the choir matched it to a short-metre. At the end of the verse the singers found to their great surprise and dismay, that the tune was gone before they had used all the words! What to do with these superfluous words was a problem

that had to be settled very promptly since the situation was critical. Marion said that he and Perry proceeded, with one accord, to use them in one monotonous sound in harmony with the last note of the measure. "This done," relates Perry, "I dropped under the bench, while he, game-like, stood his ground. The young ladies of the choir waited until the sermon began and then quietly and quickly slipped out of the church through a side door near the choir seats. It is needless to say that the closing hymns of the service were sung by the congregation."

These two were friends almost instinctively and not because of anything done or said. On one occasion in Yellow Springs, after his evening address, the good people of the community were monopolizing Marion. Perry stood back in the audience and awaited his passing along the aisle with several "long-faced brethren." Then he reached out his hand and said, "How are you, Marion?" A look of instant recognition was enough. The others passed on. The boyhood comrades locked arms, walked to the street and roamed about for two hours, talking as only two old friends could. "For a lifetime," confesses Perry Miller, "I was a firm believer in the honesty and uprightness of the man."

Other youthful companions, such as A. F. Hopkins, recall his cheerful, considerate disposition. Others write of his boyhood ambitions to become a great traveller or a writer of note. Some speak of his interest in dramatics and his playing with much abandon the rôle of Bassanio in the *Merchant of Venice* presented by his literary society. But all have remarked about his religious enthusiasm and his service to the church of his membership.

Among all the friends of his boyhood days, none meant so much to him as the groceryman of Yellow Springs who was his deeply-beloved teacher in the Sunday school of the old Christian Church. John Van Mater was a great man of God—faithful, loving, and patient with the boys under his care. When he died, a few years ago, Marion Lawrance was the chief mourner. He paid a touching tribute to the memory of the man who had meant so much to his early Christian experience and followed the body of the grand old man to its last resting place in Greenville. It

was this Sunday school teacher, for many years, who probably dropped a little of the seed of a future Sunday school career in Marion Lawrance's life. The last book that he wrote "My Message to Sunday School Workers" is dedicated to this beloved patron saint and good genius of his youth.

A Romance of Reality

The Gaines family lived in a house immediately adjoining the Christian Church, that church which seemed to be the source of all the hope and inspiration of Marion Lawrance's life. Already Marion was looking with considerable interest toward the young and attractive Flora Gaines who was pretty, talented and popular. He had even done the conventional thing in such cases and had presented her with a book from the church Christmas tree—a copy of Charles Dudley Warner's *Backlog Studies*.

One day, Clara Palmer, a young lady living on the edge of town, suggested to Flora and the younger members of the church that they have an old-fashioned sleigh ride. She enlarged enthusiastically on the delicious refreshments that she and her mother would prepare for them after the moonlight ride in the snow. The suggestion caught like fire, and since it was leap-year, the girls, led by Flora, organized the party, renting a large sleigh and driving around to each of the boys' homes. Flora called at the Lawrance home on Davis Street, where Marion's father came to the door. Quickly taking in the situation, he said that he would be ready in a moment, and invited Flora to wait for him in the hall. This unexpected reply confused the young girl who hesitated, perplexed what to say. Finally he said, "Oh, it's Marion you want! Well, he's up-stairs primping and combing his back hair. He'll be down in a few minutes." After a crisp ride, with songs and merry-making, the crowd drew up, hungry and cold, before the Palmer home. But, unfortunately, through the negligence of one of the neighbour-girls, the Palmers were left in ignorance of the exact night of the party. Consequently there was only a badly disarranged house where extensive repairs were going on to offer the group. There was not even one room where the young people could sit, while the refreshments were

conspicuously lacking. The keenly expectant boys became very "grumpy," while the girls felt that their long cherished plan was a dire failure. The lately merry group drove home silent, hungry, cold, disillusioned, with a very apparent lack of enthusiasm for sleigh-riding.

The girls felt they must redeem themselves. So they planned another party, this time at Flora Gaines' home, to which they invited the previous male sufferers. Here these representatives of the hungry sex found, to their great joy, a long table fairly groaning with good things to eat. The boys scarcely needed the invitation to partake. But the girls would not let them off with an average meal—they insisted that, since the boys had been so bitterly disappointed on the sleigh ride, they should eat a double dinner that evening. Since Flora and Marion were not only participants but leaders in the affair, the event helped to bring them into a more intimate friendship.

Many a walk under the tangled trees and along the waters of the yellow stream did this young man and young woman enjoy. One warm spring afternoon, as they entered the grove of slanting willows of the Glen, Marion made, as he later said, the greatest speech of his life to the young woman by his side. But unlike his later audiences of hundreds, there was no response. They walked back in silence. Marion lived in constant mental interrogation for days, until the very welcome answer came by mail.

Education, religion, friendship and love became for Marion Lawrance the corner-stones of that dim and mystic castle of dreams which every young man rears for himself. As the mists of those early years lifted and the clear light of reality played upon the achievements and character of his mature manhood, people noticed that the youthful dreamer was himself living in the castle of his ideal.

III

THE TOLEDO HOME

"His home—deep imaged in his soul."—POPE.

"It [love] is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart and mind to mind
In body and in soul can bind."
—SCOTT'S *"Lay of the Last Minstrel."*

IN 1862, the year his brother John made the supreme sacrifice as a young private in the Civil War, Marion commenced his business career as a handy-boy in a nursery working for one dollar and a half a week. From the age of twelve years he began making his own way—a fact of which he was always proud. Weak lungs and weak finances drove him from college where his religious enthusiasm would very likely have led him into the ministry, while the threat of tuberculosis pushed him into the world of clerks and agents of merchandising and travelling salesmen. When of age, he went to Syracuse, New York, where he became associated with his brother in a wholesale sewing machine establishment. He remained here two years, when he moved to Toledo, Ohio.

THE CALL OF BUSINESS

Among his choicest friends were the three Lamson brothers, dry goods merchants. They knew about him and some of his early experiences in Toledo. C. E. B. Lamson recalls that during the early spring or summer of 1873, Marion Lawrance came to Toledo to accept a position with the Singer Sewing Machine Company, as office bookkeeper and that he took him to his boarding-house where they ate their meals together for two weeks, when the young bookkeeper found another boarding-house where he could save fifty cents a week. This was the beginning of a lifelong friendship between them. "When Mr. Lawrance went

into the shoe business with Mr. Gaines, his brother-in-law," declares Mr. Lamson, "I purchased the first pair of shoes sold in their store, which was not formally opened until the next morning." His first visit to any Sunday school in the city of Toledo was at St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church where Mr. Lamson took him one Sunday morning. Afterwards the two friends went several times to the old Dorr Street Mission, which eventually merged into the Washington Street Congregational Church and the Marion Lawrance Sunday School. "I do not believe," says Mr. Lamson, "that any man of my acquaintance has been held in higher esteem, not only by myself, but by a great many friends of mine and his friends in Toledo." Julius G. Lamson, who came to Toledo in the fall of 1873, states that the names of Marion Lawrance and Joe Gaines, who ran the Boston Shoe Store at 44 Monroe Street, were familiar to all young men in Toledo at that time, for they enjoyed the confidence of all who knew them. They also did some clever advertising and were quite successful for a time.

One day a man happened into the shoe store of Gaines and Lawrance and noticed the very slender, tall, black-haired young man at the desk in the rear. He was singing to himself in a peculiarly rich tenor voice. This customer delayed his purchase, in order that he might study the young man. The next day, the same customer entered and interviewed the junior member of the firm, inviting him to join the choir and attend the services of a small mission-school in the outskirts of town. Marion Lawrance, with his native gift of song and his passion for church and Sunday school work, was delighted with the opportunity offered and accepted.

The historian of the Washington Street Congregational Church records:

> Marion Lawrance's entry into the Washington Street Congregational Church was as a young man and a stranger during a weekly prayer meeting. It seems that a hymn was announced and the organist started playing and the audience tried their best to sing, but failed after a number of attempts until a strange

young man arose and suggested that if the organist would play a short-metre tune to the short-metre hymn success would follow. Sure enough it did, and the young man immediately started on his life-work as a vocalist, choir-leader, superintendent and about anything else that was needed to make that church and Sunday school what it eventually became.

Meanwhile, the two members of the shoe firm made the fatal mistake of having too large a credit business. They paid for this mistake very heavily in 1876 when the great panic came, for bills pressed, and collections fell off so that they were obliged to let the store go into the hands of a receiver. Both merchants were very conscientious about paying off their creditors to the full, and were intent upon doing this, until the control of the stock and the store came into the hands of the chief creditors who soon ruled out the others.

Following this experience, Marion Lawrance became a travelling man, selling shoes, buckskin gloves, and, later, trunks and travelling-bags for his friends, the members of the firm of Eggeman and Duguid. For seven years Mr. Lawrance successfully represented this concern, made good sales, won many friends, showed himself an excellent traveller and exemplified real business ability. He was cheerful, friendly, honest, sincere, charitable, and enthusiastic as a salesman. In his contact with men he employed his gift of humour, his originality and inventiveness, and his pleasing personality to excellent advantage. His sample-case was always neatly and systematically arranged. His reports were models of order and clarity. His accounts were straight and there was no padding of his expenses—at least, such is the statement of his employers.

However, on one side of his sample-case there was a big envelope which contained something else than trade literature and samples of leather. Here were papers, plans and programmes for the Washington Street Sunday School, to which he had been elected superintendent. For this important position, he had been prepared by some degree of training at Yellow Springs, and by the previous offices with which he had been honoured in the Toledo church and Sunday school.

Practically every decision and event that led to a change in the early life of Marion Lawrance seems to have been providentially directed toward Sunday school leadership. His ill health, failure to complete his college education, his moving to Toledo, and, finally, his giving up travelling in 1883 because of the desires of his wife and needs of a growing family, all opened the way for his wonderful constructive work in the Washington Street Sunday School and the promotions that followed.

But the business instinct was strong within him. He delighted to be known as a Christian business man. For some months he acted as the insurance representative of a banking concern in Toledo, writing fire insurance under his own name, and drawing half-salary from the bank for looking after its insurance on real estate loans. Very unfortunately this bank failed seven months later. However, he carried on a very successful insurance business himself until 1889, when at Springfield, Ohio, he was called to the General Secretaryship of the Ohio State Association.

According to many witnesses his health while an insurance agent was very delicate. He was tall and so thin that his friends thought "he was going into a decline." He could never put in a full day's work soliciting insurance and used to lie down to rest in a little side room off his office whatever time he had to spare. Not even his closest friends knew the heroic but terrible fight he made for sound lungs. He tells something of this struggle in a letter of encouragement to Fred Young, son of a former Deacon in the Washington Street Church:

I judge, from what your wife says, he writes, that you are having some trouble with your lungs. I passed through similar experiences in Toledo in the '70's. I remember how discouraged I was when six doctors told me that my lungs were affected. Of course I began to treat for incipient tuberculosis immediately. I have had my chest one running mass of sores because of the application of Croton Oil as a counter irritant. I had to wear a silk handkerchief over my face if the weather was cold because of the pain from the cold air on my lungs. One doctor told me that the thing I needed to do was to use my lungs as much as I could. He advised me to learn to play a wind instrument or sing.

I did not have sense enough to learn to play an instrument, so I used my voice and you will remember very well that I used to lead the Sunday school singing with my voice. I have sung many a cold away.

I wanted to write to you to pass on what your father passed on to me. Many of my friends were discouraged about me and did not seek to hide it. Indeed, they often said very discouraging things, but not so with your father. Every time I met him, he would slap me on the shoulder and say some good cheery word, telling me to brace up and I would soon be well again. I believe your father did more to keep me in good spirits than any man in Toledo. I shall never forget him.

The Personality of a Home

When Marion Lawrance and his young bride came to Toledo in 1874, they settled in one side of a double house at 31 Missouri Street. Here a daughter, Lois Margaret, and a son, Harold Gaines, three years younger, were born. The home-life was pleasant, and the family formed a distinct and happy unit. Although times were hard and there was no money for luxuries, and little for bare necessities, the home radiated congeniality, happiness, charity and a sincere religious atmosphere. It was a custom to conduct family prayers in the morning after breakfast —a custom which continued even when the family circle was reduced to two. The family altar was an institution before which everything else gave way, and was held in a particularly sacred light by every member, even to the youngest, as well as by visiting friends.

One of the factors in the home-making was the industry and frugality of the wife and mother. It was she who managed the finances, shut down on extravagances and watched carefully the corners for needless waste of money or time. In addition to rearing a family, this beloved mother found time to follow some of her own particular interests. Up at daybreak, she had much of the housework done before other matrons were awake. Her house was always kept scrupulously neat and clean. Augmenting these duties, she managed to do considerable reading and studying. As a graduate of the four-year Chautauqua course, she

Flora Gaines Lawrance
Revered wife, mother and homemaker.

"Loisy—My Chum."

"Harold, My Beloved Son."

MARION LAWRANCE'S FAMILY.

was granted a diploma with honours. Moreover, she was much interested in painting in oil, and without a teacher, painted very acceptable pictures, indeed—some of which adorned the walls of the home, while others were given to friends. In addition to these interests, Flora Lawrance was very fond of music, and was no mean performer on the piano. She was insistent that her daughter, too, should study music. Particularly did the mother like to play familiar hymns and tunes that she had learned when a girl. In the evenings, Marion's rich, clear voice often blended with her sympathetic accompaniment.

Flora Lawrance was also something of a writer and, because of a great love for literature, especially poetry, yearned to express herself in this medium. Not only did she write regularly articles for *The Helper*—the organ of the Washington Street Sunday School—but also wrote articles for the David C. Cook publications, and other Sunday school periodicals, for which money was received. All the trips to Mackinac, to Christian Endeavour and Sunday school conventions were recorded by her sprightly and humorous pen, as well as the Missionary Society and other meetings of the church in which she was particularly interested. She loved art in every form, and tried to instill in the two children this same passion.

In the young man whom she had chosen for her companion, she saw many great possibilities of development. She was never loath to help him improve his speech or to advise him along certain channels of social diplomacy, which her feminine intuition told her were the safest and best. He was her pride and her life, and nothing pleased her more than to have his efforts applauded.

Although the domestic felicity of the Lawrances was occasionally broken in upon by the growing reputation and public demands upon the head of the household, nevertheless, for many years, both on Missouri Street and later on, on Hicks Street, the little family enjoyed its happiness in its own way. Nothing was pleasanter, on cold evenings after the furnace had been filled, the supper dishes washed (an act in which even the men of the family had a small part) than to draw up chairs around the sit-

ting-room fireplace and talk and read aloud in turn, Riley, Mark Twain, Dickens and Longfellow or the more serious works of history and Bible passages while the bellflowers rapidly disappeared from the big dish in the centre of the table. There were lessons to be studied, incidents to tell, plans to be made, within that circle. Occasionally, visitors would drop in (they were always welcome) to bring a bit of news or to exchange stories with the incorrigible story-teller of the family.

There was a mutual love and affection among the members of the family, and a desire to please and serve, that made holidays, birthdays, and vacation days especially great occasions. Christmas was always a day of giving when members of the family not only reminded each other of the significance of the day in the usual way but spread the message abroad through their gifts and courtesies to others.

After some twelve years on Missouri Street, the family moved to Hicks Street, where they lived for twenty-one years. This home was a large two-story house of ten rooms with a spacious yard in front and one in the rear, providing a roomy place for children to play. The white house with the brown shutters, in the middle of the block, came to be known to a few as a house of distinctive personality. To be sure, it was a quiet, unadventurous house, for about it there was thrown an atmosphere of happiness—occasionally of trouble and sorrow, but usually a very human feeling of humour and cheerfulness, of the spirit of work and play, and of joy in living.

This house and grounds told the story—little known to the public—of his private life for several decades. Well-trimmed maples along the sidewalk, a stretch of well-kept lawn, shrubs, and climbing roses over the front trellis, with honeysuckle, purple clematis and red rambler on one side; beds of dainty fern and small plots of myrtle near by, and the open-hearted, open-handed front porch with easy chairs, cushions and air of hospitality combined to speak a pleasing welcome. If one wished to go around the house, through the lattice-work gate, one's eye met a gorgeous old-fashioned garden, with its tangle of flowers of many colours, its roses of half a dozen hues, Chinese pinks, tulips, peonies,

pansies and countless others. But supreme among them was the King's Crown which after several years of unsuccessful effort, finally bloomed in all its dignity and rich and royal colouring. Symmetrical fruit-trees, guarded at the rear of the yard by tall hollyhocks, graceful morning-glory vines, and gaudy tiger lilies, that almost covered the back fence and sheds, stood like friendly messengers of good cheer.

Marion Lawrance's interest in trees, doubtless stimulated by his years at the Syracuse Nursery, found a splendid expression here. Soon his fine cherry, plum, pear, and mulberry trees bore delicious fruit, while gooseberry, currant and raspberry bushes hung heavy with richness in the summer. A long grape-arbour connecting the house with the sheds was covered in the autumn with delectable grapes. Many an evening was spent by the busy Sunday school man in trimming these vines and trees, digging around their roots, and spraying them at the proper season. He was fond of this outdoor exercise and frequently remarked after he had moved to Chicago that he would love to have a home again, where he could work around the garden as he used to do.

The communion between the mother and daughter was very close, while that of the father and son was equally affectionate. Lois displayed a strong interest in anything that concerned the household and proved a willing helper in the kitchen and in all the housework. At school, she was diligent, showing particularly a liking for literature. She early became a student of the piano and continued her study as long as she lived in Toledo, taking lessons under the best teachers then procurable. She possessed a great liking for the society of young people of her age, and many were the joyous parties held at the home on Hicks Street.

Because of her liveliness and enthusiasm, she made many friends. Upon all these social activities of their daughter, the father and mother looked with great delight. The relation between the son and father was almost that of two youthful companions who could play ball together in the back-yard, tell stories, work out puzzles, joke each other, read together, discuss events

of national import and carry out the fellowship which is only possible between a father and a son who understand and love each other.

Sometimes the family feeling came to be almost selfish—for outsiders were not always as welcome as they should have been. Because of the fact that the four were so much engrossed in each other's interests, they did not, as a family, invariably respond to the public calls of society. But, as it was, the world crept into the circle much more definitely than in the average family, because Marion Lawrance was destined to become a public man and a national leader.

Toward the last years of her life, the mother many times had wept among her children, saying that she did wish the world would let "father" alone so that he would have more time to spend at home. Plan, as she would, for an evening when all the family might be together, she was too frequently disappointed, for a call would come requiring Marion to go to the church, downtown to a committee meeting, or maybe out of town to some conference or convention. Then it was that her great resourcefulness, beauty of character, artistic temperament, and Christian resignation showed itself. Many a game has she played with the children, many a book has she read aloud when she was too sick or too tired herself to enjoy it very much, simply because, as she said, "My children must have something of home life and must not be neglected."

The usual run of sickness prevailed and, in addition to the great struggle that Marion Lawrance put forth for his own health, he was obliged also to fight valiantly for the health of his loved ones. The frailty of his wife, in the early days, was always a concern. There were the usual neighbourhood illnesses, but the most serious sicknesses were those which the son of the family endured. One of these, that of typhoid fever, was indeed a crisis in the little home. Dr. Gideon A. Burgess, beloved pastor of Marion Lawrance at the Washington Street Church was at all times a helpful friend. He writes of two tests of "Marion Lawrance in the making,"—one that had to do with the home. One Sunday when reviewing the temperance lesson in the Sunday

school before seven or eight hundred individuals, he made an heroic confession, with tears running from his eyes. For years he had been fighting tuberculosis. All physicians had given him but a year or two to live. Some one suggested to him whiskey. He tried it and obtained temporary relief. Moreover he learned to like it for the slight benefit received in his desperate need. So one night when his wife was preparing supper he brought into the kitchen a gallon jug and placed it on the table, saying, "Well, Flora, I bought a gallon of it and we'll soon get rid of my sickness." His wife said nothing, but bowed her head on the table and wept silently. He arose and declared, "Wife, I will never touch a drop of that stuff again, if you feel like that—I will at least die sober!"

The second test of Marion Lawrance in the making, says Dr. Burgess, was a very severe one which I witnessed. The physician had judged that at the turn of the typhoid, Mr. Lawrance's son of about sixteen years of age had punctured intestines. As pastor, I called frequently but at this crisis I found Mr. Lawrance deeply moved. He was hoping against hope and trusting royally his Father in heaven. I prayed and comforted him as best I could. As I went from the yard, Mr. Lawrance called me back and seemed unburdened. He held his Testament in his hand and said, "See, God has given me this!" I looked and his finger was on John 14: 14. "If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it." Mr. Lawrance turned and cut John 14: 14 on the gate post beside which we were standing. Thank God, Harold still lives.

Another heart-rending time occurred when Harold's operation for appendicitis came. It happened to be a day early in November, when it was decided to take him to the Robinwood Hospital. In the morning, before the cab came, the family knelt in prayer, in the midst of the silent grief which the mother was suffering and the tenseness of the feeling of the others. Prayer was the practice and consolation on all occasions of distress, anxiety or sorrow, as well as on those of joy and happiness. In the back of Marion's Bible is written a prayer from his heart at this time.

THE GOD—DIVERSION

A life that began in humble, even rigourous circumstances, which included, during its youth, tremendous battles for life and character and which persistently ran in the groove of straightened circumstances and misfortune, is not a life which could hold out much in the way of extensive vacations. Nevertheless through an advertising deal, Marion Lawrance and wife went on a trip in the August of 1895 to the Island of Mackinac, Michigan. So infatuated with the place did the couple become that the next year, in July, the whole family spent there a little over two weeks. Then, for nine consecutive years thereafter, the four passed delightful summer-times of from one to three weeks at the Island.

So great a hold did the beautiful Island and its woods, the calm little village, the colourful walks, have upon Marion Lawrance that he always found much rest and comfort in the spot. No one place in which to spend a vacation so appealed to him. Six years later, he and his beloved friend Will Pearce spent two weeks at Mackinac Island and the "Snows." Mr. Pearce tells a joke on his friend. One morning he says they took their lunch-basket and went out fishing. By twelve o'clock they had made a considerable catch and proceeded to a sandy point frequently used by campers. Mr. Pearce suggested that, while he was cleaning the fish preparatory to frying them over the open fire, Mr. Lawrance might prepare the fire.

By the time the fish were clean, relates Mr. Pearce, Mr. Lawrance had a big enough fire to have cooked a hundred times as many fish as we had caught, while he had carried up a large quantity of wood to add to the fire, if needed! But notwithstanding this evidence of amateurship in camp life, after the fire had burned to a bed of coals we enjoyed an unusually happy luncheon of fish and bacon in God's big out-of-doors.

Time went on and his daughter-chum Lois and he spent portions of nine consecutive summers at this charming island. The family, or that portion of it which made the trip, always stayed at the home of Mrs. McNally, a genial rosy-cheeked lady of won-

derfully strong personality and character, whose large home fronted the lake and whose hospitality was famous. She became a dear friend of the family and always welcomed them with hearty cordiality.

The aromatic fir, balsam and arbour-vitæ trees, the invigourating breezes from the straits, the bright-coloured houses dropped along the shores or set on the hill, the cool paths through the leafy woods, the crystal-cool waters of the springs, and the thousand entrancing colours and lights from the harbour, restless with pleasure yachts and steamships, combined to win the heart of any visitor who brought with him a tired body or a weary brain and was at all susceptible to beauty. The members of the Lawrance family were quickly and completely won. Sometimes an amusing auction sale in the Oriental Bazaar would start the day, sometimes that inevitable trip to the post-office, or to the lively piers to watch the vessels load and unload. The life was an easy-going, pleasant existence, after the severe tension of months in the office. Marion Lawrance's interest in trees and birds and flowers was no more emphasized on these trips than the interest in fish and fishing.

A humorous, somewhat humiliating incident occurred several years ago. It was the custom at all the various summer resort hotels to add to their bill the price of a fishing license from the State of Michigan. The new management of "Lakeside," however, where the Lawrances always stopped was unfamiliar with this practice. When Marion Lawrance and his daughter arranged for a fishing trip, they expected the guide or hotel would procure the proper license. After a very successful afternoon, with nearly two hundred perch and some large pike and bass on a string, they landed at the dock where they made preparation to have a picture taken of their "catch." At the climactic moment, however, a "low-browed" looking man stepped up and demanded, in surly tones, that he be shown the fishing license. To the consternation of the fishermen, no license had been bought. Mr. Lawrance offered to pay for one then and there, but the unamiable game-warden snapped out "Tell it to the judge!" As a very unhappy ending to a very happy afternoon Marion Lawrance

and his daughter were taken, in a motor-launch, to the judge on a neighbouring island where they pleaded guilty to the charge of fishing in Michigan waters without a license! The long string of fish no longer seemed as great a feat of sportsmanship as it had looked before, for it had cost twenty-five dollars.

But after all, the tranquil island, with its wholesome village atmosphere, its rustic woodland beauty, its occasional stir and enthusiasm when a boat arrived with tourists, its stimulating air fragrant with pine, its graceful roads and lovely spots, its historic traditions and its calm satisfied air of aloofness from the cares and problems of life, brought to Marion Lawrance the much-needed relaxation and restfulness which even the fishing trips could not bring. If he did not care to do so, he need not stir from the cool veranda, where he could watch the boys diving for pennies from the end of the dock, the carriages with sight-seers drive slowly past, the little children playing on the beach. Or, he could close his eyes and doze in the easy chair, where even in his sleep, he said there glistened before him the diamond points on the sunlit waves and the white birches on the distant islands.

There is little doubt that Mackinac Island added as much as ten years to Marion Lawrance's life. He loved every nook and corner of it. He knew many of its leading citizens. He attended the little stone church on a by-street, and never failed to pay his homage to the Islanders in every way that presented itself. Here it was that he began his first book, *How to Conduct a Sunday School.* Here it was that he worked out those comprehensive programmes of great International conventions. Here it was, too, while absorbing through all the senses the beauty of the Island, he discovered solutions for many of those knotty problems which seemed his responsibility to solve.

During the last winter of his life, when he realized that in the gathering twilight of seventy-three years he was not able to show quite as much energy and initiative as before, he loved to dwell upon the summers spent at Mackinac. With mind clear as ever, and vision, both mental and physical, almost wholly unimpaired, but with a host of memories crowding in upon him, he

was accustomed to dream of the soft landscape and the exhilarating atmosphere that he loved so well. Winter mornings in Chicago, when the snow was deep, making roads almost impassable, and the weather too cold for comfort, he would tell at the breakfast table of his dream the night before, as he walked over his favourite paths at Mackinac with his cane, a warm summer sun adding a touch of joy to the beauty of the trees, the songs of the birds and the rhythm of the waves on the shore. If there was a hobby in Marion Lawrance's life, it was the hobby of going to Mackinac Island.

To be sure, he had other hobbies of a less serious and important nature. His hobby of photography, of collecting things such as canes, pictures, scarabs—he pursued, not only in this country, but also abroad. To-day his collection of canes numbers a hundred or more from Athens, London, Edinburgh, Paris, and other corners of the world while his pictures and kodak views form a large collection of thousands—all interesting mementoes of many a memorable experience. He secured his scarabs, which were selected by a great Egyptologist, from Rev. Chauncey Murch, a missionary in Egypt. All of them date back between 1500 and 1300 B. C., and are consequently over three thousand years old.

He possessed other hobbies as well. One would indeed expect of him a hobby in connection with dress, for his was a keen conscience for neat and attractive attire. There was his hobby of delicately coloured neckties and of fine silk handkerchiefs. He standardized every article of apparel and tried to harmonize his entire wardrobe in colour and design. Seldom in a man of such public life as Marion Lawrance's, however, can there be found so few hobbies that were socially diverting or physically recreational. It might have been better had he had an "avocation," if he could have "played" a bit more with a second interest, but, with him, the Sunday school was his entire life, mind, and joy. Within the last decade a favourite mode of spending a happy day was what he called "puttering." This meant arising at the usual time, but not visiting the office. Instead, he would spend the day at home, pasting in his various scrapbooks,

classifying his notes for lectures, reading in magazines and books that had been neglected the past weeks, and finishing the odds and ends of correspondence. He greatly delighted in spending an occasional day in this manner. It gave him time for reflection and creative work, as well as an opportunity to plan for bigger things ahead.

During the last few years, he found great joy and quiet recreation in visiting his friends George E. Hall and George W. Clark, in the Massachusetts Berkshires. Mr. Hall invited him for several successive years to spend some weeks at the New American House, at Pittsfield, which was then under the control of the veteran hotel-man of the State—Mr. George W. Clark. Here, either in July or August, he was made to feel utterly at home by these good friends. A late breakfast, a long motor ride through the picturesque hills, a light noon luncheon and a long afternoon rest, supper, and an early bed composed the average day. Sometimes there would be a clambake on the beach, with a number of good friends. Occasionally he would wander about the village where he met and talked with such interesting townspeople as the famous old astronomer whose past and present achievements were of great interest to him, or such famous visitors as Hon. Chauncey Depew and Justice William Howard Taft, who came occasionally to speak to the business clubs of the city.

A few men of the community formed what was called a " Sunshine Club," an organization which met at the hotel every Monday at noon. Membership consisted of prominent business and professional men of the neighbourhood including a millionaire hotel man, a real estate dealer (in line for the governorship), the manager of a telephone company, the secretary of a large insurance company, the head of a great syndicate of stores, the owner of an extensive coal industry, an enthusiastic autoist, a very successful physician, a retired business man, a busy minister, and another leading physician. Marion Lawrance was made a life-member. To George W. Clark, Marion Lawrance wrote:

I am informed that I have been elected as an honorary member-for-life of the Sunshine Club. I desire to express deep ap-

preciation for this distinguished honour. I shall endeavour to dispense, as best I can, this "commodity of sunshine," in which your club specializes. I promise, as a member, to seek to advance the purpose for which the club stands, and thus bring more joy and happiness into the world.

Under the name "Marion Lawrance," in the little directory occur these words: "Honorary member, Chicago, Illinois; Consulting General Secretary of the International Sunday School Council of Religious Education; a Knight Templar, 33d Degree; Scottish Rite Mason; member of the Rotary Club; *and an all-around good fellow.*"

An Adventure in Fraternity

To Marion Lawrance the beautiful rites of the Masonic order meant much. They were a part of his religion and he greatly loved their inner spiritual significance for his own life and that of his brother Masons. Aside from the Sunday school, his church and family, the Masonic interest was truly the dearest of his heart. Through the kindness of his Toledo friends he was enabled to follow through the Scottish Rites to the thirty-second degree. On September 18, 1917, he was honoured with the thirty-third degree. A prominent member of the order writes that the Masonic fraternity in Toledo regarded Mr. Lawrance with much affection. In the festivities of the Scottish Rite and Templar degrees he was an ever-sought friend and companion. In a Masonic address he once said:

"The rose needs no tongue to tell its fragrance, the flower to speak its beauty. The best arguments for the Masonic order are the Masons themselves." This concise tribute has been quoted around the world. Many of his brother Masons could say with Allan A. Stockdale, "I prized him highly as an intimate, personal friend and as a Mason." Grafton M. Acklin, who delivered a short address at the Toledo memorial services in behalf of the local brotherhood, spoke feelingly of the warm friendship that existed between them for many years: "I feel that much of whatever success I may have had in life is due to the splendid example he set before me."

His attendance upon the Toledo reunions of the Rite always met with a very cordial reception, sometimes with a special ceremony. At the last reunion during his life, Barton Smith wrote him a cordial invitation ending with "Your presence is always a real addition to the esprit de corps of Toledo Free Masonry, and we are all proud of your friendship and of your devotion to the craft." The Masonic Record of Brother Marion Lawrance is as follows:

Initiated an Entered Apprentice June 12, 1876; Passed the Degree of Fellowcraft June 28, 1876; and Raised to the Sublime Degree of Master Mason July 10, 1876, in Rubicon Lodge, No. 237, F. & A. M., Toledo, Ohio.

Received the Capitular Degrees in Fort Meigs Chapter, No. 29, R. A. M. Mark Master, January 9, 1907, Past Master, January 24, 1907, Most Excellent Master, January 24, 1907, Royal Arch, February 9, 1907.

Received Cryptic Degrees in Toledo Council, No. 33, R. & S. M., April 11, 1907.

Received the orders of the Temple in Toledo Commandery, No. 7, K. T. Red Cross, March 28, 1907, Knight of Malta, April 19, 1907, Knight Templar, April 19, 1907.

In the Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite he received the Degree of Grand Elect Mason, 14° in Mi-a-mi Lodge of Perfection, January 15, 1908, the 15° and 16° in Northern Light Council, Princes of Jerusalem, and the 17° and 18° in Fort Industry Chapter of Rose Croix de H. R. D. M., January 16, 1908, and created a Sublime Prince of the Royal Secret, 32°, in Toledo Consistory, January 17, 1908.

He was crowned a Sovereign Grand Inspector General, 33° and made an Honorary member of the Supreme Council A. & A. S. R., N. M. J., September 18, 1917.

He was made a member of Zenobia Temple A. A. O. N. M. S., October 23, 1913.

During the Consistory Reunion, which came a few weeks after Marion Lawrance's passing, a very splendid honour was paid him. That Wednesday evening Judge Chittenden and W. T. S. O'Hara both paid him glowing tributes. Then, the last evening, a large picture of him was taken from the office of F. G. Crandell,

of the Ransom and Randolph Company, draped with wreaths and flowers and placed in a chair in the location he always occupied. During the evening, John H. Lloyd paid a stirring tribute to him, stating that many times during past reunions, he involuntarily looked over in the direction of his chair and that now—how much he missed him! He asked that they all stand a moment in silence, out of respect to his memory, while the choir sang *Nearer, My God, to Thee.* Mr. Crandell declares that he felt, many times, that the spirit of the whole reunion was different because of Mr. Lawrance's absence—yet unseen presence—and that because of this great regard for him, they enjoyed one of the most spiritual reunions which has taken place in the Temple.

One reason for the very high esteem in which he was held is perhaps clearly shown in the following incident in which a world recognized leader appears genuinely modest and humble. In a letter to Marion Lawrance from Barton Smith, 33°, occur these words: "The selections which have been made in this Valley for the recipiency of the 33°, have been based upon our belief in the good that they would do in the future, and what you have been doing has convinced us that we may look for greater and more useful services with the new power and prestige." This was written in reply to a letter of Marion Lawrance's in which he declares himself most unworthy to be elected to receive the 33° and unable to be as useful in the Rite as he would like to be. This statement was declared to be the only one known in which a nominee for this very distinctive honour ever declared himself undeserving.

The Narrowing Circle

A young man, battling for health and against poverty, with a mind set toward business success, and a heart won by the possibilities and spiritual rewards of Sunday school leadership, cannot suffer a greater loss than by the passing of his life companion and the mother of his children. That sad Sunday morning, September 28, 1906, when the three members of the family were roused from their sleep by the telephone and told quietly to dress and hurry to the hospital, will not soon be forgotten. Nor, in-

deed, will the appearance of the peaceful form of the beloved home-maker who had laboured so tirelessly, loved so unselfishly, suffered so heroically, fade from recollection. True friends offered rare sympathy, but the ministrations of the pastor, Dr. Allen, were particularly uplifting.

The husband and father suffered in silence, but that he suffered there can be no doubt. Many letters that he later wrote have expressed this. In one, written to Mr. F. B. DeForest, he expresses sympathy for the loss of his wife:

I recall my own experience when I lost my own wife, and what it meant to me to have words expressing sympathy. You will not consider this an intrusion. I just want to say that I am sorry, very sorry. I have been through this experience myself, and think I know.

Afterward—a disillusionment—the breaking up the home—the daughter going to Washington to stay with an uncle and aunt; the son continuing his work at the Toledo *Blade* and rooming with friends; the father, away at Sunday school conventions. Then the trip to the Rome Convention with Mary Metzger—friend of the family—with its shifting scenes, new friendships and sudden change to an unfamiliar atmosphere. Again, a disillusionment on the return home—the sale by auction of house, lot, furniture, library and all possessions, and the long journey to the strange new home in Chicago.

Those experiences were woven into the hearts and minds of all three, but in vastly different ways. To Marion Lawrance they must have seemed a blending of infinite yearning and love into commonplace duty, of hope and joy into pathos and an aching heart. Thus the Toledo home gradually drifted into that "mystic borderland" peopled with friends, loved ones and surrounded by the shadows of unwritten experiences. Instead of bright presences and the clasp of hand on hand, there remained only "the thread of memory."

IV

THE MARION LAWRANCE SUNDAY SCHOOL

"He was a maker of Sunday school history, as well as a writer of Sunday school history,—not a man of meagre attainments, and flickering celebrity, but a strong, frontier spirit in American Christianity."—A FRIEND.

"A workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

—2 TIMOTHY 2: 15.

FOR thirty-four years, Marion Lawrance lived in Toledo. He came to be a vital factor in that city's life—first as a business man and second, as a religious worker in connection with the Washington Street Church and the Ohio Sunday school work to which interests he applied the business principles that he learned. At his death, newspapers lamented the passing of "Toledo's most eminent citizen." T. L. Rynder, Executive Secretary of the Toledo Sunday School Association, represents the sentiment of countless others in the statement that Marion Lawrance was surely the city's best loved and most model resident, for in all the contacts people have had with him, no one seems able to recall a single word or act which was un-Christ-like. To thousands of people throughout the world, Toledo, Ohio, was simply another name for "Marion Lawrance" and "Sunday school work." A striking evidence of this is furnished by two letters, one mailed from London and inadequately addressed to "Marion Lawrance, U. S. A."; the other letter intended for him but misaddressed "Robert Raikes, Toledo, Ohio." Both letters arrived in the usual time, at his desk in Toledo.

CITIZENSHIP WITH HONOUR

While it was largely through his services as church-singer, music director and superintendent of the Washington Street Sunday School that his influence was chiefly felt, in business, professional circles and the whole city's life, the power of his person-

ality was also manifest. "Citizenship" was a term very much filled with meaning for Marion Lawrance. In Toledo, his home for more than a third of a century, he strove to make himself a good and useful citizen. He preached good citizenship from the Sunday school platform. He breathed good citizenship in his home, on the lecture rostrum, in his office, and before the boys and girls, men and women of the church where he worshipped. He practised citizenship regularly and intelligently on election days and other days when there was needed a little stiffening in the enforcement of the principles of law and order.

Every good programme of city development received his hearty endorsement and active support—particularly such projects as cleaning up the vice spots, safeguarding the youth from drugs and liquor, doing away with immoral bill-boards and literature, or encouraging all constructive moral, religious, educational and healthful elements in the city to gain a secure foothold. When he moved to Chicago, he found a larger and much more difficult city to know and while he confessed he never knew the city's politics nor her administrators, he still endeavoured to be a good citizen, exemplifying it by championing the cause of a dry and clean Chicago.

But good citizenship is only another form of morality, and morality to Marion Lawrance was the outer vestibule of Religion. He was ever eager to pass through to the very Holy of Holies itself. It is interesting to observe that he used still another approach to this great inner sanctuary—that labelled Personal Friendship—a medium which Christ used to reach the multitude.

The Family Spirit in Sunday School

As superintendent of a growing Sunday school, Marion Lawrance did not assume the office of preacher or prophet, teacher, religious leader or Christian statesman. On the contrary, from the beginning, he emphasized the relationship of a large family, with himself, perhaps, as the central figure, and every member from minister to janitor, an equal associate in a great cause. His own magnetic personality, radiating love and good will, humility and cheerfulness, intense energy and ardent loyalty to the cause

of Jesus Christ and His Church, made it possible for him to play the rôle of Sunday school father to the hundreds of boys and girls and that of " big brother " and friend to the men and women who formed the rapidly widening family circle. In hundreds of ways he impressed upon both scholars and officers that this was " our " Sunday school—that each one, no matter how small, how old, or how ill-equipped, had an important task to do in the Sunday school family, that " all service ranks the same with God," and that it is Love that makes difficult things easy. He built up a cult of Christian friendship—a friendship that was a kind of Triple Alliance of love, sympathy and helpfulness. He taught the value of the friendship that educates—that makes one honest and heroic—friendship with our brother men, friendship with great ideas, friendship with Jesus Christ Himself.

But actions speak louder than principles, and deeds, more clearly than words. So there is a projective obligation and a sacrificial cost to true friendship in errands of mercy, thoughtful courtesies and enduring faithfulness. There should be brotherly charity, which is the Christian use of power, in one's contact with others who are making the great fight for character. Marion Lawrance believed in dividing the burdens as well as the blessings and like other religious leaders was constantly throwing out to his loyal followers Mazzini's challenge to his fellow patriots, " Come, suffer with me for a great cause." That cause was Christlike character, Christian service, and the uplift of humanity through ministry to children through the agency of the Sunday school.

So many tributes to his friendship, affection, and strong Christian faith have come from men and women, boys and girls, of the Washington Church and the Marion Lawrance Sunday School, that they seem like an immense wreath of flowers that never fade —immortelles that pass into the Eternity of spirit and become the substance of things not seen. So many—large and small—have been woven into this giant wreath, that it represents almost the entire Washington Church membership, at least in its former years.

All the pastors with whom Marion Lawrance laboured for a third of a century emphasize his humanity. Rev. J. H. Jenkins,

his first pastor, believed that his faith in himself was weakness; but his faith in his God was unconquerable. Both these types of faiths were tested in many a grim battle before he became the Secretary of Sunday school organizations.

He was as loyal to his church, claims Dr. Jenkins, as he was to his school; and as loyal to his pastor as a child to his parents; and for years, it was a Sunday school and church. It is delightful now to go around among the families which had a "Prophet's Chamber" for Lawrance whenever he came their way, and to mark their way of speaking of this "holy man of God." He was not regarded as a son, nor as a father, but just one of us. Very different was he from the ordinary run of men, yet he was one of the easiest men to get acquainted with; gracious, and cordial, and confidential; but never imposed upon by undue familiarity.

He was asked one time how he managed to bring to the Sunday school each Sunday something fresh and well-planned—something that cost much thought and research, when he was travelling from Monday morning until Saturday evening. This was his reply:

"I know where I stop next to sell my leather goods, what I am to do, and am prepared to do it. If I were not talking to you, I should be studying these Sunday school books and papers right now. At night, I find little that is congenial in a hotel office or parlour, so I go to my room where I have hours for quiet study and thought." This incident was once related at a public meeting when Marion Lawrance replied, "If any success has attended my efforts, it has been the result of work, hard work, persistent work —not genius, nor gift, but work."

During this period he and the pastor (Dr. Jenkins) were accustomed to meet in the church every Saturday morning even in the severest weather to kneel in prayer for school and church. The building sometimes was so cold that the little service was quite an ordeal, but "neither of them would have omitted it for many times the suffering." At this time, too, he was offered an

attractive position as a Y. M. C. A. secretary. The salary would have enabled him to give all his time to religious service. But his pastor raised a loud cry of protest, telling him he did not appreciate his own worth, for he had made his mark and reputation in Sunday school and should continue in it even at great personal sacrifice. There were many excellent Y. M. C. A. secretaries, but in the Sunday school world there was only one Marion Lawrance.

It will require years, thinks this pastor, before the public will appreciate him in his work as a pioneer in the Sunday school cause. But I fear that posterity will unduly push the physical and material part of Lawrance's work to the detriment of the emphasis which he always put upon the spiritual. The form and the machinery will be displayed and emphasized, while the unseen Spirit will be neglected.

Another minister, Rev. O. D. Fisher, came to the pastorate when the Sunday school membership greatly overcrowded the building, and when, although very poor and without funds, the church members were making a beginning by the use of the "nest-egg," "brick certificates" and other devices all originated and carried through by Marion Lawrance. He heartily entered into the pastor's plans to secure a new church and according to the assertion of Dr. Fisher, loyally coöperated with all his efforts.

Between him and his next pastor, Dr. Gideon A. Burgess, there existed always a very close, brotherly, spiritual comradeship. Dr. Ernest Bourner Allen, his last associate at Washington Church, speaks feelingly of the companionship both enjoyed.

We rode on horseback through the Holy Land, says Dr. Allen. We sat in conventions, committees, conferences without number. He was never happier than when he was doing something for others. Whether buying a picture book for the baby, taking an obstreperous lad in his Sunday school to lunch at the big hotel, or making it possible for his friends to go to a great convention, —it was all the same. The annual Sunday school picnics come vividly to memory—the great host he rallied to the task, the precautions he took to insure safety. Three dozen or more cars,

loaded to the limit with radiant children and youth, with flags and confetti and banners, were out for a good time under the infectious leadership of their friend. The march at the park, the ever-thrilling egg hunt, the D-I-N-N-E-R, and afterward the games! He was in the centre of everything,—sending up balloons, sharing the hoop race, the tug-o'-war—ah, he was an all-around athlete! A very human man he was. An expert in Sunday school methods, a past master with an audience, a tireless worker for the Kingdom—but such a dear, human friend!

He believed, as we Christians do, in a happy heaven! One of its privileges was that it would afford time enough to do all the precious things he would like to do. Often has he said to me, whimsically, at the close of a busy conference, "Well, Elder, come around and see me some afternoon over there, and we'll sit down and have a good visit for a hundred years or more. There are many, I reckon, who will wish to be there and I, too, am looking forward to my visit."

An assistant superintendent, Alex Duguid, said that humbleness was the one abounding trait in Mr. Lawrance's life. The higher he rose in his chosen work, the more noticeable was his lack of self-assertiveness. Many a cherished plan, priceless in promise of usefulness, was laid aside till some opposition had been met. This Sunday school never saw Mr. Lawrance lose his temper nor scold. He didn't know how to do either. Many times individuals have seen him weep and have wept with him. Once when something had gone wrong in the school, he broke out before his assistant superintendent Mr. Duguid, with "My! I wish I had more religion!" The ringing laugh of the latter at the absurdity of it, restored his smile. Mr. Duguid speaks for the body of the school: "We who worked with him and shared in the honour that the years laid at his door, have been accused of 'worshipping' Mr. Lawrance. This is not true—we just 'loved' him. The choice corps of the trained Sunday school workers he gathered about him had few equals as Bible students and child-teachers. Specialists in the places assigned, each grew to be. Their 'team work' was an inspiration to the thousands who visited the school. The weekly workers' meeting was a place

of spiritual power. His presentation of the lesson for the next Sunday, and his heart-talks about saving the children and improving the school will never be forgotten. Every detail of the school work was laid before this gathering, and its approval must precede any plan being put into operation. 'With one accord' was the keynote of the hearty good-will in every department."

Yes, for decades he was to them all an ideal of a Christian gentleman. He drew numbers of men and women to Washington Street Church and soon had them attached to his Sunday school, as teacher, assistant worker or loyal followers. Hundreds of Toledoans have felt that Mr. Lawrance was their best friend, which thousands of people everywhere could also say. He was always the same; always kind, always ready to help whenever he could. Just to see his face, the reflection of his beautiful inner life, and grasp his hand was a benediction to a number. He couldn't have known how much good he did, for many people are slow to express their appreciation while one is living, and then he was too modest to listen. But many parents wish their children could attend a Sunday school where there would be the same atmosphere and spirit as there was where Mr. Lawrance presided. He always said, "Anything will yield if you put enough love into it." He loved every one, especially little children.

It was early apparent that here was one of those few men who know and value personality whether in a man, woman or a small child. He held this personality very sacred. He loved people for their human qualities and was prompt to show appreciation of any effort made or work performed. Moreover he made no discrimination in a man's social standing, his occupation, age or circumstances. His heart warmed to them all—business man, clergyman, ragged newsboy, millionaire banker, and life's unfortunates. His hearty encouragement of young men was especially remembered. Never did he assume the slightest air of superiority toward even the humblest in position or power.

With only slight change of place and date, the following letter might have been written by hundreds of young men throughout the world:

I was one of the boys in the old Congregational Sunday school, a number of years ago. I have travelled far and wide since then, but Marion Lawrance has always been to me *one* of the few *ideal* Christian characters that I have known. I know all of the boys in my class loved our superintendent and he never forgot his old boys. In March, 1923, I was living in Shreveport, Louisiana. Marion Lawrance and I met accidentally. Holding out his hand he said, "Well, how do you do, Fred? I'm glad to see you!" He remembered me instantly, and I know he had not seen me for twenty years.

Hundreds have said with a young dentist: "He was about the best man I ever knew, and his life and influence led me to accept Jesus. I am a better man for having known him."

A successful Sunday school teacher said the first time she met him when a high school girl, she was fascinated by a "something" which brought her back the next Sunday and later induced her to join both Sunday school and church. Once when she wanted to attend a certain meeting out of town, circumstances prevented her from going. She told Marion Lawrance, "The door of Paradise opened, but now it is shut." He replied, with his usual smile, "Paradise is where duty calls."

A Y. M. C. A. secretary wonders if he would be a Christian to-day, in a position of large responsibility, had it not been for Marion Lawrance influencing him, when a lad of eighteen, to make a life decision. A young preacher believed the outstanding quality of Marion Lawrance was his ability to make himself a part of every individual with whom he came in contact. Another young man recalls with a glow of pleasure that Mr. Lawrance was accustomed to ride down-town with him on a grocery waggon in the mornings. A successful dentist tells of the peculiar whistle Mr. Lawrance always used to announce his presence when he entered the former's offices, and of their friendly intimacy. A young merchant speaks of his big heartedness when his wife died. A father recalls the very cordial public welcome given his thirteen-year-old daughter on her return to Sunday school after a severe illness. The church janitor and his wife speak of him as a dear friend who never met them but with a

pleasant word and a smile; a young manufacturer liked Mr. Lawrance because he was a good "mixer" and could meet people on any plane—Rotary Club, as a Shriner, in public gatherings. An assistant superintendent who once remarked on Marion Lawrance's conscientious faithfulness in keeping his appointments, remembers his reply: "Those who profess Jesus Christ must show it by being faithful in all things." The record of similar comments is endless.

That his thoroughly consecrated, intelligent and successful service which resulted, back in the days of the wooden church, in a very crowded Sunday school room and an extensive waiting list (was there ever another Sunday school with one?) was greatly appreciated, is shown by the fact that a purse of $300.00 was raised for him—the first money he ever received for Sunday school work.

The aspect of his leadership that appealed to most members of the school would be difficult to identify. In fact few could agree on a single feature or characteristic, or even on a group of them. One long-time associate maintains his love of children and young people was always a decisive factor. Another asserts his success was found largely in the way he led people to work, for he never told a member it was his duty to work in the Sunday school. He would go to him and tell him he thought he was just the one for the place and he would like to have him take it—an appeal seldom refused.

The business manager of the *Toledo Blade*—an organ which always generously coöperated with the popular superintendent—believes the memory verses—so impressively taught at the close of school—was the greatest factor that brought the example of this model Christian man into his own life as a boy. A faithful teacher for nearly thirty years is strong in her belief that it was his cheerful manner—radiating helpfulness and strength—that won him success. A deacon and well-known business man assures one that the unbounded enthusiasm he always showed made him victorious, "Oh, now wake up and sing as though you have had your breakfast and are really happy." A mother who had lost her beautiful daughter dedicated to Christian service said she

had been comforted for years by his words—"Her work is finished. God never calls any one until his work is done." Some friends told him once that they were convinced that he had no enemies anywhere in the whole world, and that all who knew him spoke well of him. He immediately referred them to Luke 6:26 saying he was not certain that he was pleased with such a declaration since woe was pronounced upon such individuals in the Bible. However, a young doctor and orchestra leader, whose wife was a teacher and vocalist, maintains that he knew no enemies and those who attempted to arise, he crushed with kindness and exaltation. Humour and pathos and a passion for duty were closely linked, however, behind his friendly manner. This passion brought him to the Teachers' Meeting one night when his face was badly swollen with neuralgia. "I know you think I am a right beautiful specimen," he said with an attempt at a smile, but he taught the lesson through at great suffering to himself.

Sacrifices are the lot of all public men—and also of their families. When Mr. Lawrance was returning from one of his successful conventions, the teachers and officers of his school wanted to meet him with a band and have a big time. His daughter Lois was there and said, "I wish they would let us have Father alone for a little while." That was the first time many had even thought of the great sacrifices the family of a great man have to make.

To project his optimistic outlook, to give freely of encouragement and to scatter humour and cheerfulness everywhere in the face of sacrifice and trouble requires mental vitality. But that he did do this there can be little doubt. A young lawyer rejoices now that Marion Lawrance so kindly and frequently urged him not to be discouraged about his Sunday school. He used the illustration of the wick of the candle saying that some must burn that others might be kindled, and so the light be given out. In a lesson-review, Marion Lawrance once said, "I'd rather have a friend give me a single rosebud while I am living than to have him cover my grave with flowers when I am dead." From this sentiment came the pretty custom of presenting Mr. Lawrance with a rose every Sunday morning in the Sunday school. One

of the beginners was selected to do this—a custom that continued until he left Toledo—while one feature of the programme when he visited the home school was this giving of the rose by a child.

Mr. Lawrance was indeed the pioneer of sunshine in the Sunday school. He made it the brightest spot on earth to the child-heart. Old-time severity or solemnity gave place to gladness, and an air of brightness permeated each service. Gradual as the change came, it almost took away the breath. Something new and fresh and good in every service. One or two felt hurt. A good teacher said to him, "Mr. Lawrance, you have destroyed our Sunday school. You have done more harm than you can ever repair, for the spirit of reverence has gone." It took years to convince her the change was better but she lived to tell him he was right. The Sunday school, however, was always spiritual, always reverent under his guidance. The church saw a child joyous and reverent at one and the same time. A happy face was the passport to piety, not a solemn one in his school.

Many namesakes of his live in every state. Hundreds—thousands—of children knew him by name, picture, letter or gift. He knew how to talk to children on sacred themes and constantly sought to imbue his own work with the fresh spontaneity, sincerity, trustfulness, cheerfulness and possibilities of childhood. One of his oft-repeated sayings was "The Church has not yet discovered the Sunday school." He himself was the first Sunday school leader to really discover the Church. "Every member of the Sunday school, a member of the Church" was not only a slogan but a vital principle with him, just as much as its counterpart, "Every member of the Church in the Sunday school."

He made personal evangelism the supreme objective of all the chief activities of superintendent, officers, teachers, and the entire school programme. No teacher was really successful unless he lead many or all of his scholars to an acceptance of Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour, and into full membership in the Church. Nothing could take the place of the spiritual element.

Mr. Lawrance built his Sunday school around Jesus Christ, one has said, not around himself. Much as the workers loved him, his humble loyalty to God led them to follow him in heart

service. So thoroughly were they imbued with his spirit that they rallied to the school when he left for Chicago, and actually forced the attendance up to its highest enrollment of 1,644. Mr. Lawrance gave without stint of his time, his energy and finally of his life in bringing people together in the work of saving the people of the world for Jesus Christ.

A prominent merchant remembers when he came in one time to talk about the school and the great numbers they were having which made it the largest Sunday school in Ohio. He was deeply concerned because there were so few of the scholars uniting with the church, and he felt that the work was a failure. He told this with tears in his eyes and said he did not know what to do. But his work in those years has brought great results.

In a letter to Mrs. Whitney, a teacher, he asks about the boys in her class:

Is every boy a Christian yet? he asks. I am anxious to know for that is the one thing that will give me the greatest joy. I am wondering who are their heroes. Who would rather be like Lincoln, Lee, Grant, Roosevelt? Write me—what one would they rather imitate than any one else? Of course I do not mean Jesus—and yet He is the only perfect hero who was always safe to follow. I want to know how many of your class are trying to follow Him. All, I hope. Won't I be proud when every boy is God's boy and trying to make the world better!

The lesson was always studied and read from the Bible instead of from quarterlies, and hundreds of Bibles were brought every Sunday. "A good soldier must know his weapons," Mr. Lawrance would say, "and we must know our weapons of warfare against evil—the Word of God." A Toledoan knew if he saw a child with a Bible Sunday morning that he was a member of the Marion Lawrance Sunday School. He was thoroughly evangelical and "Salvation" was the biggest thing in the Sunday school. A strong believer in the Bible as the Word of God, he trained the school in memorizing Bible verses and choice Scripture passages, and called for these by book, chapter and verse.

On all his return visits to the school, his consuming interest was in leading others to know Christ. An eye-witness relates:

When he arose at the opening of the Sunday school and said, "Good-morning, everybody," the young men's department in a body marched down the aisle past the platform, each with a carnation, which he presented to Mr. Lawrance. Following the young men's class came two beginners and a cradle roller with rosebuds for their superintendent. It was an inspiring scene to see one hundred and eight young men pay this tribute to one who, more than any person, had won them to Jesus Christ and had been an inspiration and help through the years. Then Mr. Lawrance asked the young men to rise with him and pledge their lives to righteousness. Every one in the department did so. In the review of the lesson he asked any one who wanted to confess Jesus Christ, to rise. Five did so, while a great stirring in the hearts of all told of the reviving power in their souls.

But to its chief spirit, this Sunday school was far removed from a perfect state. As he once said to his teachers, "Don't ever call our Sunday school a model school. You know a model according to the dictionary is a miniature representation of a thing. That is what our school may be." Moreover he possessed a neighbourly spirit. He was not too much engrossed with the insistent cares of his own large Sunday school family to overlook the rights of other families, or the field at large. A contemporary recounts that some other denominations contemplated entering the same district as the Washington Street Church, building a church and Sunday school. Some people thought it would not be right to crowd in where the Washington Street Church was doing such good work. Marion Lawrance said, "Let them come! There is room enough for another Sunday school just as large as ours, in the same neighbourhood. The children are thick out here. All you have to do is to go along the street and kick the board fence and they will roll right out!"

Even when the width of Indiana parted him and his beloved friends, the old memories were kept fresh by letters, occasional visits, messages and courtesies. Mary Metzger acted as a kind of secretary for him. "Daughter Mary" saw to it that when any of the friends of the old church were sick or in trouble, a card of sympathy and love and a small bouquet of flowers would

be sent at his expense. This was carried on faithfully for a number of years. The "old home" and the Washington Sunday School family were the dearest objects of his affection.

A Master Builder

"It is better to put ten men to work than to do the work of ten men yourself," Marion Lawrance once declared in a public address. This plan of delegation of power and responsibility was one of the secrets of his wonderful success as an organizer. He so inspired his followers by his earnestness, confidence and sincerity that they deemed it a privilege to work with him in rearing the great Sunday school structure that was to make him famous.

Great business leaders frequently say that they owe their mastery of business conditions to particularly one thing—that is, an intuitive knowledge of men and a varied scheme of diplomacy by which to interest and lead them. When once human interest is enlisted, and personal loyalty gained, there is little that cannot be done. So it was with Marion Lawrance and the Washington Sunday School.

He proved the value of this method in his relations with his school. He always had a large group of efficient men and women who were ready to respond without hesitation to plans which he wished to carry out. Two illustrations of this are, the large picnics of the school when some fifteen hundred people were taken to one of the parks in a street-car procession, and the holding of a May festival in which five hundred members sang in a trained chorus at the Valentine Theatre.

When he laid a duty upon the conscience of any one, he insisted that no one—with or without authority—should interfere. Having selected that associate with careful judgment, he placed implicit trust in him and expected successful results. "Every one rises under responsibility," he often said, and the results he received proved the truth of this statement.

It was not long before the children who attended the Primary Department, as well as those who were in the Home Department and attended very infrequently, caught the home spirit. There

was an atmosphere of mutual helpfulness, because of mutual confidence and love. If it should happen, as it did many times, that officials became derelict of duty, these matters were never considered in star-chamber sessions, by autocratic boards, but were discussed freely at the Teachers' meeting, or at some other general session of the workers. Then it was that Marion Lawrance, with charity and kindliness, brought the matter before the others, saying as many complimentary things as he could about the official who was deficient in service, but, at the same time, calling attention to the tremendous ideal of service and work that they had agreed to build up in the previous years. Public opinion of the others was enough to lead the delinquent one to see the error of his ways and either repent and be given another trial, or be assigned other service of a more agreeable nature.

His unusual sense of organization augmented by his warm-hearted friendship, Christian charity, deep-set faith in the saving grace of Jesus Christ, and forward-looking optimism built up in the Washington Sunday School a remarkable esprit de corps in a close-knit organization that moved along rapidly, yet noiselessly, through differentiated, yet reciprocating personalities. The perfection of any organization means close attention to trifles. Marion Lawrance always visited the church building every Saturday evening to ascertain if the printed supplies had been delivered, decorations for special occasions completed, and other arrangements properly made for the service the following day. He constantly encouraged, chiefly in little ways, the participants in any plan, reminding them of his great faith in them and the unusual significance of the occasion. He must be convinced that the slightest detail of any programme would contribute to the final harmony. He planned his Sunday school and special day programmes, picnics, festivals, teachers' meetings, weeks—sometimes months—in advance. These plans, written out in topic form, with different coloured inks, were complete even to the smallest minutiæ, and remain as models of systematic arrangement. Organization also meant to Marion Lawrance the careful analysis of the Sunday school into various autonomous departments,

clearly defined offices, differentiated activities, and then the happy incorporation of all into a congruous whole.

The opening and closing exercises which were an unique feature of the Washington Street Sunday School emphasized this unity, for the whole school, except the Primaries and Kindergarteners, began their service in one group, which broke up into separate units for lesson study to reassemble later for the last fifteen minutes of the session. Occasionally even the younger children met with the other divisions of the school in the final period, giving a programme of their own, and striking the keynote of the whole assembly—unity of faith, worship, and service.

Committees or officials with responsible heads were appointed for every piece of work or position. A Courtesy Committee to guide visitors around the school, Library Committee, Reception Committee to welcome new members, and committees that were functioning in good citizenship, such as taking literature to shut-ins, and flowers to the sick, arranging baseball games with other schools, planning transportation and dinner for the big annual picnic, procuring advertising for *The Helper,* preparing for Decision Day, securing leaders for Workers' Meeting, bringing in the aged or crippled on special Sundays, and for scores of other activities. The members of each committee were selected with great care and the importance of their task impressed upon them. There was no one in the entire school who did not have some part in the great plan.

Class organizations attained a high degree of specialization and differentiation, ranging from the Scrooby Club where serious debate and discussion on vital themes were indulged in, to baseball clubs of the Juniors. The teachers and officers were organized into what he called the "Weekly Workers' Meeting." At this meeting, methods of teaching the lesson for the following Sunday were systematically discussed, items of administration were deliberated upon, and a brief devotional period enjoyed. The matter of records and weekly reports used in this Sunday school originated with the superintendent, and were comprehensive and unique. The treasurer's and secretary's reports for each Sunday were read aloud at the close of each session, and showed

by comparison with the records of a week and a year ago a relative progress or retrogression.

Marion Lawrance's own definition of a Sunday school organization might well follow: "The organization of a Sunday school should be like the wheels of a watch—ever going, but out of sight; when the wheels are visible or machinery rattles, there is something wrong."

His Modus Operandi

Music. A thorough believer in the ministry of music in the worship of God, Marion Lawrance also believed that

After all, all music is in ourselves,
After the over-soul, is the over-tone.

The following introduction was written by Marion Lawrance to *International Praise,* a song-book published by E. O. Excell in 1902. It indicates something of the value that he placed upon music as a ministering service in religion.

All Christians sing. When the hearts are filled with love of God, it is as natural to make melody to Him as for the flowers to turn their faces to the sun. Indeed, they cannot help it. The happy Christian soul must sing. Nothing more prepares the mind and heart to receive the great truths of God, and to approach Him in the attitude of true worship than sacred music.

When he joined the Washington Street Church and Sunday School, he not only led the choir for a score of years, but created great interest in music so that a number of special cantatas, such as *Esther,* many music services and music festivals were presented by the Sunday school and church. Musical programmes were given nearly every month by this choir and its ambitious leader. Some of them were presented in the City Opera House but most of them were given at the Washington Street Church, and always to large audiences.

When Marion Lawrance undertook to lead the choir at the Washington Street Church, his absorbing love of music, his ability to read rapidly and accurately, and his own strong tenor voice were great assets, but the irregularity of the members, frequent

interruptions of practice and the sharp differences in temperament between himself and certain singers were often disheartening to him. One instance might be mentioned to indicate that, even in church choirs there is such a thing as jealousy, injustice and even bitterness. Mr. Lawrance gave the solo part of certain Christmas music to a young lady whom he thought well capable of handling it. Another soprano, however, immediately became incensed that she was not offered this attractive rôle. She dropped out of the choir, and sent Marion Lawrance a most interesting package and letter. The package contained a large-sized bottle of Le Page's Glue, and with it was the little note, " I am sending this to Mr. Lawrance to mend his cracked voice! "

At the time of his superintendency here, he developed special Sunday school opening and closing exercises which have become so well and popularly known that they are used in Sunday schools throughout the English-speaking world. These exercises contain little gems of music taken from the operas and the classical literature of music, which are woven around Scripture selections, prayer, responsive readings, and made into complete units of song and worship, each carrying out a single religious theme.

Before this time, however, Marion Lawrance and W. A. Ogden, the long-time music supervisor of the Toledo schools, had published a song-book called *Good Seed.* This was used in the city and neighbouring towns and enjoyed a wide circulation.

In 1885 there was presented a June Floral Concert, by the Washington Sunday School. This was the beginning of a series of concerts which finally culminated in the one that was later called " Names and Titles of Christ." The latter was a service in which nearly fifty names and titles of Christ were built in flowers upon a Cross while appropriate music was sung by various departments of the school.

At one time he was one of the editors of a book published by Charles H. Gabriel, entitled *Progressive Sunday School Songs.* In later years, Marion Lawrance assisted E. O. Excell in preparing song-books with Sunday school opening and closing exercises, for publication. One of these, *Eternal Praise,* was published in 1917 and free copies were presented to all the members

of his Sunday school. Copies of other books of which Mr. Lawrance was joint editor were presented to members of the old Washington Street Church by E. O. Excell, such as the one entitled, *Praises.*

Throughout five decades of Sunday school experience, Marion Lawrance came into touch with the greatest Sunday school music leaders of two generations. He met many of these at conventions, and, in fact, recommended them to lead the singing at many county, state, and International Sunday school gatherings. Always alert was he in stressing the music side of worship, as were also the many leaders he knew who represented the history of Sunday school and convention music for the last three or four decades—all the way from the simple, sentimental melody to the pretentious musical pageant.

The following is an account of the dedication of a popular little song written by Mr. Excell, to Mr. Lawrance. It is given by W. A. Galt:

In the book, *Eternal Praise,* selection No. 84, there will be found a song entitled *A Little Bit of Love.* I heard Mr. Excell tell the story to an audience in the auditorium at Winona Lake. One Sunday morning Mr. Excell was sitting listening to his pastor preach, and in the sermon the pastor quoted the famous London divine, Mark Guy Pearse, as having said, "The world is dying for a little bit of love."

Mr. Excell said he heard no more of the sermon, for that thought occupied his attention. Then and there he began to work the theme into a song. For three days in his Chicago studio he toiled over the words and the music. Just as he had finished, his beloved friend, Marion Lawrance, entered the studio and Mr. Excell said to him: "Listen to this." Seated at his studio organ, Mr. Excell played and sang the song *A Little Bit of Love.* Mr. Lawrance was the first to hear it, he—to whom it was dedicated. After telling the story Mr. Excell and Mr. Charles H. Gabriel sang the piece as a duet to the large audience, the first time the song was used in an assembly room.

In his own Sunday school, Mr. Lawrance introduced an orchestra—that grew to forty pieces and which played classic and

sacred music before and after the sessions, as well as accompanying the assembly singing. Solos by violin, flute, horn, clarinet or special accompaniment, or singers from other churches or schools were often featured in the Sunday programme. The institution became a musical Sunday school, worshipping God in song and strengthening unity by the spirit of melody.

Printing. Publishers, journalists, and printers were quick to notice another means this alive superintendent had in building up a strong entity, and that was in fine printing. "I do not know how to conduct a good Sunday school without good printing matter," he said. His collection of uniquely printed announcements for the school possibly surpasses any in the country. So great a demand has there been for samples that the supply was long ago exhausted. "Good printing pays; but it must be good. There is nothing cheap about the Sunday school. I do not know how to conduct a 'cheap' school. It cannot be done—right."

The Helper. This magazine, founded by Marion Lawrance in January, 1882, as *The Visitor* was an interesting monthly medium through which the officials of the church and Sunday school could speak to the members, and vice versa. This was founded and managed by Marion Lawrance at a considerable personal expense for many years. Through its columns, one learns something of the manifold activities of the Sunday school. For example, we learn of the Christmas programme, "Feast of Blessings"; the Children's Day Service, "Sunshine"; the anniversary exercises each fall; the "Potato," "Apple," and "Hyacinth" Sundays; Easter Days; "Calvary"; the "Feast of Lights" concert; the annual "Roundups," in the fall; C. H. Buck Memorial services and the May Festivals.

We learn also of the visits to the school of "Rams' Horn" Brown (he of the pithy aphorisms); of T. C. Ikehara, a Japanese religious worker; and such leaders as E. O. Excell, W. A. Duncan, H. J. Heinz, Dr. Joseph Clark, Rev. Carey Bonner of London, Dr. J. H. Vincent, William Reynolds, and H. M. Hamill. We get to know something of the "Double-up Legion" for new members, the Buck "Ring Contest," the "Nickel Harvest." This last was an unique plan of giving every student a nickel, and

within a given time, asking him to raise as much as possible from that nickel, for the new church. One member made $43.75 selling paper, lead pencils, hair pins, and brooms! Then there was "A Thousand Dollar Contest Supper," also a little symposium on "How Can the Teachers Help the Pastor?" The paper announced a series of stereopticon lectures to be given the Sunday school scholars, as a reward for faithful attendance, and called attention to the written reviews of the lessons which were required for a number of years of all students who desired a perfect record. The Sunday school officers were written about by various persons of authority.

That the editor of this paper was an epithet or phrase-maker, there is truly much evidence. Over and over again, changes were rung on these phrases until they became historic slogans.

"Like teacher—like class."

"Magnify your office—Teacher."

"He pleased not Himself."

"I have, have you?"

"Through the arch, as we march" (on anniversary Promotion night).

"Love for God, Love for the Bible, Love for Souls."

"Childhood the Battleground of the Kingdom."

The columns of *The Helper* also contained accounts of various Sunday school tours that Marion Lawrance made, such as the one to the Denver Convention; to old Gloucester in England, the birthplace of the Sunday school; to the Southland, Mexico; Rome and Jerusalem. What superintendents throughout the world found unique and very helpful—accounts of methods, plans and principles incorporated in his management—were also published in this paper. There was the story of the "Drop In" class; of the plan of written excuses, of the reception committee, of the biographer of the Sunday school and his duties, of the "Temperance Brigade," of the "Lawrance Guards," of the Sunday school rewards system and the Sunday school Institute; of what scholars can do through the week, of the Teachers' Meeting, of the Bible Alphabet, of "Counsel to Sunday school converts."

The joyous side of Sunday school life was brought out, too, by

the lively accounts of the Egg-Rolling Contests, the Annual Sunday school picnics, of the street-car parades, and summer outings for poor boys and girls. Many found pleasure in reading this little messenger of work and cheer, for the circulation reached twenty-five hundred copies a month. Many were the choice terms used in commendation of it. Don O. Shelton wrote that *The Helper* was the "brightest, spiciest, and most helpful of all church papers."

Teaching Requirements. When selecting teachers or officers for his school, Marion Lawrance invariably made Christian manhood—or Christian womanhood—the first requisite. The next requirement was educational preparation. Dean Briggs of Harvard University is reported to have recently placed a similar stress on character in secular instruction: "The other day I heard the head master say, 'I am looking for a choice teacher. I want first, a man, and next, a man to teach.' It is a relief to see the marked success of several schoolmasters whose preparation for teaching consists first, in manliness, and second, in an able and moderate amount of teaching." As a teacher himself, Mr. Lawrance had few equals. He once started what he called a "Drop In" class in the chapel of the church for visitors such as travelling men, Sunday school officers and others who did not belong to any group. This class became so popular that it threatened to deplete other adult classes, and he had to stop it.

Discipline. In the pedagogy of this advanced administrator discipline was a matter of interest and confidence. The way he managed so-called "cases of discipline" is illustrated as follows in an account of one of the so-called "bad" boys:

> Mr. Lawrance's love for boys was, I am sure, one of his greatest assets in Christian work. Like lots of other boys, I learned to love him, while he was superintendent of our Sunday school. Fifty years have passed, but his patience with us has borne much fruit. Many of the boys who were pretty wild, and would have made most men's lives unbearable, have grown to fine Christian gentlemen, whose work has been worth while in God's kingdom. Most of the passages of Scripture that are familiar to me at present, I learned while a small boy from his teachings.

My mind goes back to the little frame church at a Sunday evening service when I was seated in the front row of the balcony, accompanied by a boy, as wild as I was. I came, fortified with a pocket full of oats. During the prayer, with my head bowed, I looked over the balcony and saw the shining pate of a bald-headed usher, who did not "stand in" well with the boys. So I let a handful of oats patter on the bald spot. Mr. Lawrance, who was leading the choir, saw this and thought the other fellow was guilty. He came up quietly, took my friend by the collar, raised him off the seat, took him outside, and gave him a fatherly talk. My friend, being loyal, did not give me away! More than forty years after, I met Mr. Lawrance and told him I had a confession to make. He remembered the "oats matter" perfectly and when I informed him that my friend Tom was innocent and that I was the guilty party, he laughed until the tears came—and told me he was going to use my confidence in the near future to illustrate a point.

Marion Lawrance was once asked if he ever had occasion to put a boy out of Sunday school for bad behaviour. "Yes, just once in my life," was the reply; "but he didn't go. The Sunday school was all in confusion, I think a match had been lighted, and seeing that the trouble was centered in the class that had a particularly incorrigible boy, I stepped quickly to the class and told the boy he could go home until he was ready to behave like a gentleman. The teacher spoke up and said, "Mr. Lawrance, you have made a mistake, he is not the boy who did it." Of course I apologized and went back to the platform. After Sunday school the boy shot out of the room before I could see him and being a travelling man then, I had no opportunity to see him through the week, so I wrote him a letter telling him that I knew that I had wronged him, and was sorry for it, and asked him to forgive me. The following Sunday came and with it, the boy. He handed me a note from his mother who said she was so glad that I had written that letter for it had done the work, and she didn't believe that I would have any more trouble with the boy. "It's all right, Mr. Lawrance," said the boy, and we shook hands on it. He has been my friend ever since and that was over fifteen years ago.

Maurice Johnston, a young business man and close friend, cites a personal case: "I was mischievous during the Sunday school hour in those days," he says, "being only fourteen years of age. One Sunday, matters came to a climax, and the next day Mr. Lawrance called and asked my father for me, stating that he wanted to have a private consultation with me on Sunday school matters. My parents were elated to think that the superintendent should be consulting *me*. He told me I was a leader among the boys, and that since he was depending much on me to make the class a real success, he wanted me to be his representative. I did not realize at the time that he was simply correcting an evil in the class, but in a wonderful way. Needless to say for some time to come I was not a disturber, but did everything in my power to assist."

Memorizing Bible verses, mottoes, slogans. The memorizing of Scripture passages, as has been stated before, was a very large and vital part of the Washington Street Sunday School programme. When Superintendent Lawrance left for Chicago he presented each member a little red book containing the location of the hundreds of memory verses the school had learned. Not one person, but scores, have uttered the conviction, "Of all the host of helpful things he did, it seems to me one of the greatest was his introduction of the Scripture memory verses into the Sunday school."

Moreover, there were given out regularly mottoes, and slogans and prayers and watchwords which became a part of the opening exercises each Sunday. Some of these are as follows:

"I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me."

"Let us keep our Heavenly Father in the midst."

"I am only one
But I am one;
I cannot do everything,
But I can do something;
What I can do, I ought to do,
And, by the grace of God, I will do."

"Remember Jesus Christ."

MOTTO PRAYER

"Dear Lord, of Thee
Three things I pray,
To know Thee more clearly,
To love Thee more dearly,
To walk more nearly
Every day."

"Make it down-hill from every direction to our Sunday school!"

He originated this Sunday school aim, now used the world over,—"Every member present, on time, with his own Bible, a liberal offering, a studied lesson, and a mind to learn."

Lesson Review. The review of the lesson was ever made a feature. This was Mr. Lawrance's heart-to-heart talk with his school. It was always a most impressive time. One young man says he recalls clearly, to-day—after twenty years, the illustration of the slogan, "Stop, Look, Listen" as the superintendent profitably applied it to every-day life. Millions would like to have their words so long remembered. Another friend found vividly impressed upon him the superintendent's illustration of the power of habit. He asked a young boy of the school to come to the platform where with a dozen loops of thin, weak thread, he bound the boy's arms to his sides. "Can you break the thread and release your arms, Robert?" Of course he could with ease. Then he wound about the boy's arms the same gossamer thread, forty times. It took a little more effort to break the thread this time. The next time over a hundred circles were made, and the boy's arms were powerless to break them. The thread was the weakest possible but repetition made it strong. "A habit is often too weak to be noticed, until it is too strong to be broken." Another time he showed a bundle of small sticks loosely tied, which could be broken easily. A large bundle neatly tied together could not be broken at all, this illustrating the importance of organizing one's work and any body of workers. He was noted for his originality, initiative and salesmanship ability. A young woman remembers her curiosity each Sunday about what he had stored away beneath the old brown pulpit. One time he displayed a

beautifully smoothed board into which a number of large ugly nails had been driven. He drew the nails out of the board and threw them away—but the holes were there still, as evidence. "So it is with sin in one's life."

A mother remembers the story of a boy and girl who were going through a tunnel when a train was coming. The little girl found a crevice in the wall, pushed her little brother into it, called out as the train came crashing through, "Cling to the rock, Jimmie, cling to the rock." The lesson is obvious. Few persons were so big and yet so simple in expression as he.

A faithful officer believes that not many will forget the thrill of his recital of a visit to a North Carolina tobacco factory warehouse where whole floors were covered with the curing tobacco leaves, over which rum was squirted through a hose until all the tobacco was thoroughly saturated. This tobacco was used to make cigarettes. Oh, the infamy of it! The tragedy of developing a taste for liquor in the cigarette smoker! He made a point of telling a bright new story from every trip. They were presented as rich, sparkling humour, tragic pathos, or inspiring incident, but always wholesome and uplifting. "He had a sure enough 'funny bone.'"

Nettie Shreve Bayman, a reader of note, says: "It was in the Marion Lawrance Sunday School that we first read Bible literature before an audience. Since those days we have read it in many cities in many states. The memory that is most precious is Mr. Lawrance's reviews of the lessons, when, in clear-sounding voice, he never failed to make clear God's plan."

At the close of his words, one verse of a hymn was sung, a word of prayer spoken, followed by a solemn hush, while the orchestra played, very softly, the chorus of the hymn last sung. The school was always dismissed in sacred reverence.

Following are some teachings and thoughts on the International Lessons at the Marion Lawrance Sunday School:

"There is no religion by proxy."

"Blessings that are unappropriated, go to some one else."

"To know, serve, see: we must know God before we can serve Him."

"God never foils our plans, unless He has a better one for us."
"Cast anchor and hold fast to the word of God."
"What you see, and how you see determines what you are."
"Be a doer of something worth while."
"Live the life that will stand the light."

Many were the projects carried through by the superintendent for the purpose of raising money or unifying the school through recreation or a deepening of the spiritual life. One was the "Chauncey Buck Ring Contest." Chauncey Buck was the first Sunday school superintendent of the Washington Street Church —an earnest man, but poor, who left his ring to Marion Lawrance with the request that it be converted into money for the school. Cards were printed with the picture of the ring and Mr. Buck, which the scholars were asked to sell for ten cents. The side which sold the most rings was to receive a prize. The whole business section of the town was flooded with boys and girls selling these cards. A business friend of Mr. Lawrance told him that he did not think that this was a good way to raise money, because the solicitation was an annoyance, but added that he would buy one from every child who came to him. He was besieged. The campaign went on and netted a large sum for the Sunday school.

While Mr. Lawrance was superintendent of the Sunday school, he was a member of a committee for arranging a great Sunday school field day in which nearly every Sunday school in Toledo joined in a mammoth picnic, a street-car parade through the city and a great in-gathering at the Fair Grounds. Afterward there were prizes, contests, games, and various features which were long remembered by Toledo citizens. He was at the height of his success at this period, and then it was that John Wanamaker of Philadelphia sent for him, offering him at a splendid salary the superintendency of the great Wanamaker Sunday School—a position which he declined to stay in Toledo.

Many were the mistakes Marion Lawrance made in building up the Sunday school organization that was later to bear his name. Time and time again he placed responsibility on men and women who did not respond. Many times, he himself was in-

clined to be too impatient for quick results, or too narrow in his outlook. Again and again, he was obliged to learn that the law of kindness and tolerance is much more easily obeyed than any law of mastery. No one realized his mistakes more than he did, but it might be said that one of his great characteristics came to the fore during his period of residence in Toledo. That characteristic was his ability to learn by doing and failing.

Coupled with this characteristic of being able to profit by the errors that he made, was the corresponding and complementary characteristic that meant simply patience in spite of everything. Many times he told certain confidants of his that he was ready to quit, that the people there did not appreciate at all his work, and that it was about time for them to elect some one else. Because of his highly sensitive nature, what was not intended as a slight or as an insult was occasionally taken in that way. However, if his supreme passion had not been the Sunday school work, it is not likely that he would have continued more than five or six years, but because of these two factors which became outstanding character marks of this period, and because of the tremendous sweep of this passion for service through the Sunday school, he was led to continue, with the success that all those who knew his work were glad to accord him.

Five cardinal principles constantly emphasized by him and indeed worthy of emulation, are stated in Mr. Lawrance's own words, as follows:

1. Thorough teaching of God's Word.
2. The salvation of souls.
3. Training members for active Christian service.
4. The world-wide view of God's Kingdom.
5. The Church—a home full of joy and blessed helpful fellowship.

Marion Lawrance's successor as superintendent states that every one in the school appreciated the difficulties he overcame in his three decades of struggle, to develop, train, and make of himself the best-known Sunday school man in the world. With no modern equipment, no classrooms, Mr. Lawrance poured a wealth of ideas, tested methods, perfected plans into the Wash-

ington Street Sunday School every one of which can be used by any Sunday school in city or country. The Robert Raikes diploma system originated by him was adopted twenty-five years ago, and has been a valuable aid to stimulate regularity of attendance at both school and church services. The "March of the Arches" on anniversary night is another feature of the system.

Much was made of special days. New Year's Day, Easter, Children's Day, Patriotic Day, Picnic Day, Rally Day, Anniversary Day, and Christmas were gala occasions for young and old. All manner of designs and decorations were used, but always something different—each service better than all preceding. Yet nothing was introduced in the school that detracted from the spiritual in the least. In all this glad service, Mr. Lawrance's loving hand guided the throngs who came into a clearer knowledge of the love for the child and for Jesus Christ. Among the objects used in the "Special Day" services were a "barrel" to receive the offerings; a string of one-dollar bills strung around the gallery; a ship suspended from the chancel; a lighthouse perched on the organ loft; an aeroplane swinging from the centre ceiling and lowered to the platform; a "water wagon" when Billy Sunday was in Toledo; a prairie schooner loaded with babies on Children's Day; a locomotive run down the aisle, driver and conductor just big enough to talk; a model of the first church of sacred memory. These helped interest children and adults.

This Sunday school, asserts an assistant superintendent, was the first to make the Christmas service a "giving service"—no gifts for the members, but every one giving something for the needy. It was a common sight to see $500.00 worth of provisions, clothing, coal and blankets filling the platform and $250.00 in cash—collected for the needy in various parts of the city and country. This was the forerunner of the later day "Santa Claus Clubs." "Building the Floral Cross" at Easter was the most beautiful service of the year. A wire cross, with meshes wide enough to admit the stem of a carnation, was fixed up on a revolving platform. Flowers of uniform colour had been provided, and the entire school marched past the cross, each one giving a carnation. Deft fingers placed the carnations in the wire, till

the cross which was about four feet high was completely covered. A Bible was placed on top and a small cross of contrasting colour in the centre, the whole surmounted by a dove. It took twenty minutes to do all this, but it was a beautiful, never-to-be-forgotten visual symbol of the resurrection of Jesus. Later the flowers were taken to the sick in hospital and home.

Those who shared in the privilege of building up the Washington Street Congregational Sunday School were richly repaid every step of the way. Thousands have here caught the vision of the modern church school for religious instruction, and have gone to every land to build the same methods and ideals into other schools. He used to say in his address that the Church had not discovered the child. Thousands have since set out on a voyage of discovery into the realm of childhood.

The End Crowns All

Many were the public words of approbation and admiration, the personal letters of love and esteem, the tributes paid him in the old Washington Street Church, in the South Congregational Church, in conventions everywhere. All sorts of presents have been given to him—bicycles, rings, watches, beautiful hand-illumined scrolls, loving resolutions, trips to the Orient and to Europe, expensive articles of clothing, sets of books, trips through the Berkshires, walking-canes, watch-charms, "Sleepy-Hollow" chairs, banquets, receptions and "showers" of many varieties. When he left Toledo for Chicago, a book filled with nearly thirteen hundred signatures of members and officers of the Washington Street Church was handed him at a farewell reception with the following inscription:

Our New Name

In loving gratitude to God for the privilege of having our superintendent so many years, and as an expression of our love and our appreciation of what he has done for us in the Sunday school, we, whose names are herein subscribed, request that hereafter the school be called

The Marion Lawrance Sunday School,
Adopted by the Church, April 21, 1907.

A well-known associate, at news of his death, said that there had passed on the most efficient Sunday school worker in this world, whose name was a household word in both hemispheres and to-day 30,000,000 Sunday school scholars join with his family in sorrow at his loss. A half-century of time, talent and strength he gave without stint to develop the teaching service of the church and fit it to the child heart. From his resourceful brain and loving heart came many fruitful ideas now in common operation in all Sunday schools, because worked out and shown to be useful in the Sunday school workshop of the world! Largely through his initiative, too, the Sunday school evolved from a stern and sombre service to the brightest, cheeriest and liveliest programme of the whole Church—for both young and old and the most profitable undoubtedly in souls saved, for he made salvation the keynote of the school.

Marion Lawrance was too human not to appreciate keenly these expressions of friendship, but, at the same time, he was too modest to believe, for a moment, that he deserved any portion of them. It was not the material things that he craved, however, so much as the tokens of spiritual relationship, through the avenue of friendship. Of all the wonderful things that have been done for Marion Lawrance by the Washington Church and Sunday School friends, nothing could have given him more genuine pleasure or have brought a brighter flash of joy (and perhaps a tear) to his eye or a happier flush of deep feeling to his cheek, than the beautiful, genuine, spontaneous expressions that have been made since he passed away. These have come in, mostly, in written form, but nevertheless, they confess a world of uplift on his part, a vast influence he has wielded on lives that were discouraged or hopeless, embittered or bewildered, or perhaps only careless and indifferent. To be sure, there were, at the Toledo Memorial Service transcendently beautiful floral tributes—exquisite wreaths of red roses, sprays of fragrant carnations, particularly his favourite colour—red, and lilies, jonquils, daffodils, and violets in lavish profusion, all of a tender beauty and a subtle fragrance that breathed the almost inexpressible grief on the part of the givers. Even at the cemetery, where the precious porcelain

of human clay found its last resting place, there was a heavy variegated blanket of flowers to cover it.

But far more beautiful even than nature's flower children, with their rainbow colours, are these manifestations of love from hundreds of Toledo friends. He knew much of what they would say. He had even heard them say it, in many cases, but the fact that they were so ready and willing to give him credit in a thousand different ways, for exquisite courtesies and rare kindnesses, indicates something of their love. The end of brave and loving service is thus appropriately crowned.

V

MARION LAWRANCE'S STATE-WIDE WORK IN OHIO

By Dr. Joseph Clark

Marion Lawrance's Successor as State General Secretary of the Ohio Sunday School Association.

MARION LAWRANCE was the greatest and most noted Sunday school worker of his time. Long before his name became familiar to Sunday school workers in all lands, Ohio, his native state, claimed him as a "favourite son." Ohio had produced other citizens of note of whom it was justly proud—stars of the first magnitude in law, science, invention, literature and other "fields resplendent." Grant and Sherman had won military prestige for the home state; Edison, Ohio-born, was boosted as the wizard of the electrical world; McKinley and Hayes had gained presidential honours; Stanton had graced Lincoln's Cabinet as Secretary of War; and others had brought distinction to the commonwealth through achievement; but not until Marion Lawrance wrought in the field of Religious Education through the Sunday school was one in *that* field of endeavour deemed worthy of a place in Ohio's "Hall of Fame."

Marion Lawrance was a "Buckeye" by birth and training, aglow with the "Buckeye" spirit. He created a "Buckeye" atmosphere wherever he went. A "Buckeye," in Ohio parlance, is a blend of Puritan and Cavalier, a homogeneous character found nowhere else in the world,—an amalgam of two civilizations formed in a period when Ohio, a new country for settlers, was being populated by migrants from the East and South.

From the East they came chiefly from Massachusetts and Connecticut, and settled in Northeastern Ohio, in a section later known as the "Western Reserve," or in Southeastern Ohio at the confluence of the Ohio and Muskingum Rivers. These Southeasterners introduced into Ohio a New England civiliza-

tion, conservative, exclusive and religious, and placed a premium on education, as witnessed in the founding of Congregational colleges at Oberlin and Marietta.

From Virginia and Kentucky there swept up from the South the Cavalier and the French element, which settled along the southern borders of the state and introduced a civilization characterized by qualities and customs quite in contrast with the Puritan type. These southern pioneers were warm-hearted, generous, impulsive, and lovers of social life.

In Ohio these two civilizations blended, and gave rise to a homogeneous character denominated "Buckeye." In Marion Lawrance, the "Buckeye," this blend finds perfect expression. His father was born near the western edge of New England; his mother's birthplace was Kentucky and in the blood of their son Marion flowed the finest qualities of these two civilizations. He was a type of Ohio's best human product; noble, generous, chivalrous, affectionate, kind, genial, affable, hopeful, intelligent, and deeply religious. *This is the man whom we seek to honour.*

My attention was first called to Marion Lawrance by my father, Samuel W. Clark, who for many years was the Secretary of the New Jersey Sunday School Association. He and Marion Lawrance were delegates to the First World's Sunday School Convention, held in 1889, in London. While there my father wrote me a letter in which he mentioned at length a young man by the name of Marion Lawrance, his stateroom mate on the voyage across the Atlantic. He stated that he was the new General Secretary of the Ohio Sunday School Association, and he urged me to do what I could to be of help to him in Southern Ohio. I was at that time serving my first ministerial charge at Eureka, an extensive circuit of four appointments in Gallia County.

My initial face-to-face contact with Marion Lawrance was at Zanesville, Ohio, in June, 1889, at the Thirteenth Ohio State Convention, which was the first under his direction as State Secretary. Colonel Robert Cowden, of Dayton, Ohio (a former Ohio State Secretary), in introducing me to Mr. Lawrance, mentioned that I was the son of Samuel W. Clark of New

Jersey, his stateroom mate on his Atlantic voyage to the London convention. That was enough. I can still feel the warmth of Mr. Lawrance's characteristic welcome. From that hour to the close of Marion Lawrance's life our friendship was close, ripening as the years passed, until it became most intimate and personal.

Mr. Lawrance's initial appearance in State Sunday school work was in 1888, in connection with the Twenty-ninth Ohio State Sunday School Convention, at Steubenville, where he was in charge of the Superintendents' section. There he met a representative of the International Convention, William Reynolds, of Peoria, Illinois, a man of means who was giving time, when opportunity offered, to the more perfect organization of State Associations. Mr. Reynolds was impressed with the fitness of Mr. Lawrance for state leadership, and he reported his impression to B. F. Jacobs, the Chairman of the International Executive Committee. A year later Mr. Jacobs attended the Ohio State Convention in Springfield, and met Mr. Lawrance. He, too, was impressed with Mr. Lawrance's ability as revealed in his handling of the Superintendents' Conference. To use his own expression he was "satisfied that this young man was anointed of God for Ohio State leadership."

Up to that time the work of the Ohio Association had been carried forward largely by men whose service was voluntarily rendered. In Mr. Jacobs' judgment the time had come when the Association should employ a General Secretary. He proposed to the Convention that Mr. Lawrance should be that officer. As a result, Mr. Lawrance was elected and employed to give one-half of his time to the work, at a salary of $1,200. Mr. Lawrance at once so adjusted his business as to give the required time to the Association, and began his career as a State Secretary. This arrangement continued for three years, when Mr. Lawrance was employed for full time at a salary of $2,400 and expenses, with the understanding that he be permitted to live in Toledo, to continue the superintendency of the Washington Street Sunday School and to have one and one-half days each week to devote solely to the interest of his own Sunday school.

To use Mr. Lawrance's own expression, he "threw his insurance business out of the window," turned his office fixtures to Association uses, and converted his office into the headquarters of the State Association.

Laying Foundations

Ohio's greatest need in organized Sunday school work in 1889 was County Organization. The State Association had been organized since 1859, but only a few more than thirty of its eighty-eight counties were maintaining county organizations. The programme for the future must include the organization of fifty county associations, the resurrection of some that were deceased and the revitalizing of others that were ready to die. To this uninviting task Mr. Lawrance applied himself with avidity. To the Sunday school workers of the state Mr. Lawrance threw out a challenge to make Ohio a "Banner State." The "Banner State" standards required that a county must not only hold its annual County Convention, but that it must maintain an efficiently officered working organization.

In Mr. Lawrance's thinking, County Association efficiency and support of the State work were closely related to the improvement of the local Sunday school. The more funds supplied to the state the more could it help the county organization to properly function; and the better the County Association functioned, the more the local schools would improve. The ultimate objective of Organized Sunday school work, as later expressed, was "Community Betterment through Sunday school Efficiency," and this was to be achieved through the proper functioning of county and township associations.

To encourage the counties to move toward this goal Mr. Lawrance erected a simple "Banner Standard for Counties," consisting of four points, viz.: 1. *The County must be organized.* 2. It must be *represented at the State Convention* by one or more delegates. 3. It must *report its statistics* prior to the State Convention. 4. It must *pay something into the State Treasury* for the support of the State work.

Simple as was this standard, it required years of patient pains-

taking and educational work for Ohio to reach the goal. Mr. Lawrance won the counties to himself, and through himself to the standard with the magnet of love. He visited every county in the State, sat in brotherly counsel with their workers, helped master their difficulties, inspired them with the importance and magnitude of the work and captured the counties for the cause. Ohio was among the first "Banner" states in the Union, and has maintained its standing to this day. When the goal was fairly won, the State greatly rejoiced and the whole International field was encouraged. Ohio at once became large in the eyes of interested workers everywhere and great expectations were awakened. In the ten years of Mr. Lawrance's Ohio leadership he laid deep the foundation for the superstructure on which was builded the successful work of the years that followed. *Marion Lawrance was a foundation-builder.*

But he did more than lay foundations. His personal contact with the field wrought mightily in giving to the Sunday school a *higher rating* and in winning to the support of organized work the coöperation and devotion of men of affairs in the business and professional world. There was something about the man that appealed to men. He possessed a business quality that made him "at one" with the hard-headed people and gained for him and the work the confidence and the respect of men of affairs. He was so direct and practical in all he said and did that his messages appealed to doubters and won their support. He was so deeply religious that people who met and heard him felt that he was a man of God. He was so gracious in manner that both young and old were drawn to him, and he was so appreciative of the least help given by the most obscure worker that they loved to work for the cause of which he was the incarnation. He was courtesy personified. Whoever applied to him for help by letter or in person was treated with the most gracious and kindly consideration imaginable. He never said "No" to a request if it were possible and right for him to say "Yes." He had an attractive personality that was magnetic in its drawing power. He carried himself with a poise and a dignity that seemed to fit the man like a tailor-made suit, yet he was as approachable as

an old acquaintance. He was constant and true in his friendships, forgiving to those who misjudged or injured him, and carried a smile for everybody. He was conscientious and faithful and lived his motto: "Do the best you can, with what you have, where you are, to-day, and do not worry."

The impress of such a man travelling over a state 50,000 miles a year for ten years, delivering thousands of addresses to character-builders, coming into personal contact with hundreds of thousands in interview and conference, only the Infinite can estimate. Marion Lawrance's work, plus his personality and his Christlike character, spread over Ohio a layer of righteousness in the soil of which have grown thousands of men and women who to-day are giving themselves to the task of religious education with the same abandon that characterized the life and work of Marion Lawrance. He inspired more young men and young women to give themselves for life to altruistic service in the Kingdom of God than has most any other man of his time. *Such was the man Marion Lawrance.*

His State-Wide Laboratory

Just as the Washington Street Sunday School was Marion Lawrance's laboratory for the discovery and the testing out of plans for workers in the local school, so the State of Ohio became his laboratory for the solution of plans for the propagation of Organized Sunday school work. It was his workshop and in it he devised many of the programmes now followed in the prosecution of the work in other states. He learned to do by doing. In the field of experience he received the training which contributed much to his equipment for leadership in the International Association Field to which he was later called. "Rally Day" was a conception of his mind. He devised it primarily to give to Sunday schools a good start on the first Sunday after the summer months, and at the same time to help finance the State Associations. He prepared an "Association" and "Rally Day" programme, setting forth the work and purposes of the County and State and International Associations. In connection with their use, schools were asked for an offering for Organized Sun-

day school work. The programmes were furnished to all schools without charge, if they would use them as planned. Several hundred thousand programmes were provided and several thousand Sunday schools used them. They were enjoyed and the schools were given information concerning a Kingdom movement of which they hitherto knew nothing. The school offerings in connection with their use were generous and the state finances were richly augmented. Indeed, the Association or Rally Day Exercises proved to be such a good money-getter that in time Denominations preëmpted the day, introduced Rally Day programmes which climaxed in an offering for some denominational cause, and eventually caused the discontinuance of the Association Rally Day Programme.

Mr. Lawrance was very happy in the knowledge that he had devised a plan that would help the Denominations, for he ever held that one of the Association's objects was to help Denominational Schools do what their Denominations desired them to do, and any plan developed in organized work that could help Denominations in any way, was freely passed over to the Denominations for use. In the same way, Mr. Lawrance developed the "Tour Plan of School Visitation," the "House to House Canvass for Sunday School Membership," and numerous other suggestions that have proven of practical value to both School and Association workers.

Mr. Lawrance on the Platform

In Ohio, Mr. Lawrance was exceedingly popular on the platform, as he was everywhere. He was always *himself*. He was original, unique, simple, entertaining, impelling and helpful. He had a penetrating yet pleasing voice which possessed marked carrying power. He was heard with ease in the largest auditoriums. He was not an orator in the sense of using flowery phrases and dramatic flights. He was full of his subject. His sentences were short and pungent. He abounded in illustration. He was witty and occasionally humorous, but always reverential and serious in the trend of his remarks. He was a great platform teacher. He packed more meat into a single address than

any one on the Sunday school platform. When his hearers added up what he had said they "had something to carry." When he spoke, note-books were frequently used, and pencils were busy, unless the listener became so interested in what was being said that he forgot to take notes. He was, therefore, in demand everywhere in Ohio as a speaker. Not only was this demand from Sunday school Associations, but from colleges and seminaries, from Chambers of Commerce and Business Men's Clubs, from pastors and public school authorities. When a man of such variety of talent was turned loose in Ohio, he made a profound impression upon the State. He never forgot the cause he represented. He always "talked Sunday school," and what he said got under the skin of many a man who would not cross the street to hear a Sunday school address.

His Fund of Stories

His fund of stories seemed exhaustless, and some of the best were from his own experience. Whenever he spoke where he was known, seats were at a premium, and many were obliged to stand. Mr. Lawrance tells that, on one occasion, he was to speak in a certain town in the evening. On his way to the church he fell in with a stranger who was going in the same direction, and who confided in him that he was on his way to a certain church to hear a great speaker. He said he was going to hear Marion Lawrance and that he was going early because he had been told that he would have to stand if he were late. "That is a wise thing to do," said Mr. Lawrance. "Did you ever hear him?" asked the stranger. "Yes," replied Mr. Lawrance, "I have often heard him speak and I never heard him give an address during which I did not have to stand." "If you'll excuse me," said the stranger, "I'll hurry on, for I don't want to stand if I can help it." In telling the story Mr. Lawrance said, "I don't know what the fellow thought when he heard me speak that night."

Marion Lawrance and the Question-Box

Early in his Ohio platform-work Mr. Lawrance was compelled to answer questions put to him from the floor. His long experi-

ence in the work of the local school, and his growing acquaintance with all phases of organized Sunday school work enabled him to satisfy almost every inquirer. No matter what the question, if it were legitimate and bona fide, it was answered immediately without hesitation. It seemed that all he had ever read or heard or experienced were about him awaiting the signal to be of use. His answers were always characteristically laconic and brief. His hearers were about as much interested in "how he did it" as they were about marvelling upon his spicy and direct answers. An "Ask Marion Lawrance" hour on a Convention programme was always one of the most profitable of the day. Long practice in this phase of platform work in Ohio gave to Mr. Lawrance the proficiency and skill that have been the marvel of Convention audiences who have since heard him in a bombardment of questions which have come with Gatling-gun speed and regularity.

His Spirit of Appreciation

Marion Lawrance always said and did the appropriate and beautiful thing. He had trained himself in deeds and words comforting and helpful. He was eager to see the good rather than the bad in others. If there was much that was faulty and little that was commendable, he would speak of the good rather than the faulty. Many a mediocre worker has found comfort in the words of appreciation, either spoken or written, from the heart of Marion Lawrance, and has taken up a difficult task anew to try again. Mr. Lawrance was always saying pleasant things about and to others. I have sometimes wondered whether he was not helped in this because of an experience he had in his Toledo home many years ago. He answered the door-bell one day to find a dozen American Beauty roses to which was attached a card on which were written these lines:

'Tis better to buy a cheap bouquet
And give to your friend this very day,
Than a bushel of roses, sweet and red,
To lay on his casket when he is dead.

Mr. Lawrance sought to speak his appreciation of those whom he met before the ear was dulled in death.

His Introduction of His Ohio Successor

The Ohio State Convention of 1899 was held in the city of Marion. It was an eventful convention to Mr. Lawrance. For months he had received repeated overtures from the International Association to become its General Secretary. He had held his answer in abeyance pending the meeting of the Executive Committee in connection with the State Convention. Scarcely had he reached the Convention City before he received a telegram asking for an immediate reply to the call either pro or con. The crisis was on. He met the Committee, talked the matter over and decided to accept the call to the wider field. He notified the Committee that he could not again accept the State secretaryship, but he immediately asked if he might have the privilege of naming his successor, and of introducing him to the Convention. The one he had chosen is the writer of this chapter. Mr. Lawrance sought me in the Convention session, called me aside, told me what he proposed to do, and stated that after he had made a few remarks he proposed to call me to the platform and introduce me as the new General Secretary of the State Association. The programme was carried through. Mr. Lawrance announced to the Convention his acceptance of the call to the International field. Tears were in the eyes of many in the audience, and Mr. Lawrance spoke with great feeling. He then forgot himself and turned to the future. He told the Convention that he had been given the privilege of naming his successor. Calling me to the platform, he removed from the lapel of his coat his official badge, attached it to my coat and introduced me to the standing Convention as its new State Secretary. He then placed his arm about me in tender embrace, said good-bye to the Convention and was gone. He had done a very unusual and unprecedented thing, viz.: Taken upon himself the responsibility of indicating the future leadership of the Sunday school work of a great commonwealth.

That was twenty-five years ago. In the thirteen years that

followed during my connection with the Ohio work, Mr. Lawrance watched its development from afar. Never did he lose an opportunity to write his appreciation of every forward step nor to write a letter of encouragement in the darker hours. He proved himself a brother, indeed, a friend tried and true, and a stimulus in the time when friendships count for much.

As I look back over the years of my long acquaintance with Marion Lawrance and recall how much he reflected in his life the example and teachings of his Master, I think of him as obeying the injunction of Jesus when He said, "Let your light so shine before men that they, seeing your good works, may glorify your Father which is in heaven."

Life's work well done,
Life's race well run,
Life's crown well won,
Now comes rest.

VI

MARION LAWRANCE'S BIBLE

"The mind requires an anchor that shall stay in all the storms and troubles of life—the anchor of pure, undefiled religion."

—ANON.

"It is impossible to govern the world without God and the Bible."—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

SENTIMENT and affection, love of beauty, and religious faith constitute much of life. They bulked large in the life of Marion Lawrance and were the foundations for his Toledo successes. In a tin box, carefully preserved for years, were found a spring-flower from the yard of his old home; a bud from the bride's bouquet at the wedding of his son; leaves from Palestine; an invitation to his wooden wedding anniversary. There were also leaves from the graves of Joaquin Miller, Longfellow, Paine; roses from the graves of brother Martin, and his own wife Flora; roses from Mr. Heinz' Pittsburgh businessmen's banquet where he spoke, from the Elementary Workers at Conference Point, from South Congregational Sunday School, from the fiftieth anniversary of the Marion Lawrance Sunday School and from George E. Hall of Plainfield, who had presented to him ten basketfuls on the occasion of a speaking engagement in New Jersey. But sentiments are but the shadows people cast on things; Marion Lawrance's interest was in humanity itself.

THE GLOW OF AFFECTION

. Riches to Marion Lawrance consisted in: 1. The kinds of people he met. 2. The experience he had with these people. 3. The things that he did for and because of these people. All is summed up in terms of a fine and ample humanity, crowned with a large Christian service. He had a happy faculty of seeing, not merely the gross material or superficial side of a human being, but

things that the individual could be and could do. He formed the habit of looking upon the individual before him, not only in a subjective way, but also in an objective way, as a great, potent factor of the future.

It was said of Marion Lawrance, by an intimate friend, that he could see more, see farther and see more quickly the good in people than any one else. As he looked into the hearts of men he followed the wandering star of his imagination until it came almost within sight of God. There was no shadow; there was no negative in his vision. There was no effort, he believed, honestly put forth for a great purpose that was not worth while in life. Not only was he willing to see the values in the people but he was also anxious to help release those values until they would multiply like the talent of old. He felt more than others, and perhaps this was an ennobling difference between him and his fellow men. He projected himself into his friends until they were many times bestirred to project themselves in some way into the great work which he conceived to be the greatest in the world. "Of all the people I ever met, I feel I know you the best," said a minister. "You made me want to do it, to teach this class." "I cannot tell how much Marion Lawrance meant to me for he made me think I was conferring a favour upon him always—in doing my duty," were the words of a young business man. "His cheerfulness helped me to conquer my fear." "I do not see what he found of value in my life," declared another, "but he always seemed to think it was worth living."

The Bewilderments of Beauty

A keen soul alive to the colour harmonies, contrasts and tranquillities of nature, he paid fervent tribute to the physical world about him, not regularly, perhaps, but often in his leisure time. To him an ocean sunset, the hectic leaves on autumn trees, moonlight seen through winter mists, a rugged oak festooned with moss, snow-capped peaks against a purple sky, or the graceful tracings of ivy leaves upon a wall, sent a pang of joy to his heart. He loved the water, the shock of the wind on his face. He was given to a ceaseless dream of visual impressions when

travelling over the country or around the world, by the gaudy garments of the peasantry, the picturesque streets of foreign quarters, the emerald waters or the russet fields across which he journeyed.

Yes, he loved natural beauty about him, but he wanted an individual beauty in his own life. He realized that the lines and colours that really control one are those, not so much in the perspective of spring woods as in the shifting tenderness and strength—those lights and shadows of human character. Here there is sweetness and urbanity such as no sunrise can evoke. Here there is tolerance and romance which the witchery of starry nights cannot approach. Cloud patterns on a summer horizon, constantly changing into more beautiful forms, were to him like the infinite possibilities in a child's character, or the airy dreams of youth.

On the Altar-Stairs

The creed of Marion Lawrance was not built largely upon the Greek philosophy of gods and things, but echoed the modern note of God, Personality, and Relationship. While Marion Lawrance was not a scholar in the real sense, he was, indeed, an interpreter. He constructed, from the writings on Christian religion and philosophy, a form of belief and practice that was simple, practicable, altruistic and ideal. He believed one's religion should help one to answer affirmatively four questions about life: Is it good?; is it true?; is it beautiful?; but the fourth question was even more vital—is it alive? He believed that this last inquiry included practically all the others and gave reason for their existence. It is *good* to give a cup of cold water to a thirsty soul. It is a *truth* that man does not live by bread alone. It is *beautiful,* this conception of a God in the universe. But, is this faith so much alive that it vitalizes one's every movement and act? Society disagrees as to what is truth, and artists are frequently at odds about what is beautiful. But no one questions a man's creed being alive, if it is actually living.

It was a common saying of Marion Lawrance that, "too often nowadays, with denominational jealousies and strife, and all the

petty discussions that are carried on in connection with the Church, theories, theologies and methods interfere too much with the action and service of practical Christianity. They are represented by the three men, who are about to carry a cup of cold water to a thirsty and dying soul—they stop long before they reach him to argue whether the cup should have been made of tin, silver, or gold, until the man finally dies without the wayside ministry."

Moreover, Marion Lawrance enjoyed a high sense of stern duty and of the crystal purity of life, as well as of the sanctity of domestic relations. He held a right idea of private and public decorum. He did not tell a story or listen to one, which slighted the sense of propriety. Sunday was looked upon as the Lord's day and held very sacred. Religious worship was the mainspring of his character and the guiding light in perplexities. Religion was the source of his strength, the consolation in his sorrows, and the hope in disappointments.

While he had regard for his own dignity, and was keenly sensitive of any imputation upon his own honour, he was deeply conscious of his own imperfections, weaknesses, and ignorance. The language of self-depreciation which he used was real, and showed the strong contrast he set up between his religious ideal and his own attainment. His tolerance to those who attacked him was due to a wonderful sense of the frailty of human character. He believed it was always best to take the charitable view, to give every one the benefit of the doubt. This indulgent attitude of his made him always accessible and yet he was always reserved, a mysterious soul.

Because of the daily beauty in his own life, his unlimited sympathy, and affection of friends, he seldom worried. He was journeying toward the sunrise. He was ever busy at some active physical and mental employment. But it was his practical working religion that enabled him to preserve his energy by avoiding the artificial stimulus that worry causes. As Harvard's great psychologist has said, "The sovereign cure for worry is religious faith," so the subject of this book believed that a firm religious faith; confidence in one's self and faith in one's friends; habits

of positive thinking, of complete self-control, of minimizing one's difficulties, of learning to trust nature, of combating selfishness by living the golden rule, of never lingering long in the past; would go far toward eliminating this great evil, thereby creating vital strength.

He had learned the art of living easily, of living with himself as he was and with the world as it is. By his association with children he learned how to forget the vexing superficialities of life. Moreover he practised self-denial over things by suspending judgments of men and problems, until he could calmly analyze them. Chiefly, however, by means of Christian religion and prayer his mind was cleaned of chronic worry. Drugs and dogma, ignorance and indifference can never do as much as the golden rule, a good fad and a good religion,—so he thought. Perhaps another reason why he seemed immune from the anxious diseases of modern life was that he never went far afield for his happiness. He found that the best things were nearest him—the flower at his feet, the friend at his side and the path to God—just ahead.

Over the Sacred Pages

While he was deeply affectionate, he was not a weather-vane of emotion; while he was sensitive to beauty, he was not romantic. He found the chief source of all sentiment and emotion, and of his firmly-rooted religious faith in that great library of books, that Bosworth said, "not only presents an ethical standard that grips the conscience, but also a friendly personality that wins the heart."

Many people read the Bible with their thoughts on the past, endeavouring to reconstruct accurately old civilizations and the lives of past heroes. Many people read their Bible with their thoughts on the future, upon that beautiful land beyond the skies, where there will be no sorrow nor tears. Marion Lawrance read his Bible with his thoughts on the present. To him, it was a devotional book for the men and women of the present day. It was his guide, his compass, anchor and chart. He found help for

the tasks before him, and inspiration to face the duties that were unpleasant and difficult.

The old Bible that he used at Toledo for many years contains thousands of cross-references and interlineations, hundreds of interleaves, with copious comments and analyses of chapter after chapter. Many a great Bible student of the past century is found in this Bible with some of his best thoughts and interpretation of Scripture passages.

Not a day went by, but that Marion Lawrance not only read his Bible, but studied it not only from the point of view of his own needs and the needs of the work in which he was engaged, but also from the point of view of eminent scholars. Not only did he read the Bible, but he endeavoured to incarnate its teachings in his life. He knew hundreds and even thousands of Scripture passages which he quoted freely in his speeches and in his books, as well as in personal conversation. He delighted to teach Bible passages and chapters to his children, Sunday afternoons. It was his delight also, on nearly every Sunday that he presided at the Washington Street Sunday School as superintendent, or at the South Congregational Sunday School, Chicago, to present the great truths of the Bible, in a living vivid way, so that they would never be forgotten. He taught the members hundreds of memory verses, and led them to form the habit of bringing their Bibles each Sunday.

While he knew how to make the Bible stories real, not only to his children, but also to adults, he was ever ready to sit at the feet of a great Bible scholar, for he longed to know more and more of the unity, beauty, and thought of the Scriptures. On the fly-leaf of his Bible are found these words: "Presented to Marion Lawrance, Christmas night, 1883, by W. R. Bramwell, in behalf of the young people of the Third Congregational Sunday School as a token of their affection for their beloved superintendent." His Bible was indeed a mint where his own character was coined. A biography of him could be constructed quite readily from the many rich thoughts written in his own hand on margin and page. In his own writing in the back of the book appears the following:

Room 222, Hotel Chittenden, Columbus, Ohio, Tuesday, 5 P. M., October 29, 1889.

A CONSECRATION: Realizing that my life is not all it ought to be and is not producing all the fruit for God it should, and believing God has for me a fullness of His Holy Spirit for services and for power that I have not yet known, I come to Him this day with this prayer, "O Lord, I am willing to be made willing; I am desirous that Thy will should be done in me and through me as thoroughly as it is done in Heaven; come and take me and break me and make me. I promise to seek to know God's will and to do it in His strength. I promise to give more time to the Bible and to secret prayer. I promise to give myself, my time, my talents to Him, to be used as He sees fit. I promise in all things to seek to honour God. I know and realize how unable I am to do this alone, but I am going to trust God from this day." Written with an aching heart, tear-filled eyes, and trembling hand, upon my knees, alone with God. MARION LAWRANCE—God help me.

A complete theology and a working religion can be built up from the statements and brief analyses found here and there in this Bible on the following subjects:

RELIGION

Religion is not doing religious things, but in doing all things religiously.

Like a ray of pure sunshine in a foul cellar, so is the religious atmosphere in a human being.

The more of your religion you export, the more you have.

There is no religion by proxy.

GOD

Truth is the body of God, and light His shadow (Plato).

God's strokes are better than Satan's kisses.

God can use very poor material.

John Knox said, One with God is a majority.

We can become like God, because God became like one of us.

No other religion has a God that weeps.

God speaks in four ways:

1. Through nature.
2. Through His Word.

3. From man to man.
4. Through His Spirit.

Find out God's plan in your generation, and get in line with it. God always has a man ready.

The shortest route from one heart to another is often via the Throne of God.

The source of the fountain depends on the height of its source (Psalm 122: 1).

Bible

He loved the Bible. His favourite verse was Philippians 4: 19; his favourite chapter Psalm 23. He himself was likened to the "portrait of a gentleman" in Psalm 15:

The Bible without the Spirit is like a sun-dial by moonlight (Coleridge).

If you want to mount, study the Sermon on the Mount.

Bible facts are to spiritual truths what the honeycomb is to the honey; it holds the honey.

Cast anchor and hold fast to the Word of God.

An everlasting covenant—Hebrews 10: 17.

What some folks think about the Bible:

The Atheist—
1st—"It can't be true;"
2nd—"It sha'n't be true;"
3rd—"I'll be switched if I'd believe it if it were true."

The Infidel—
1st—"It couldn't be true;"
2nd—"It shouldn't be true;"
3rd—"It would never convert me if it were true."

The Sceptic—
1st—"It could be true;"
2nd—"It should be true;"
3rd—"If it were not for some things in it, it would be true."

The Christian—
1st—"I know it's true;"
2nd—"Clear through and through;"
3rd—"I thank God I do."

The Church

He was a man of firm conviction in the constructive rôle of the Church and was unwavering in his faithfulness to it.

The Church is the only everlasting institution on earth.

At the time of Stephen's martyrdom, the world is at its worst, and the Church is at its best.

Christ and the Christian Life

He viewed everything in its relation to Christ and His Church and swept everything in his life to this triumphant end. Here follow some of his thoughts on this theme:

The worldly-minded cannot understand Jesus.

Jesus Christ wants waitful work.

A modern miracle—conversion.

Some conversions are to be weighed; others to be numbered (Peloubet).

Gladstone said, Talk about the question of the day, there is but one question, and that is the Gospel.

A man does not get into Heaven until Heaven gets into him.

No believer ever went so far into his lonely Gethsemane but that he found his Master had gone a little farther.

There were shadows on the pathway of the holiest life ever lived.

Jesus not only died for sinners, but with them.

Blessedness does not consist in position, but disposition.

Truth embitters those it does not enlighten.

A principle may satisfy the intellect, but only a person can satisfy the heart.

Jesus sends the self-confident to the law, the humble to the Gospel.

Some Christians get only light enough to go to sleep by.

The world cannot understand wayside ministry.

Unless we can find one thing too great or too small for God, we have no hook on which to hang an anxious thought.

Only the Golden Rule of Christ can bring the Golden Rule of man.

Happiness is not in things, but in Christ.

Dr. Fairbairn speaks of the words of Christ as being like a

handful of sweet spices cast into the bitter waters of this life, to sweeten them.

The sun is not defiled by shining on filth.

Christ became everything but a sinner that He might save sinners.

The Christian life is a lane through which the world gets a view of Christ.

Sorrow tracketh sinning, as echo follows song—on, on, on.

Grace is God's hand reaching down to me; Faith is my hand reaching up to God, and taking hold of His.

Faith and Faithfulness

His courage was illustrated in a striking way—by his enduring faith and unswerving faithfulness:

Rewards are not based on ability so much as on fidelity.

Little things are little things, but doing little things faithfully is a great thing.

Faith keeps no holidays.

Do not dictate terms to Providence. Do the duty as He shows it to you, be it near or be it far. Then burn to the socket (Eberman).

Duties are ours, Events are God's (Carlyle).

The reward of doing a duty is the power to do another duty.

Phillips Brooks said: Show them a man believing.

Where fretting begins, faith ends.

God does not ask success, but faithfulness.

Faith makes the Christian lord over everything. Love makes him the servant of everybody.

Prayer

Prayer, he thought, like subdued colours in an impressive painting softens and beautifies the whole life. He urged the prayer habit in his own Sunday school, and wherever else he spoke.

The uplifting of the hands sends a vibration up to Heaven.

Luther used to say, I have so much to do to-day, I cannot do with less than three hours of praying.

An idle Christian can no more pray than a loose string can make music (Gordon).

Prayer is the language of dependence.

Prayer is the tuning of two strings.

Benevolence

Marion Lawrance more than tithed his income. He believed it is the life that gives that counts:

Read the beatitudes of giving frequently.

Our purses would be fuller if oftener opened.

An Italian tombstone reads: "What I gave away, I saved; what I spent, I used; what I kept, I lost!"

The Child

The title of Christ Marion Lawrance liked best was "The Good Shepherd":

Every time you lay your hand upon a child's head, you lay it upon a mother's heart.

Where children are, sunshine prevails, and shadows flee away.

Parents should give to their children more of themselves than mere wealth.

A child must have something true, something new, and something to do (Froebel).

Personal Ethics

Although he did not painfully desire that his hearers or readers think or live as he did, he had the proud self-confidence of a strong character:

He is your neighbour to whom you ought to show mercy, in order to become your neighbour.

If a man cannot be good in a crowd, he cannot be good in a closet.

Better humble yourself than to be humbled.

Mercy keeps no lock nor scales (Parker).

I will be lord of myself (Goethe).

Live the life that will stand the light.

Scandalmongers tear the bandages from social wounds and prevent their healing.

Win respect by deserving it.

The sun often rises behind clouds, but it always rises.

One's motive in life becomes the motor of life.

The thing we long for, that we are (good psychology).

He is below himself who is not above an injury.

Goodness is not made up of separate good acts.

Our judge will not ask what we believe, but how we lived.

Charity that begins at home, stays at home, and dies of close confinement.

General

He liked to understand things that he had not experienced:

Finding implies searching.

Excuses are refusals.

It is a cheap victory that is won without a battle.

We cannot cause the wind to blow the way we want it to, but we can so adjust our sails that they will take us where we want to go.

Winter is on my head, but eternal sunshine is in my heart (Hugo, at the close of his life).

Dr. Allen's Birthday Texts: Matthew 7: 12; 1 John 4: 19.

To be a prophet is to be a stranger.

Solitude is the mother country of the strong.

Wisdom is the right use of the right knowledge.

Harvest does not come after harvest time.

The past should be the schoolmaster of the present.

Gravitation works in spite of frail bridges.

Real life seeks expression.

A day is miniature life, and life is more than an aggregation of days.

Precept may lead, but example draws.

Every one lives long, who lives well.

At the end of Marion Lawrance's Bible, is the following: "O God, take my heart and make it wholly Thine; and my head, to think for Thee; my hands, to labour for Thee; my feet, to go where Thou willest; and my whole life, to be all Thine. For Jesus' sake." "Written November 24, 1901, all alone in the home, while Flora and Lois are at the Robinwood Hospital visiting Harold, who is to be operated upon to-morrow for appendicitis. God save our precious boy. MARION LAWRANCE."

The rule of his entire life, derived from communion with God and the Scriptures, he often declared was: "Just to do the simple duty of the hour and be ready when the Master calls."

VII

CABLE ADDRESS—"DAYBREAK"

"He believed in the enlargement of the missionary horizon; in revivalism in the small Christian College; in the sanctuary of the small sects; in Church coöperation, and not Church rivalry; in centralizing the religious mind; in the challenge of the heroic."

—A RELIGIOUS LEADER.

"Our history now arrives on the confines, where daylight and truth meet us with a clear dawn."—MILTON.

NOTHING could have been more fitting than the word "Daybreak" as a cable code symbol of the International Sunday School Association—for, a bright beginning of a beautiful and clear day, was what his organization and its leaders were endeavouring to bring about. Daybreak seemed also to be the theme of the minute parts of this organization; daybreak was the spirit of cheer in the office and at conventions, and in all the literature sent out. Daybreak was the note of optimism, progress, and courage in the great work for the youth of the land, so that the noonday and sunset of their lives might be without the cloud-shadows of uncontrolled and misdirected energies and of torturing regrets. There must be provided Christian training and this organization was to furnish it.

"Training is like the grindstone; it hurts, but it pays." This was one of Marion Lawrance's favourite maxims. He knew the weight of it in his own experience. For more than two decades he had been training himself in Sunday school work in the workshop and laboratory of the Washington Street Sunday School. He had welded his plans there, had moulded a strong foundation for a future structure, and had himself obeyed all the training laws that were humanly possible.

For ten years he had served the State of Ohio as General Secretary of its religious training. Here, he had inaugurated some important features, had made certain innovations that

worked directly toward unifying and advancing the work. Here, too, he had been training himself as a Sunday school executive, through hard mental toil and unswerving allegiance to the Cause. He had made himself fit to serve in every position that he had occupied.

Heeding the Call

It was in keeping with the law of growth and development, that in 1899 he be offered the Secretaryship of the International Sunday School Association. The headquarters of the International were at Chicago, and one of the first things that Marion Lawrance did was peculiarly characteristic of the man. He did not wish to leave Toledo, where he owned a home, and where he was bringing up a family. He sought to show, by means of compass and map, that from Toledo one could reach more States, more large cities, and a greater population in a radius of three hundred miles, than from Chicago. His argument prevailed for some time, and when he did leave, it was at his own volition.

It was at the Atlanta Convention that it was decided to create the office of General Secretary. The officials stated that the name of Marion Lawrance of Ohio was mentioned more frequently than all others in connection with this position. The office was tendered him practically unanimously. After careful deliberation, he wired the Executive Committee in Philadelphia, May 24: "Trusting in God for strength and in my brethren for cooperation, I accept the office of International General Secretary." Dr. Bailey, Treasurer, said at that time: "Marion Lawrance requires no introduction; he is well known, greatly beloved and highly appreciated. He comes to the position with a triple equipment of rare ability as a platform speaker and writer upon Sunday school topics, long and successful experience in Organized Sunday school work, and a thorough knowledge of the duties of the Sunday school superintendent."

It was a break in the life of Mr. Lawrance and his family to leave the old Washington church home eight years later, as it was a shock to the members of that church for him to go. He, who had spent thirty-one years in leading, organizing, counselling,

helping, praying with and for them, and working alongside of them for a common cause, found it, indeed, a rending of home ties to go to the great work that called him to Chicago. Many were the sadly-sweet hours that were spent in farewells.

A large reception was held in the church, by many Toledo friends and Toledo organizations. On this occasion, speeches were made by representatives of the church, the Sunday school, various organizations allied with the church, city and county Sunday school Associations, and other local agencies. The eulogies were so numerous and fulsome that Mr. Lawrance said in his response, he was forcefully reminded of the words of the title of a play that was advertised on the bill-boards of the town of his boyhood, "Too much Johnson." At this time, among the significant gifts, a beautiful diamond ring was presented to him by his "Washington Street Lovers." This ring he wore with great pride, throughout the remainder of his life.

Established, as he was at first, in the Hartford Building, across from the *Tribune,* Marion Lawrance was soon to be visited by many hundreds of friends. An article appeared in *The Toledo Blade* (Emma E. Koehler) which describes something of this office and the work that was done there:

Nowhere in Chicago does a Toledoan receive a more cordial handshake than at 140 Dearborn Street, the office of Marion Lawrance. Here are the busy headquarters of local, national and international Sunday school work, and though Mr. Lawrance is oftener away than at home, the staff of workers which represents him always graciously perform the functions of host. The great *Tribune* building standing opposite has historic significance, since the first public schoolhouse of Chicago stood on the same spot years ago. Not long since I met Mr. Lawrance under the dome of the great Federal Building, and asked him: "How is the Sunday school work going?" "Faster than an express train," he answered with characteristic enthusiasm for his work; "we can't keep pace with the demands."

The office of Mr. Lawrance is bright, wholesome, serviceable. Though not as elegant as a bank president's, its green carpet, leather couch, many windows—open toward the east like the

banished Daniel's and the pictures covering the walls, all tell a story, all are satisfying from the viewpoint both of comfort and art. Over the desk is a miniature three-section gold frame, containing the portraits of the late Mrs. Lawrance, and of his son and daughter. Covering his desk, like a blotter, is a large plate glass through which is visible a map of the United States. By the aid of this large map, Mr. Lawrance knows at all times where his assistants are, and by means of it, he traces and directs their movements.

Mr. Lawrance sailed for England a few days ago to attend a meeting of the World's Executive Committee. While there he will address an audience in Crystal Palace, London. Some idea of the size of the audience may be gained when it is understood that the choir which has been drilled to sing for the great gathering consists of five thousand members.

"Organized Sunday School Work," states a little pamphlet signed by the secretary, "enrolls the largest army that marshals under one banner in the land. It has given to the world a new conception of the 'Sunday school idea,' and aroused an interest never known before. It has planted in the workers a noble discontent with many of the old ways of doing things and inspired them to seek improvement in every direction. It has perfected house visitation, stimulated teacher training, magnified the missionary idea, extended the home department, captured the babies in their mothers' arms and their mothers with them. It has driven sectarianism to cover and given the world its best demonstration of denominational coöperation."

The walls of the office are interesting. From the west, depends a Cuban national flag, a gift from the Cuban Association, which bears the inscription, "Remember us in your prayers." On the south wall hangs a view of "Clifton" Dyke Rock, the home of W. N. Hartshorn of Boston. Great conventions have added pictorial trophies, for we find the rallying grounds of Texas and Rome hanging side by side. Fred A. Wells, the building contractor who builds characters as well as mansions; B. F. Jacobs, who is unrivalled in Sunday school fame; Andrew Crawford, of Glasgow, the Scottish Secretary; E. K. Warren, the "Featherbone" man; H. J. Heinz, the "Pickle King" (Sunday school work not being the least among his 57 varieties); a fine oil portrait, the gift of Mr. Heinz, is looked upon with reverence,

for it is the face of the late Dr. John Potts, of Toronto, who, up to his death, presided over the kingdom of childhood with more than ordinary vigilance; all have a place on the wall and clinch the belief that the world meets in the little many-windowed room of Mr. Lawrance. On the walls of his office, there were autographed pictures also of Rev. Carey Bonner, the British World secretary, Floyd G. Crandell, a Toledo Masonic friend, Leroy S. Churchill, a British manufacturer, William Stockham, American Sunday School Associate and George W. Watts, a friend from the Southland.

Had not the subject of this narrative felt the force of a fixed idea and had staked his existence upon it, it is not likely that he would have remained long in the new position—new organization with its limitless field—when he possessed only very limited means and resources to carry forth the work. But because of his self-centered energy, his habit of comprehending everything in relation to the one idea of the Sunday school, and of sweeping everything to this goal, he easily and early became master of the great position which he now held. Some men absorb and make tributary to them every idea and every individuality; other men reflect or shadow forth other persons' selves and thoughts. Marion Lawrance was in the former class. Many of his friends have said he won every one to himself, to his cause.

Organizing the Field

A fine organizing sense began to display itself early in his direction of the office, carried over from the Toledo Sunday school and Ohio Association days. He showed this gift in his remarkable annual reports—logical, comprehensive, and yet direct. They stand, according to many State secretaries, as models for all time and for all secretaries. This habit of system, order and logic seems to have been inbred in him, for it showed in his speeches, in his articles and books, in his office system, in his routine of his home life, in the hotel rooms where he spent his evenings when away, and in every detail of his life. Even his dress bodied forth this trait of neatness and order in an immaculate appearance!

In the field, he early started a campaign for the complete and minute organization of each state, territory and Canadian Province. He has frequently said that the best work he ever did for the Sunday school was not in the field, at conventions, on the platform, in his writing or even in conference and committee meetings, but was done at his desk in organizing to the minutest detail, crystallizing principles into methods, methods into men, and men into power. There is little doubt about the truth of this statement. He showed it in his office. The following paragraph taken from a "Pastoral Letter" sent to all State secretaries and associates December 8, 1912, illustrates this gift:

Work to a programme. A railroad without a time-table, a builder without a blue-print, or a Secretary without a definite goal alike invites defeat. The ship requires not only steam, a helm and rudder but a chart and compass, if it expects to reach the desired haven. Plan your work for the entire year, if it is not already planned. Map out the course you will pursue and the general policy to be followed. This will need to be modified from time to time in the light of new conditions that may arise, but a carefully prepared plan will greatly simplify your work and add to its efficiency. The difference between working by a plan and working by impulse is the difference between pushing your work and dragging it.

His great difficulty, however, was to find leaders in the various States. This requires observation of men, contact with them, and the exercise of a very shrewd judgment. The State officers, representing different types of leaders, must be studied. There were scores of conventions to attend and countless details of management and organization to observe, always with the responsible human factors clearly in mind, to be carefully analyzed, classified, and further humanized. But after the building was erected, the organization grew, and the structure was one to command the respect of all. It was done quietly—almost invisibly—and done permanently. Well might the words found in 1 Kings 6:7 be applied: "So that there was neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was in building."

Reconciling Mental Attitudes

Great were the problems confronting the International Sunday school office. Should justice or policy be selected? The secretary finally selected justice. Should truth as he saw it, or opposition be listened to? He at length selected truth. Should the democracy of the common man be advocated in Sunday school Councils? At once, he selected the democracy of the common man. Sometimes expediency in many vexing problems of the International seemed to be more reasonable than the set principles with which he had begun, but he finally selected the principles. He had even to settle the question as to whether organization or evangelism should be uppermost. He settled it by the phrase, "Organize to Evangelize."

Then there was the problem of denominational representation or not in the councils of the Sunday school organization. He early decided in favour of the denominations. When it came to a question of changing the name Sunday school—full of religious significance to millions—or changing a policy of the organization; of at once raising the teaching standards to approximate the educational objective of high school and universities, or of bettering year by year the instruction given by these unpaid teachers; he decided in favour of the latter plan in both cases. His great passion for service combined with an intuitive sense of what the mass of people wanted and needed, helped him to carry on these same policies year after year—which looked toward a gradual raising of teaching requirements, continuous perfecting of Sunday school organization and patient crystallizing results into larger and better units.

Dr. W. C. Pearce calls attention to the remarkable diplomacy and prophetic vision of Marion Lawrance:

> Although our days of fellowship were very precious, and our long-time comradeship one of the richest experiences of my whole Christian life, there were times when our judgment varied, but he was always so gracious and tolerant, that there could be no irritation, while his far-sightedness and deep devotion to the work taught us all to understand that usually when we differed, he

was correct. As a champion of progress he was sometimes ahead of his day, yet always manifested an attitude of patience with those who could not travel so fast. There is little doubt that he anticipated the Sunday school merger twelve years before it actually took place.

The development of the Sunday school work during Mr. Lawrance's administration included a great increase of denominational interest, and the perfecting of denominational organizations to care for their responsibility in the Sunday school field. In 1909, Mr. Lawrance prepared an addenda to his annual report, which recognized this growing interest on the part of the denominations, and sought to provide for their larger participation in the development of the coöperative Sunday school programme. A condensed statement of Marion Lawrance's "Three more suggestions" follows:

Our relation to the denominations is undergoing a change. I am certain that the denominations desire to be loyal to the International Sunday School Association and to coöperate with it,—they are doing this now. Nevertheless there is a feeling of restlessness because of the unsettled condition of our policies. It is desirable, therefore, that relations of friendly coöperation be cultivated on both sides. I make the following suggestions with this thought in view:

First: That within the next nine months, if possible, an Extraordinary Conference be called of the members of the International Committee, all State and Provincial secretaries, Denominational Sunday school leaders, and any whom the Denominations wish to have present, for the purpose of determining how we may work together to the best advantage. We cannot afford —neither is it our desire—to continue to carry out any present plans which can better be done through denominational channels.

Second: That whenever any Denomination organizes its Sunday school work by the appointment of a Board or Committee, the head of this Board shall be considered as its Denominational nominee for membership on our International Committee. I suggest these nominees be made full, active members and be expected to coöperate on Sub-Committees.

Third: That this International Committee recommend the San Francisco Convention to pass a resolution, naming the Denominations from which representatives are to be chosen on the Inter-

national Lesson Committee, and asking these Denominations to nominate, in their largest ecclesiastical body, the man they wish to have elected as their representative upon the Lesson Committee. Chicago, August 19–20, 1909. MARION LAWRANCE.

Some of the leaders of the old order were so antagonistic, that the Executive Committee took no action. Mr. Lawrance was so considerate of those who disagreed with him, that, at times, he did not strongly urge the adoption of his recommendations, while he realized the inevitable rightness of his viewpoints. Following the complete rejection of his suggestions, I found him weeping in one of the hotel rooms. While this plan did not wholly embody the present merger, I am persuaded that had these recommendations been followed, the long period of debate that at times was rancorous and hateful would have been avoided.

PROJECTING HIMSELF INTO CONVENTIONS

The contact with Marion Lawrance at many city, county, State and International conventions, for half a century was the avenue through which he electrified thousands of people into Sunday school activity, and into a clear realization of the significance of the work. Countless friends offer testimony. Many, including Mr. Excell and Mr. Aiken, remember his voice and wonderful ability as Chairman of the great Buffalo Convention, his stage presence which was "of the finest," his kindly courtesy acting like a magnet in drawing every one to him and making them love him. Here, as at other international conventions, he was wise in counsel and advice and always ready, quick, well-informed. When E. D. McCafferty (private secretary to Mr. H. J. Heinz) was sent to the Pennsylvania State Sabbath School Convention by his employer, he had never seen nor heard Marion Lawrance. There was a conference in session of "the question-and-answer type." He relates:

The questions were flying thick and fast, but the answers were coming faster and striking ten every shot. The leader, a handsome man, with a clarion voice and magnetic personality was replying right to the point from experience, interspersing plenty of good humour which kept the audience aroused to a high pitch

MARION LAWRANCE, MR. E. O. EXCELL of Chicago and DR. F. B. MEYER of London, taken when the three were on a Sunday School Tour of the United States.

of interest and expectancy. I could never forget the impression he made upon me as a past-master in the business that had made his life-work. No one could have said of him what the Indian once said of a speaker, "Big wind, much dust, little rain."

C. C. Stoll called him the father of the great mass convention idea of the Sunday school world whose enthusiasm and fine programme-making ability brought together large inspiring audiences throughout the continent. The last fall of his life he made an extensive convention tour of New England. A friend, Wallace I. Woodin, at Willimantic, Connecticut, speaks of his addresses as being vigorous then as ever, making an even more lasting impression than they had done in former years—a splendid testimony of his clean, honest, active, Christian life of high thinking and noble living.

The climax in a long period of his executive leadership and constructive statesmanship came after a long period of conventions in the Kansas City Convention in 1921. He planned nearly the entire programme and carried it through successfully. He announced that it was to stand for—Membership, Comradeship, Discipleship, Worship, Stewardship, Leadership, and Religious Education. Its keynote was "Build together." Its text and theme were "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and forever." With all the wisdom, experience, love and vision of his rich period of service he prepared for it. "What a splendid way he opened that Convention!" exclaimed hundreds of friends. After he was introduced, he quickly arose and in a loud, clear voice asked, "Is anybody downhearted?" "No," came the college cheer from every one. "Is everybody happy?" he shouted. "Yes," rang through the convention hall. "Let's stay that way!" he again shouted, and it was this spirit which prevailed through the convention.

An official statement is given from A. M. Locker, Field Superintendent (then Treasurer) of the International Council of Religious Education:

The organization, programme and promotion of the greatest Sunday school Convention ever held on the continent of North

America was made under the direction of our Consulting General Secretary. It was his ambition to make this, the last International Convention for which he was responsible, the greatest and best in the history of Organized Sunday school work. His prayer, his enthusiasm and his organizing ability all united in this one great task and success crowned his efforts. Mr. Lawrance was the guiding hand in every detail. He directed and outlined the programme which was submitted to a programme committee and passed as outlined with very few changes and modifications. In fact, his was the leading spirit in every part of the entire convention.

The programme committee and Board of Trustees allowed $20,000 to be spent for the convention. As Business Superintendent, it was my responsibility to see that this amount was not exceeded. Mr. Lawrance was very hopeful from the very beginning that the enrollment would reach 5,000 as a minimum. The registration fees of the 5,000 enrolled plus $5,000 received from the Convention city would more than equal the budget authorized by the Board of Trustees. With that as a goal Mr. Lawrance was tireless in his efforts to go "over the top." When the Convention closed and the registered delegates finally counted we had a few over 7,000 and the Convention committee through Mr. Lawrance's guidance and direction expended less than the amount allowed by the Board of Trustees. Therefore, the Business Department had a small surplus rather than a deficit. In my judgment Mr. Lawrance's greatest piece of work was accomplished in the successful promotion of this Convention. He was very happy over the results and I believe it added at least a bit to the length of his life.

State and Provincial secretaries were of the unanimous opinion, as George W. Miller of South Dakota has said, that the spirit of progress was at this convention while the spirit of Marion Lawrance was in evidence in every session. His was the power and the opportunity to mould that great gathering, which he did, completely. "He seemed to cure one of any half-heartedness of attitude toward the great organized Sunday school work," declares another field associate. "No one could ever forget his appearance on the platform with his kindly face, intimate knowl-

edge of work and happy words" and "I shall always associate his face and his voice with the merging of the great Evangelical denominations with the International—a truly wonderful achievement, even though we have not yet learned to use the new organization effectively," were heard frequently as echoes in many a church, Sunday school gathering, and family circle. "This man lives to-day in the things he dared to achieve, and in the things he hoped to do" is the verdict of all. The outstanding feats of his character are reflected in the eternal tact and patience required in building the programme and consummating the merger, and the beautiful spirit in which he retired from active direction of his heart's cause.

Our convention job was strenuous and covered with obstacles and jealousies, frankly observes D. B. Henderson. In every emergency he healed the sore spots with his fortitude, foresight and wisdom. In every instance he succeeded in getting the other man's viewpoint and converting a tense situation into a love council. He could listen by the hour to discussion of disputed subjects and never raise his voice once in opposition to those with whom he disagreed. When he would speak, he completely disarmed his opponents by following the rules of his Master. He never felt deceived by tradition, and would change an old custom without hesitation if he could see any gain for the Cause he served, in so doing. He had background in experience. When asked for advice he saw clearer and farther than others while predictions usually proved to be accurate, although he was never given to reminding any one of mistakes. When others saw failure, he saw success because his was the greater experience and more unlimited confidence in the reward that follows intelligent, faithful efforts.

His masterful leadership, his deep spiritual conviction, his personal charm and friendliness added another long list of admirers at Kansas City, writes a very intimate friend. We witnessed in this Convention his retirement as General Secretary and, although knowing that it must come some time, all of us would have postponed that day until his Father saw fit to close that chapter of his life. His retention as adviser and associate helped somewhat to assuage the sorrow we all felt in the parting. The

story of his life and work will be retold throughout the Sunday school world. One day standing on the opposite side of the street from Convention Hall, I saw across the way Mr. Lawrance dressed in white, with light hat, erect figure, and white-gray hair. I thought "There is one of God's noblemen: the dean of Sunday school men of America; I must look intently upon him, for I may never see him again." And it was to be so.

His attitude toward "The Merger," the *magnum opus* of the Kansas City meeting, is set forth by him in an article: *The Sunday School Half-Century:*

The high point we are facing at Kansas City is the legitimate outcome of all that has preceded it. It will be commonly known as "the Merger," which simply means that the Sunday school *forces of North America have come to take their task so seriously that they are uniting their forces for greater efficiency.* The merging of the territorial and denominational Sunday school agencies of North America, which will no doubt be accomplished at the Kansas City Convention, will be looked back upon fifty years hence, we trust, as the beginning of a new epoch in Sunday school work. For a good many years, Sunday school leaders have looked forward to this time. The coming into the field, in 1910, of the Sunday School Council, an official denominational organization, opened the door. Some of the next steps taken were, co-operation through subcommittees representing both organizations, and finally the construction of a joint committee to coöperate in lesson construction. This has been going on for nearly ten years. More and more, we believe, will the wisdom of the step in completing the merger become manifest. It is hoped that a new, forward-looking programme will be adopted, representing the wisdom of our new, already merged committee on religious education.

The crux of the whole matter lies in making the merger effective in the various States and Provinces. Like any great change that takes place, adjustments must be made all along the line, and if the right spirit prevails, as we feel sure it will, the advance of the next fifty years numerically, educationally, socially, and evangelistically, will amply justify the strenuous labours, devotion and prayers of the great leaders whose dream is now to become a reality. Of course, the merger itself is not the

final step. It is but a means to an end, and we feel sure that the era just before us will mark even greater advance than the half century that has passed. May the Master whose we are and Whom we serve, guide us every step of the way.

Hundreds of religious leaders sent him most cordial congratutions for the success of the great meeting at Kansas City. Marion Lawrance's Valedictory to the convention and as General Secretary of the International Sunday School Association delivered when ill and so hoarse that it was very difficult and painful for him to speak is given in part:

It is a very unusual thing for me not to be able to be heard. I have frequently addressed audiences as large as this, and larger, with perfect ease. My chief difficulty usually is not, however, in being heard, but in finding something to say that is worth hearing. This has been a joyful convention to me. There will be no note of sorrow as I lay down the mantle that was placed upon my shoulders twenty-three years ago. The Kansas City meeting has been the greatest Sunday school convention except one, since 1889. The enrollment here is more than twice that of any previous convention of which we have record. The programme, for which we are indebted to a splendid programme committee, in cooperation with the Committee on Education, is the strongest programme I believe that has ever been presented. It is a marvellous fact that, out of approximately 250 participants, only five have failed to appear, and those, with amply sufficient reasons.

Friends, we are facing a new day. The Sunday school people of America are seeing new things. They are seeing the outstretched hands of the children of our land, pleading, possibly without knowing what they want but for the one thing that satisfies the human heart. Then, too, the coming together of these two great organizations, the Association and the Council, indicates the spirit of amity and brotherliness which prevails. Do not imagine that either one of these coöperating parties has had altogether its own way. There was yielding by both, and this was necessary to arrive at the present happy conclusions. I have met with the Committee of Reference and Counsel from the beginning and the denominational representatives have shown a wonderful spirit which is true likewise of the territorial forces.

We are leaving the past behind and are pressing forward to the great future with a determination to win this continent for God, through the Christian training of the youth. This is our mission; this is our task; this is our challenge, and I trust that every one here will go home with that thought in mind. I want to ask a special favour that every State and Provincial General Secretary come to the platform. We have had in this Convention forty-one of the State and Provincial General Secretaries present. Quite a number of them have gone home, but I want you to hear a word from each one of these good secretaries. (Here the secretaries were introduced by Mr. Lawrance, one at a time, speaking strong words of loyalty to the new programme and of commitment to the plans of the merger.)

Friends, I am going to read the last few paragraphs of my report. I did not have the opportunity to read it at the proper time, but it is a fine report—I wrote it all myself.

Although relieved, during the last few years, of wearying details of the work, Marion Lawrance shouldered a very heavy burden of conventions, travelling extensively on speaking tours. He wanted every minute of his life to count. Even before he was made Consulting General Secretary, we find one of the International officials writing another: "As to the services of Mr. Lawrance, I think this rule should be strictly followed. He has reached a time in life when he cannot be safely worked to the limit. As to the others, discretion may be allowed. But the International Executive Committee might properly claim the right to limit the service of its representative to one day."

Three months before his going, February 13–14, 1924, Marion Lawrance read to the members of the International Executive Committee words of welcome, and his report. What he says is most significant, not only of the abundant energy of his last years, but also of his conquering optimism and prophetic vision. He thus sums up his ambitions for the Association, every word that he uttered savouring of the consistent programme of the past, and of his hopeful spirit for the future:

As the senior officer of the Council in point of service, he said, it may not be out of place for me to welcome you. Let us enter

upon the work before us in the spirit of the Christ, seeking nothing for ourselves or our great organization as such, but only the glory of God in the carrying forward of His work. He has the wisdom, means and power. All things are possible with Him. May His guiding hand lead us by the way He would have us go and may the Spirit of the Crucified One brood over us as we work.

As indicated by the title of my office, much of my work has consisted in conferences, and consultations in the Chicago office and in the States. It has been a joy to me to realize how ready the members of our staff have been to talk over matters with me, about organization and promotion. I have not in any wise sought to control or direct the work, although I have been permitted to attend conventions and speak during the year in twenty states and provinces. I have travelled over 25,000 miles and made over two hundred and twenty-five addresses, speaking almost daily. The receipts for travelling expenses have more than covered that item, so that the council has been to no expense for my travel. It has been a source of pleasure to note that the programmes have been of a high order educationally and otherwise, and the secretaries seem to be taking seriously the new methods of organization and the new programme proposed by our Committee on Education.

According to the Old Book, it seems to be the prerogative of "old men" to dream dreams and since I cannot deny that I have something of a stroke of "Anno Domini," I feel free to exercise my prerogative. I want to let you know something of the channels in which my mind and heart have run during the quarter of a century I have been officially connected with this Committee. They all look toward the improvement and extension of our work, and I have given to each much time and thought. These are my dreams:

1. *An official organ.* This is now assured. The idea is not new for in Pittsburgh in 1890, Chairman B. F. Jacobs recommended in his report "A great Sunday school magazine after the style of *Century* or *Harper's* fully illustrated, where the best writers of the world can be heard." I have repeatedly recommended the same thing to our Executive Committee, but lack of funds and other things held back the enterprise. We developed a little paper, *The Searchlight*—a pamphlet of sixteen to twenty-four pages. Although it was a very modest production, I have

never known of an issue that was not widely quoted by many publications of larger pretensions. With the new magazine, to be known as *The International Journal of Christian Education,* an assured fact, with our beloved brother Dr. W. E. Raffety its editor, my dream is coming true. Thank God for that! We predict for the paper a very fine career of progress and usefulness.

2. *Work among the Negroes.* Although we have in the past done much good work among the negroes, brought about through the financial support of Mr. Hartshorn, and the field work of Mr. Lyman, little is being done at present. It is almost a tragedy that we are doing so little to advance religious education among this part of our constituency numbering more than ten million souls.

3. *Mexico.* This is a missionary field where some good work has been done, but little or nothing now under our auspices. Mexico has had a National Sunday school committee for many years. Most excellent service was done for a number of years by our secretary, Rev. E. M. Sein, a native Mexican. At present the denominations have joined in Mexico and direct a department on Young People's work which includes the Sunday school. At the Kansas City Convention, William Wallace from Mexico presented our Association with a huge Mexican flag as an earnest of their friendship and affiliation. In 1910, Mr. Cashman and I organized a party of thirty-five people, and made a special trip to Mexico City to attend their annual convention. This trip cost the Association only the time of myself—the others in the trip paying enough more to cover all expenses. A tour of this kind could be made once in five years with profit. We should send a representative of our staff every year to their annual convention. This is my dream for Mexico.

4. *Cuba and the West Indies.* Cuba is especially a fertile field with an effective organization holding annual conventions. Mr. Odell, their International Committeeman, was present at the Kansas City Convention and presented our Association with a large Cuban flag. This field was opened up by a party consisting of the late Frank L. Brown, W. C. Pearce, Frank Woodbury of Halifax, and E. T. Capel of Montreal. Placing upon our staff some one who can make this tour each winter is another of my dreams.

5. *Hawaii.* What has been said about Mexico and Cuba so far as a tour party is concerned, can easily be arranged, I believe, for Hawaii. It may not be generally known that Hawaii is well organized, with a full time paid director of Religious Education and with a splendid Sunday school programme. I presume there is not a winter but that some of our choice Sunday school people spend a few months in Hawaii, some of whom would help in any tour that might be planned.

6. *Fellowship and Friendship.* In 1893 at the International Convention in St. Louis, "The Field Workers' Conference" was organized, composed of State, Provincial and city secretaries and their associates. Annual meetings were called at which worthwhile programmes were carried out. I should like to see an annual gathering of all workers who are eligible, in a quiet place, for a four or five days' conference. The first two or three days might be devoted to the consideration of vital matters pertaining to organization, promotion, and field work, while the concluding days could be devoted to "A Retreat" for the deepening of the spiritual life. During this period the members would sit at the feet of those who could open the Word in such a way as to feed their souls and stimulate their lives. Much time would be spent in prayer. We do not spend too much time discussing the mechanics of our work, but far too little in considering the dynamics.

7. *Volunteers for Service.* My idea is the inauguration of some sort of systematic effort for placing before young people in their early teens, the challenge of Christian service, particularly that of Sunday school work as a life calling. There are many channels of service now open. Besides the ministry, there is the missionary field; also that of Director of Religious Education, the service of Assistant Directors and Teachers in week-day schools of Religion, to say nothing of the many open and attractive fields in the various departments of the organized Sunday school work. Except for those who choose to enter the organized Sunday school work, we would not undertake the training, because that could be done better by the denominations themselves.

8. *A Sunday School Building.* This idea did not originate with me. Nearly forty years ago, B. F. Jacobs spoke repeatedly in favour of the erection of such a structure. At the Toronto

Convention, Chairman Hartshorn made a similar recommendation. Nothing came of it. At the Buffalo Convention in 1918, we presented a pamphlet entitled "A Vision," in which we presented the same idea. This building would furnish offices for the International Council and also for the State and City Councils of its location, with perhaps a branch of the World's Association. It would provide suitable committee rooms—one for the use of the Executive Committee—with smaller rooms for trustees and other committee meetings. In addition, it would contain an assembly room, not too large, but convenient for local gatherings and conventions. Bishop Vincent suggested on one occasion that it should have a chapel properly fitted up to accommodate a hundred people, with a brief service in it every noon except Sunday. Suitable rooms would be available for the Graded Union, Union Teachers' Meetings, Community Training Schools, and similar groups. One whole floor could be devoted profitably to a Sunday school exhibit which would no doubt be visited by committees from far and near to study the latest devices and plans in Sunday school architecture and equipment. There would be a workers' library kept strictly up-to-date, from which books would be lent free of charge. Samples of lesson helps and other supplies as well as the publications of all the denominations and publishing houses would be kept on display. Nothing would be sold. There would be an Art Gallery and probably a Museum, the material for both being abundant and obtainable. We have now in our office nine fine oil paintings presented by Mr. Heinz which might well find a home there. Of course the dream could not be realized without large gifts sufficient to meet initial cost, with adequate endowment for maintenance. The realization of this dream, no doubt, is far in the future, but I believe it will be a reality.

Finally, I should like to see our Council put itself squarely on record in regard to World Peace, Americanization, and against the tendency to violate our laws, especially those relating to Prohibition. It seems to me we should give forth from this meeting no uncertain sound concerning these matters, for our civilization is on trial.

I wish to express my very deepest and heartiest appreciation for the courtesies and brotherly treatment I have received at the hands of this Committee, and particularly of our General Secretary, Dr. Magill. The matter of re-organization into which he was

plunged upon entering this office has not been easy by any means, and certainly it has not been swift. It has been sufficient to tax the strength, ability, and patience of any man. Good progress has been made and we believe the day of our hopes is near at hand. What we need above everything else is to keep close together and stay near to the foot of our Master. The work is His. It never can be harmed from without, and it will not be harmed from within, if—this Committee—and all of us—forgetting our own personal interests, will advance as a unit to carry on the great enterprise which under God we believe has been committed to us.

Endowing the Work with Originality and Vision

So creative and versatile was the mind of Marion Lawrance, so comprehensive his grasp and so far-seeing his vision that no man or group of men could enumerate the contributions or account for every stimulating touch he gave the work. Dr. Pearce thought that the greatest endowment he made was the development of strong state and provincial associations (from 3 to 50) through encouragement, aid in raising budgets, choosing leaders and solving problems, and the enlargement of Divisional and Departmental programmes—from one "children's division" to eight different departments. Far reaching also was his emphasis on the employment of specialists to whom the largest liberty was given in developing technical programmes and upon ample provision for the training of Sunday school leaders in Training Schools—such as the one at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin and Lake Winnepesaukee, New Hampshire.

On the other hand Dr. Ira M. Price points out that one valuable phase of the Lesson Committee work is largely due to him. In 1910–11 when the International Bible Readers' Association seemed to be losing its grip on the American Sunday school, he appealed vigorously to the Lesson Committee to issue Bible passages to be read in connection with the Uniform Lessons. After considerable discussion the Lesson Committee undertook the task, and to this day has issued the *Home Daily Bible Readings* on the Improved Uniform Lessons; and they are re-issued in all parts of the Sunday school world now, even in Great Britain. Dr.

Price touches upon an important principle which motived many of his decisions: "Another concern and solicitation of his was that the average, the moderate sized school should have exactly the kind of lessons which were the best fitted for its use. The large schools have enough capable leaders to care for themselves, but the 'lambs' need constant care. Their welfare was one of his objectives. Then he was always solicitous that the lessons should be so ordered that they should emphasize the character and teaching of Christ at not too long intervals, showing that the spirit of the Master was very dear to him in all his teaching in the Sunday school."

Some of the best work Mr. Lawrance did was the articles he wrote for *The International Searchlight,* say his State "boys." Among the most widely quoted were his editorials entitled *The Bow of the Boat; That Guiding Star; Be Ye Thankful; The Greatest Game; The Formation and Programme of a Committee on Religious Education; Community Building and Community Betterment.*

Mr. Lawrance liked to emphasize at all times the interdenominational and world aspects of the work. He frequently quoted the following:

FAGGOTS IN A FIRE

1. Who put the Sunday school on the market?—Robert Raikes—Episcopalian.

2. Who gave us the Convention idea?—Stephen Paxson—Methodist.

3. Who gave us the Uniform Lessons?—B. F. Jacobs—Baptist.

4. Who gave the school its high rating by giving its work great publicity among all classes of people?—Henry Clay Trumbull—Presbyterian.

5. Who gave us the teacher-training idea?—Bishop John H. Vincent—Methodist.

6. Who took the Sunday school to the shut-ins and the shut-outs?—Dr. W. A. Duncan—Congregationalist.

7. Who put the Cradle Roll before the world?—W. C. Hall—Presbyterian.

It was not long before the General Secretary of the International Sunday School Association was attracting wide attention. The following paragraph appeared in the Encyclopedia of Sunday Schools and Religious Education: "Generally on questions of grading and educational development, Mr. Lawrance has taken a somewhat conservative position, but he is recognized as an authority on method and field conditions."

There had been of late years a request and a great need for a history of the International Sunday School Association and its achievements. Marion Lawrance had asked Dr. C. R. Blackall to fill out a date-book giving the exact time of conventions and other important facts about Sunday school epochs and activities. Dr. Blackall was unable to continue this work so the task was assigned to Dr. E. Morris Fergusson, who had not had time to complete it. [In this volume (Part II), however, Dr. Fergusson has prepared an accurate and valuable outline of the history of the International Sunday school movement showing from time to time Mr. Lawrance's connection with it.]

Always a strong advocate and supporter of both Home and Foreign Missions, as was revealed in his long career as Sunday school superintendent, he brought to the larger fields, the same world-wide evangelistic passion. Nowhere has he more clearly expressed this interest than in the following extract from a letter written to George H. Trull:

The fourfold purpose of the Sunday school is, Instruction, Salvation, Edification, and Training for Service. In none of these avenues can the Sunday school discharge its full duty unless it gives to its members an intelligent, comprehensive knowledge of the missionary movements of the whole world: "No information —no inspiration." The greatest need in the Sunday school work to-day is this.

Representing a Great Idea and a World Movement

We learn from both religious and secular history that great men are results rather than causes, and appear as creations of the spirit of the age they incarnate and represent. Marion Lawrance became the embodiment of the Sunday school idea—no

other. Moreover he came at a time when that idea was worth presenting—not before and not after it. He appeared when he ought to have appeared, and disappeared—harsh as it may seem —when nothing was left for him to do. This was his own conception of the life and work of any man. He had done his work. Great men are impossible when nothing great is to be done. But the last half of the nineteenth century was a time of great need in the religious training of the young. This idea was bodied forth in thousands of ways and by many others. Reynolds, Jacobs, Vincent, Moody blazed the trail. They played their part in the great scheme and were gone. When Marion Lawrance appeared, heir of all the past, he crystallized sentiment, extended boundaries, coördinated loose parts into a gigantic smooth-running machine, sharply defined the needs and objectives, and, through the dynamics of personality, prayer, and the power of Jesus Christ, brought in an era of Sunday school achievement unparalleled. The force of this fixed idea that remorselessly swept through the life of the subject of this volume can only be approximately measured by the myriad of new radiations of physical, mental and spiritual activity in church life. But what this great idea was is succinctly expressed in his own words:

We believe in the Sunday school because in the brief period of a little over one hundred years, it has accomplished more for the religious teaching and training of childhood and youth than has been accomplished in all the previous centuries; because it supplies a voluntary, unpaid and trained company of Christian men and women as teachers; because the text-book of the Sunday school is the Bible, and the object of Sunday school teaching is the formation of Christian character, because true Sunday school teaching includes the helpful study of all branches of knowledge and welcomes all advance in every department of education.

Newspapers around the world were extravagant in their eulogies of this departed leader. The following from the *Mitchell* (South Dakota) *Republican,* May 8, is an example of the exalted leadership accorded to the master mind of Marion Lawrance:

To workers in the field of religious education throughout the world the name of Marion Lawrance stands out in bold relief. What Napoleon was to the world of military endeavour, what Washington was to the world of free government, what Lincoln was to the world seeking freedom from human slavery, what Roosevelt was to the world seeking "a square deal," Marion Lawrance is and ever will be in the great field of religious education. He, the best known Sunday school man in the world, still lives and will ever live, in the hearts of the millions.

He was called "Earth Bishop of Sunday Schools," "The Great Sunday School Spirit of Half-a-Century," "The St. John of the Christian Church," "The Discoverer of the Child," and given many other titles of respect, love and admiration. But he rightly considered himself, not a power, but the representation of a power not his own. In this was he truly great. As the humanized expression of a vital religious thought, the spokesman of the great cause of freeing childhood from indifference, tradition, and ignorance, a forerunner of a religious and social renaissance, he held a commanding position in contemporary history. And the perspective of years will likely show, not only the potency of the movement, but also the heroic size of its chief exponent.

In a personal letter to the author from Dr. Walter S. Athearn of Boston University, June 21, 1924, is found the following appraisal:

Marion Lawrance was the embodiment of a movement. To interpret him, you must portray the events in one of the most significant movements in modern history. Robert Raikes, George Pounds, John Wesley, Charles Dickens, George Fox, and others built in the background for his drama. The French Revolution, the Puritan uprising in England, and the establishing of the American democracy provided the dramatic urge, the drive which forced the character into action. In this great drama for a third of a century, Marion Lawrance held the centre of the stage and dominated the motives of all others in the play.

You must tell the story of democracy, of the laymen struggling for religious freedom, of the rise of the common man to the dignity of the priesthood—if you are to tell the story of your father.

Your book should make him speak again in behalf of the lay-workers, the voluntary association of teachers and officers, the democratic association of Christian workers in the interests of a common cause. Love of *Christ,* love of *childhood,* and love of *common people* were the three great affections which determined your father's career and your book should stress them all.

An article written by Marion Lawrance a few years before the end, was entitled *And He Journeyed Toward the Sunrising.* This was indeed his epitaph—his biography. Marion Lawrance like all leaders, especially the Great Leader, went a little further than the masses and saw Daybreak ahead for the Child of this century, where others found it difficult to peer through the twilight of cold apathy and unconcern.

VIII

THE SOUTH CHURCH SUNDAY SCHOOL

"He lived one of the greatest lives of his generation."
—Rev. T. Y. Williams.

"He is great who is what he is from nature, and who never reminds us of others."—Emerson.

MARION LAWRANCE began attending South Church in September, 1907. Then for a brief period he worshipped at the Kenwood Evangelical Church, where he was made Honorary Superintendent of the Sunday school, but returned to the South Church, chiefly because of the nearness of the latter sanctuary. All three members of the Lawrance family joined the South Church, March 6, 1910.

After serving a short period as honorary superintendent of the South Church Sunday School he was elected, on December 23, 1913, superintendent—a position which he held for ten years. Before accepting the superintendency, he read to the church a statement of ten obstacles—among which were: the great burden of his office work; his physical condition; his frequent absence from the city; his inability to attend regularly night meetings and other church services; his insistence that the call be unanimous, that there be complete coöperation of church and school, and that the Sunday school organization be permitted to grow and become thoroughly complete. Among the concluding remarks occur the following:

My views of God and the Bible are somewhat old-fashioned and entirely orthodox. I believe in conversion through the blood of Jesus Christ, and if I have anything to do with the school, I shall work to this end. I believe in showing the utmost loyalty to the church and pastor. There must be complete coöperation of officers. I must not be expected to drag the workers to their task. I like to lead by suggestion. I shall take the position for one year.

A resolution, drawn up by E. H. Scott, December 23, unanimously elected him for one year, commending his generous-hearted reply, his statesmanlike presentation of difficulties, and generously offering him support.

Employing Tried Methods

Results were marked almost immediately. On January 4, 1914, six Sunday school members joined the church—the first in years. About this time he introduced the slogan, "Our Sunday school must *Go* and *Glow* and *Grow*, and I will help to make it so." Among the many things instituted at the South Church Sunday School were: The Faggot Fire every fall, the regular Anniversary services, Promotion ceremony from one year or department to another, the annual summer picnic, the special Giving-Christmas, the unique Easter services, memory Bible verses and the use of printed opening and closing exercises. Moreover, the superintendent kept in close contact with the officers and leaders in the school through the workers' luncheons and round-table meetings; and also through regular and frequent correspondence.

Probably the service that was marked with most feeling was that of the Faggot Fire. This was the name given to an impressive little ceremony which included the silent sacrament of giving—not permitting the left hand to know the largeness of the gift of the right hand. When all lights were extinguished except the blue flames underneath an iron basket, a personal memento, a letter, a sprig of cedar or pine, a splinter from a tree where the soul fought temptation, a message from the trenches in France, was placed on the faggot fire in memory of some vital event of the year. As the fire blazed up, each placed a gift of some kind in the hand of one of the mothers of the church, for uplift and blessing of the school. When all was over and the fire burned low, the entire circle joined hands and sang in the gloaming, the familiar hymn, *Blest Be the Tie that Binds.*

Nearly all the plans which had been tried with such success at Washington Street Sunday School in Toledo were also used at South Church Sunday School. Many were the fine times enjoyed with the loyal workers while much was done toward unifying

the sentiment and spirit of the sessions. Certain special exercises were planned to interest the attention and fix great truths. A fine patriotic service was held on Washington's Birthday, when a number of old soldiers were welcomed to the platform as honoured guests. On another occasion, Mothers' Day was observed by having several famous paintings of motherhood represented by white-haired mothers, or young matrons with babies in their arms, selected from the Sunday school. There were always variety and freshness in each Sunday's programme.

A much cherished friend who knew Marion Lawrance in the Washington Street Church recalls an amusing incident that Marion Lawrance related to him just after the latter had become superintendent of the South Church School. He said he started a question-box in the workers' meeting, hoping that the suggestions and hints dropped in from time to time would give much light to greatly improve the school. One of the slips that caused him no little amusement contained the injunction—"Get a live superintendent." He laughed very heartily over this, but to those to whom this was related, it was anything but a joke, for in their judgment he was the best and most wide-awake superintendent they had ever known.

Several outstanding features always characterized Marion Lawrance's trend of thought and avenue of activity, as a Sunday school superintendent. He emphasized strongly the missionary movement around the world, and regularly practised personal evangelism in the Sunday school session. After the World Sunday School Convention at Tokyo, which he attended, he showed much interest in the work of the Gloria Kindergarten at Kobe, Japan, under the direction of Miss Annie L. Howe. He gave such publicity to this fine missionary enterprise that at the last Christmas exercises he conducted at the South Church, every one brought a generous gift for this worthy project.

Then, in the early years of Mr. Lawrance's superintendency there occurred the death of Phillips Peabody, the son of the pastor, —a youth well-beloved. Through the superintendent's initiative, the Sunday school endowed a bed in the Williams and Porter Hospital at Te Chow, Shantung, China. The money collected

from "Mother's Hand" and "Faggot Fire" in the Workers' Council was spent this way. The habit of generous giving was considered a great virtue. Many benevolences were encouraged throughout the year. Splendid gifts were sent to the Travellers' Aid, Ministerial Relief, The International Sunday School Association and other worthy agencies.

As part of his duties he placed loyalty to church and pastor on a very high plane. He possessed that happy gift of friendly comradeship which displayed itself in all his relations with men. His former Chicago pastor, Dr. Peabody, remembers Marion Lawrance fondly as one of the most loyal parishioners, best laymen and truest friends a pastor had for seven years. "He knew the inwardness of the Christian religion, and had that fine, mystic quality in his faith that in all centuries has been a mark of the most fragrant Christian character. He was one of the Christian princes of his generation." His last Chicago pastor, Dr. Williams, pays eloquent tribute to him in his memorial address. In turn, Marion Lawrance recognizes the sterling worth of these churchmen. The one he speaks of as a fearless and aggressive soldier, a congenial and brotherly friend. The other he extols for his splendid ministerial qualities.

Believing Where He Could Not Prove

However, early in this period, there creeps in some discouragement over the lack of response. Because of heavy duties at the International office in connection with the big Chicago Convention, in addition to the perceptible weakening of bodily strength, it was little to be wondered that such entries as the following occur in his diary:

> There appears to be so little school spirit and so little of Jesus Christ, and maybe—it must be—my lack, my own coldness. O God, make me right; I am so barren, so helpless, so worthless for Thee.
>
> So much deadness, so little of the essence of life. Oh, for more of God's spirit in our school. My duty is not clear at all. I love the work so, but my strength is not what it should be for such a task. God guide me.

One faithful friend said of him that he wondered many times when he saw his wan face and worn look, after a long trip, how he bore the many exactions that were laid upon him, yet he was so much in earnest to enlarge the school—numerically and spiritually—that no effort was too great for him to undertake. He and many others who were, by virtue of their office, close to Mr. Lawrance, worked with him and stimulated him with their ready response when the way seemed hard and the apathy of church and Sunday school members seemed insurmountable. Mr. E. H. Scott, the publisher, speaks of loving him greatly and admiring his fine qualities of character: 1. Kindness, sweetness, and never-failing sympathy. (He was very thoughtful in little ways.) 2. Good humour and cheerfulness. 3. Continued growth in the interpretation of the Scriptures and modern views of religion as focussed upon life. Adherence to the old terminology, but his thought was modern in many ways.

A great struggle was carried on in Marion Lawrance's mind and heart at this time—a battle that stirred his whole being to its depths. At times, to borrow Stevenson's figure, his mind seemed to be filled with the silent shifting of squadrons, shadowing forth some great defense or some great retreat. Yet he engaged in neither. Men look at the tumult of the soul while God sees the depths, and the soul of Marion Lawrance never appeared so valiant, so profound, so calm, so victorious as during this fierce warfare. Few knew the extent, or even existence of a conflict, for he was discreet in his silences, yet always active in thought. No one could tell the story from more intimate knowledge than Albert Cotsworth, organist of South Church:

The thing which drew Marion Lawrance and me together, writes Mr. Cotsworth, was the mutually hard job of bringing a large vitality into a situation where there was no strong organization, no ambition, no eagerness—nothing but the honest endeavour of a handful to keep alive something which seemed to be doomed to the inevitable fate of all city churches. Many times he has put his arm about me and told how the weight of the school pressed upon him and how he was unable to get anywhere, because whatever he tried to do was upset in the same way. Then,

he would add, "But as long as I live I shall never forget how you have stood beside me. It is worth while to have gone through some things to have found such loyalty." He said this in words, in little notes, in clippings which he found in his travels, and in the light in his eyes whenever he spoke to me. In my regard for him, I found this one thing outstanding.

He was, by age and training, one of the men who believed simply and unhesitatingly, may I call it, old-fashioned! For six years I watched him encounter the slow but certain straining of former modes of belief; watched him hear a speech which, in other days, would have meant heresy; watched him see that there was a tearing down and heard him ask if there was no reconstruction; felt him tremble at the old underpinnings being removed; knew he questioned the determined attitude of the brilliant men who stripped old forms and faces apart and could not always be plausible in what was offered in exchange. But I saw him slowly and honestly hold himself in check and applaud what he could and give honest attention to what he could not then accept. I saw him open his eyes genuinely to the future and acknowledge that God was so mighty that He could have as many ways for men to find Him as there were men to want Him. I admired Mr. Lawrance beyond words for this sincerity He didn't openly fight, but listened and reflected and by those ways he saw what might come about and a new order replace what he had heretofore found more than sufficient for inspiration and aspiration. It was a severe test, and at times I thought he shrank a bit—but he was so honest, so courageous, so full of a royal faith unshaken and unshakable, that I have wished he might have stayed longer and seen larger fulfillment.

The last few years that Marion Lawrance superintended the Sunday school at South Church, he felt sure his work had been a failure. He could find no other reason for the slow growth in attendance and interest, and the lack of coöperation on the part of the church leaders, than his own inability to do his Master's will. This grieved him deeply. He was not willing to excuse himself on the ground of this being a city church with conditions much different than they were at the one in Toledo, nor with the fact that the Sunday school was actually deepening and broadening in spite of the slowness of it, nor the added fact that there

was lacking something of the unanimity among leaders that might have caused some of the difficulty.

However, few who attended the school believed for a moment that there was anything but life and progress there. Many were the kindly letters he received from members and teachers indicating their regard for him and admiration of his leadership. One very loyal friend says, "I do not think that you should feel at all that you failed, for no one could have done as much under the circumstances as you have done."

Though both the Washington Street Sunday School in Toledo and the South Church Congregational Sunday School boasted the same superintendent for a number of years, they each gave widely different responses. The atmosphere of the institution in Chicago differed considerably from that of the one in the smaller city. Moreover, the superintendent himself could not, in the very nature of things, bring to the latter Sunday school the same buoyancy of spirit, youthful outlook, and unfailing energy that he brought to the church of his young manhood. Nevertheless, for ten years, Marion Lawrance poured out his soul in endeavouring to establish firmly the Sunday school idea. That he succeeded, may not be so apparent in the records of attendance and enrollment as in the many responses and reactions of individual members who felt his passing like a dark shadow—silent, cold, mysterious—across their lives.

Capturing the Youth

Beautiful, indeed, are the many tributes paid him by the children, their Sunday school teachers, and by some of the officials of this church. Spontaneously came their expressions of grief, sympathy, love, admiration and sorrow, for they loved him deeply. He always had a special story or talk for them, stepping down from the pulpit and standing before them as though he loved them—and he did. They knew he meant every word he said. One boy boasted that when he became a man he was going to become a Sunday school superintendent like Mr. Lawrance. One Sunday evening when the school was holding a special service, this little boy came early and sat beside a teacher. He said to

her, "My daddy died this morning but my mother said it would be all right for me to come anyway if I wanted to so badly." When Mr. Lawrance found this out, he called the little fellow to him and stood beside him, telling the school in a touching manner of Willie's sorrow, and that even in his hour of grief, he loved his Sunday school too well to stay away. "He was a friend to every one," writes little Eleanor. "He was kind to all and I loved him," says eight-year-old Lucille, while diminutive Jean remembers that "Mr. Lawrance's favourite song was *More Like the Master.*" Caroline asserts, "He taught me to do good to others," and Isabel writes enthusiastically of the stories he told —"They will never be forgotten!" then adds, "He was always glad to help you out." Margaret Edwards ends a long description of the sunshine of his face, his love of fun and goodness with the words: "He was my idea of a man as perfect as is possible for a man to be." Elizabeth Weyrick tells the story of the time Marion Lawrance came to her home when she was about to join the church and told her, in the presence of her father and mother, the story of the time that he joined. "I have never been sorry that I said, 'Yes,' for it seemed to please him, and I could and would do anything that would please such a kind and pleasant man as Marion Lawrance." Winifred Jayne adds the personal note: "The thing that meant most to me was the way he gave out the love of Christ, by his actions and life. He was more than a Sunday school superintendent to me; he was my adopted father."

Upon the young men and women of the parish, this genial spirit exerted a lasting influence. Mr. Lawrance's success in giving his Sunday school an evergreen freshness of hope, optimism, love and an outlook heavenward, could easily be analyzed by the younger members at least. "I can still see him looking down at us just as if we all belonged to him," said one of them. He held a very effective little service at the close of the Sunday school hour called "father's knee" when all the younger members gathered around him at the foot of the altar. In his own impressive way he told them a beautiful little parable of some sort that stayed with them many a day. "It is a lonely church

and school at the corner of Fortieth and Drexel," laments Geneva Armstrong, "but such is life—empty spaces to be filled with memories. Mr. Lawrance radiated spirit and religion, and his whole being seemed a crucible, used by the Master. Especially was his choice spirit felt around the supper table at the bi-monthly meetings of the Workers' Council. His enthusiasm was magnetic; his teaching clear, illuminating, the point in his talk often sharpened with an incident—droll, pathetic, or amusing. His wonderful memory of Scripture nuggets, his inspiring blackboard talks, his warm-heartedness constant in this topsy-turvy world; one of the busiest men, yet never neglecting social life, as the flocks of post-card pigeons testify, as they came winging their way back from Jerusalem, Zurich, Rome, Tokyo; his words of appreciation and anticipation—'Thank you' and 'God bless you'; overcrowded days filled with writing letters to his own school; his own life exemplified a religion he lived. 'Let Christ live in you.'"

Like many another member, the editor of *The Outlook* thought the great man at the head of the school—laden as he was with countless details of the world-wide movement of which his was the guiding hand—could remember with complete accuracy various incidents of Sunday school life, calling by name the boys and girls who had been absent on account of illness, welcoming them back cordially, and observing their birthdays with gifts of a flower. He was always prompt and regular in all his obligations. His unique conception of a Sunday school—a session full of reverence and love, yet running over with good humour—has been widely copied. "For example," mentions Mr. Fickett, "instead of scolding the tardy members, he would say, 'Some more members for the Rainbow Club—they come around after everything is all over.'" His ability to tell a story, his sympathy in time of trouble, his mastery of his life-work, and his great love for God's children redeemed the time from dullness and enriched the life of every member.

A young business man confesses that it was Marion Lawrance's faithfulness to South Church Sunday School during the last years when it was a physical hardship to attend, that kept

him faithful to the duties of secretary. Another young man declares that the remarkable part of Marion Lawrance's life is the fact that he never knew defeat. He was always systematic, always encouraging others, always planning new ways. His adaptability made him loved and his stories and jokes filled in that place which argument so often fails to do. His faith in God —as nearly absolute as a human being could attain—and love for his friends, made it possible for him to " carry on," even when he knew he was not fully supported by his co-workers—a fact which marks a real big man. A young woman has filled her room with the mottoes given her by her superintendent while the Robert Raikes Diploma signed by him is prized especially highly.

Mr. Huet, assistant superintendent for a year before Mr. Lawrance resigned and who now holds the wheel, says enthusiastically:

His patience under trying circumstances; his faithfulness to his sacred duty in the face of cruel disappointment and physical weariness; his ever present optimism and cheerfulness; his stories bringing a smile or a tear with equal readiness, combine to express a wish of his in the words of a service which he wrote for the South Church, " Carry on, my soul, carry on." His soul now carries on in the hearts of all who love him.

Scores of young people have entered Christian work through his influence. Many more have been quickened into service. The memory of his presence and words are cherished—even his mottoes and his signatures on diplomas and letters. Happy indeed was he to receive some of this meed of appreciation during his last years. " If one knew him for a day, one knew him for all time," thought another trusted worker. It could be truly said that he knew himself, for he had his plan of life mapped out, and the central figure in this plan was the Man of Galilee. " Where he was known, he was a fireside companion rather than a formal guest." The greatest part of his influence came not from what he said or did—it came because of his sincerity—but from what he was, and if ever a man was unconscious of his influence, that man was Marion Lawrance. All his vital powers

were thrown into his words and actions. He was so sincere he could never be too mystical—a dreamer—or too commonplace. His was the sincerity of a real leader who led all these beloved young people of South Church a little farther than any one else did, yet he never left their side.

Maintaining Serenity in Spite of Heartaches

On December 1, 1923, Marion Lawrance issued a statement to the pastors and officials of the South Church, tendering his resignation. Among the reasons he gives for making this decision may be mentioned: The demand upon his time and strength made by the organization which he served; his frequent and extended absences from the city; limitations of time and strength; difficulty in securing officers and teachers; and lastly, the lack of co-operation and the proper evaluation of the Sunday school, on the part of the church membership. He mentions, as a chief reason, "My inability to overcome all these obstacles and make the school a success in spite of them."

There is little doubt in the minds of any of the active members or officials of the Sunday school, that Marion Lawrance was greatly beloved by all those in regular attendance but it is equally true that the majority of the church members were coldly indifferent to the work of the Sunday school, which evidently was regarded as being a "children's department of the church." The executive and business mind of Marion Lawrance expresses itself as follows to a friend—giving at least partial reasons for his resignation:

> Our Sunday school session is rarely more than forty-five minutes long. I am used to an hour and a half, but could get along with an hour and a quarter. Now it is rush—bang—to get through, and I have been given to understand we must not run beyond one o'clock. This has had a big influence in bringing me to the conclusion I have reached about resigning. We have not started on time ten Sundays this year, nor have I been able to carry out a single programme I have planned.

Although not at all satisfied (indeed, often greatly disappointed and humiliated by the apparent failure of his efforts), neverthe-

less the kindling earnestness, the resistless force of his friendly personality and leadership—felt more perhaps than seen—achieved much. After all, it was what he would have done, but did not, that really exalted him. It may have been a bit of comfort to him to realize what he aspired to do at the South Church, but could not do because of years, health and changing conditions. " Not failure, but low aim is crime " was a motto for years hanging above his desk.

But doubt lingered only a little while in the shadows of unwritten deeds. Faith again came in, like a good friend, when the whole world seemed to have gone out. The following verses, during these last years, were read and underscored in a morning devotional volume:

The wind blows east, the wind blows west,
The wind blows o'er the lea,
But whether fair or foul it blows,
'Tis always the best for me.

Sometimes my ship at anchor rides,
Sometimes it drifts to sea;
Becalmed or tempest tossed, I find
'Tis always best for me.

Perhaps it was not always so,
But now I've learned to see,
That He who rules the wind and wave
Knows what is best for me.

Ambassador of Childhood

The term, "Ambassador of Childhood," was applied to Marion Lawrance many years ago in Toledo, when he was championing the rights of children to religious freedom and religious expression through the Ohio Sunday School Association. It was recently used about him at the memorial service in Chicago by his pastor, Rev. T. Y. Williams. Surely for one who has superintended Sunday schools for forty-one years, who has directed the organized Sunday school work in State, International or World fields for thirty-five years, the term is exceedingly appropriate.

An unusual privilege is that of an ambassador—and an almost overwhelming responsibility. He must be a statesman with the gift of prophecy in pursuit of a great, national ambition. He must have wisdom to see, genius to plan, and tact to execute. His study is of conquest, of history, language, institutions, and the tendencies of the hour and the century. Above all he must show the highest art—that of judging men and leading them to do his bidding. The chief preparation for all this service is—experience.

Discerning leaders everywhere recognized Marion Lawrance's statesmanship qualities in his twenty-five years' direction of the International Association. His prophetic vision is seen in a thousand plans he made for individual Sunday school or world-wide organized Sunday school work. His great ambition was to vividly and holily represent the cause of childhood here on earth, while his great love for all men enabled him to know them and mould them to his plan. He was indeed ambassador extraordinary for God's Kingdom and a fully accredited representative to the world and the Christian Church.

As an ambassador, he performed illustriously the functions of his office. He talked peace and public tranquillity at all times—Peace with God, Country, Mankind. He practised no "secret diplomacy," and constantly sought to build up and inspire sympathy between the Christian Church to which he was sent and the God power that sent him, chiefly over the status of the child. He kept always in close touch with the Home Government and followed minutely the instructions he felt God gave him. The Christian diplomacy he practised before the Church had its Monroe Doctrine likewise, for it included "strict neutrality" in all matters beyond the immediate jurisdiction of the child and the Sunday school, and a warning against "entangling alliances," with unproven ideas, and with the powers of Materialism, Eclecticism, and Scepticism that would surely obscure the singleness and significance of his mission for the service of childhood. "The Golden Rule" occupied a prominent place in his diplomatic code and became a part of another official doctrine that the best government is that one which appears to govern least. As a representa-

tive sent to help build up a Kingdom of Childhood here on earth, Marion Lawrance had to learn to understand and speak the language of the child. And few men could speak to children and about them with equal effectiveness. The three hundred Toledo newsboys who changed their cat calls to eloquent silence when he spoke to them, the affectionate attitude of the children in his own Sunday schools and the foreign audiences of children which found the warmth of his friendliness and love even through the barrier of a foreign language, testify to the one, while his immense following and influence everywhere give proof of the latter.

"If every child he loved and every home he helped could bring a flower to his resting place," declared a Congregational minister, "he would sleep for many a day beneath a wilderness of flowers." His many namesakes multiply his influence and hopeful message. His great gift to them was not only the toys, books, articles of clothing he sent, but the great confidence in the King he served and the Kingdom whose minister he was, with which he inspired them.

Indeed he represented God and God's Kingdom very definitely and very completely and brought to the country where he sojourned, new and charming ideas of childhood. Opposition he guarded against largely through a winning personality, and the grip of the tremendous purpose that swung him on. No champion of individual rights ever laboured more profoundly, no one felt the love of little children more keenly than he.

But this is not all he saw. He saw in these little children, citizens of the future; and he knew that a righteous state can only be safeguarded by the early Christian nurture of the children. So, decade after decade, he pleaded for their religious education. He pleaded before the Church for the improvement and enlargement of the Sunday school teaching service. He pleaded before the public schools for moral instruction. He pleaded before the world to consider the social and political danger involved in educating the intellect of a child without also educating the emotions and the will. He spoke before business organizations, and professional groups, before the great leaders and mer-

chants of the world, and his theme was always, "See the child as a religious factor, and free him for religious growth."

Thousands of miles he travelled across oceans and continents to proclaim his message. He wrote a dozen books, all with the same theme. He addressed millions of people in thousands of audiences, and his enthusiasm never lagged, nor did his voice grow tired in expressing the depth of his conviction in this, his only theme.

People laughed at him for his enthusiasm, some ridiculed him for "the narrowness of his viewpoint." Many, consciously or unconsciously, laid big obstacles in his path; but the heart of him could not long be made heavy by these trials, for the eyes of him saw with prophetic vision a hundred years into the future.

It seemed to him that the child was merely a straw in the wind to the average home and community instead of being the father of all progress and both body and soul. The child was too often regarded as a thing to be beaten, or lashed by harsh words or numbed by indifferent attitudes, until the spiritual life was impossible.

But in the light of the great liberty torch which our forefathers had held aloft so valiantly amid the dark forests, he believed we could see as they did not the hope and glory and salvation of the future in the shining faces of little children, winsome and helpless. He believed they should early be taught to say the creed: "I am a citizen of the Kingdom of God. I have a right to exist, to learn, and to grow. I expect to become a man or a woman, and I am not only proud of my past, but infinitely more proud of my future. Since God, through mankind, has permitted me to live, I pledge allegiance to that silent, unseen Government, whose Constitution is the eternal will of God, and whose chief responsibility is 'The Golden Rule.' I shall live for this country, and will die for it. I am proud to be a citizen of this great Kingdom."

In a thousand cities and towns and hamlets of the world, little children were playing in the fields or romping about May-poles, who may never have seen his face, and little knew how their lives

had been blessed because he had, for half a hundred years, been planning and working and praying with their faces mirrored in his heart, and with their good ever on his mind; and all through that May-Day, they romped and sang and played, while their great friend and lover was gradually sinking into the sleep which knows no earthly waking.—A SUNDAY SCHOOL PERIODICAL.

IX

UNDER THE CHRISTIAN CONQUEST FLAG

"It ought to be a joy to you to know how God has cared for you in all parts of the world. I found your tracks everywhere. Your influence on the world as a world secretary can never be estimated."—W. C. PEARCE.

"One of America's, yea, one of the world's greatest preachers of our Christian civilization."—CONGRESSMAN W. D. UPSHAW.

HOW far could Marion Lawrance humanize a house? How large a house could he and did he permeate with his personality? Answers to these questions indicate his and any man's measure of greatness. Were the office, the streets he knew, his church pew, the home and its loved ones, were these the narrow boundaries of the little world of his life? And did he fully enrich this circumscribed existence with the intimacies of his associations? If his house had contained fifty rooms, filled with expensive rugs, furniture, pictures, books, bric-à-brac, rich treasures of art—would it have seemed cold and empty because of his lack of personal interest and relationship with them?

No, Marion Lawrance's home was far more than a shelter for his body; it was a haven for the spirit. With his family around him, he radiated charity and cheer, earnestness and energy, and that Christian idealism and fortitude that were so vital a part of his character. Moreover, this personality overflowed into the Washington Sunday School, the beloved members of which he regarded as a greater family. The "house" of the early field of his Sunday school labours he also completely pervaded with his captivating presence.

Blessed as he was with a rare winsomeness and unusual depth of feeling and imagination, his personality soon enfolded the great Sunday school family of Ohio. A larger "house" this was indeed—not one that was sharply cluttered with the things

of life but rather glowing with the soft refinements of the souls of men—a house not made with hands. Here, too, he was father, leader, brother, mentor and friend.

But the boundary lines of his native state faded and the empire he ruled with Christian kindliness and kingly beneficence was now bounded by two oceans, the lakes and the gulf. The note of Christian kinship and democracy was at once struck, and all secretaries and associates—even those on the remote frontier of state or province—became "my boys," "my children." He loved them devotedly and gloried in their personal and official achievements.

But the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man must exclude no one—must encircle the world. The great out-of-doors to Marion Lawrance was soon enclosed in one enormous house in which lived God's great family—one that needed ministry to the physical, mental, but most of all—to the spiritual comfort. His own personality accumulated in the many members of this world family he met, the gatherings he attended and directed, the speeches he made, the books he wrote, even the things he touched and loved. Everybody in this world house had significance. Although colour, creed and degree of civilization might differ, he stressed only the Eternal Thing. Into this house of the world, again like a father, he sought to place The Child—not to experience pain and beautiful sense impressions as with Pater's Florian Deleal, but to be taught, and led and trained in the fundamental Christian virtues.

This great house, whose matchless architect and decorator had made it beautiful to look upon, must be made into a home for these boys and girls of the world. No man deserves a mansion in the eternal home if he is not willing to make this one a fit place for children to live. So thought Marion Lawrance, who—a practical business man himself—however, looked far beyond a materialism of barren things to the ideal home of love, happiness, religious faith simply lived, and other spiritual satisfactions. After all, little courage is required in being practical but a tremendous courage is needed to think and practise such idealism as Marion Lawrance and his associates displayed in their world

Sunday school project. No one who was not a confirmed idealist ever touched the world as did they. Yet in Marion Lawrance's character there is a happy blending of practical common sense and an inspired imagination. He believed in action, in the use of things, in the marketing of available commodities but he also believed that eternity was at one's finger-tips and that

The things that be
And the things we see
Are not all the things that are.

Marion Lawrance, armed with his one idea, was a world spirit almost from the beginning of his Sunday school career. Although a member of the World Sunday Schools Councils some years before, his first World's Sunday School Convention was in London in 1889. At this convention, also at the World's Convention at St. Louis in 1893, he had no part on the programme. He used his opportunities well, however, and became acquainted with the world leaders from the thirteen countries represented; analyzed carefully the addresses, plans, and projects presented; studied world conditions minutely; mingled freely with the more than eight hundred delegates; and learned a hundred lessons in the art of leadership, the science of organization, the duties of an executive, the mountain needs of the children of men; the frailty of mankind, from the fact that human nature can be changed only through the magnetic power of Jesus Christ. Growing in grace and power himself and experiencing much in his Toledo Sunday school and Ohio field, he appeared at the World Convention at Jerusalem in 1904—a world factor in Sunday school work.

At the World's Greatest Shrine

In a room in the Auditorium Hotel—a Committee of Twelve were talking of the next (the fourth) World's Sunday School Convention. Chairman Hartshorn suggested "Easter morning, 1904, at the Saviour's tomb, Jerusalem." At a subsequent meeting, Marion Lawrance made the motion that brought the Sunday school hosts to the sacred city—the daring enterprise of visionaries, yet one of the greatest and most practical conventions ever

held. It was this World's Fourth Sunday School Convention in Jerusalem that attracted more attention to the Sunday school work of the world than all the conventions that preceded it. Mr. Warren, Mr. Hartshorn, and Mr. McCrillis made this tour possible.

In the well-kept, profusely illustrated diary which he always made for each of his tours and foreign trips, occur these paragraphs:

How it Came to Be

My trip to Jerusalem is because of the kindness of the Central Committee of the World's Convention, who extended to me a free ticket from New York to New York. It is a great opportunity for me, and from my heart, I am grateful. I am trusting the tour will be a great blessing in every way and especially make me more useful as a worker for God.

One would think that a man who travels as much as I do would get so used to saying "Good-bye" that it had really very little meaning. Such, however, is not the case, and every "Good-bye" is harder than the one before it. It is especially true this time.

To the Washington Sunday School he sent the following message of love and admonition to loyalty in his absence:

My best wish for you all while I am gone is that the work of Jesus Christ may go on with more vigour than ever. I trust that all the members of the school, especially, will be loyal to dear Brothers Beard and Duguid and all associated with them, not forgetting the faithful teachers. It is a joy that the pastor will be along also, and we are looking forward to an opportunity for many a delightful chat about the work, and prayers in its behalf.

Largely through the initiative of Marion Lawrance, his pastor, Dr. Ernest Bourner Allen, was sent as a delegate by the Washington Church. The fellowship of pastor and superintendent throughout the voyage was close and brotherly from the evening they left together in the cab, both in silence and tears at the thought of their loved ones left behind—to the gray morning of the twentieth of May when they disembarked with joyful hearts in the homeland.

The first Sunday out, Dr. Allen preached on "The Victory of Life" and Marion Lawrance conducted the largest Sunday school ever held in mid-ocean with ten departments and an attendance of 534, with an offering of $100.00 for the International work. A printed exercise was used as in the home school at Toledo.

The voyage and overland trip were filled with stimulating experiences, the visit to the Greek Evangelical Sunday School and talk to the members; Potts' inspiring sermon at Mars Hill; the view of the Parthenon at Athens from the ship. Let his diary continue the story:

On the overland trip I selected a donkey which had only one eye. His trot was like a whole lumberyard. I named him "Baalbec" because he was the "most magnificent ruins in Palestine." Dr. Allen, Dr. Tenney and I occupy Tent 103. We sleep to the music of chattering Arabs all about us, and the braying of donkeys. The city of tents is very pretty. Sleeping in Nazareth shall I ever forget the sensation as I looked upon the spots He saw and the stars which were above Him! I thought of home, of all my loved ones, and wished I was more like the boy who once lived here.

We sat on the edge of Jacob's well. Read the story of Jesus and the woman at the well. It made Him very near. Bless His Name! Sunday, April 17, we spent in Jerusalem. The long tent was full of people. Splendid meeting. I long to be more useful and faithful. God seemed very near.

We are surely studying the fifth Gospel on this trip.

At the convention itself, Marion Lawrance gave an address on "Childhood, the Hope of the World," in the same country Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." According to later comments, it was the one address that best caught up the spirit of the great gathering, and blended the dissimilar and disagreeing elements of race, colour, creed, nationality and denominations into a continuing vision of the wonderful Kingdom of Childhood.

On the return voyage he gave a symposium of methods upon the teaching of temperance in the Sunday school. To quote from

the official record: "This was one of the most interesting and unique sessions of the Sunday school held on shipboard. Some of the ship's crew signed the pledge and date their conversion from the service. Attendance, 392. Collection, $53.53."

He also gave a talk on "Publicity," showing ten ways of broadcasting the addresses of the great meeting all over North America through the press and pulpit. On the return trip a few days' stop was made at Egypt. Anna Y. Thompson, for fifty years connected with the American Mission at Cairo, comments upon the time Marion Lawrance came with a party from Jerusalem and of the great interest he showed in childhood in different lands, and the effort he made to bring to these children the knowledge of Christ.

Bearing Witness at Rome

The next few years saw perhaps the most sweeping transformation in his whole life, and at the same time, the most rapid unfolding of his public ministry. The death of his beloved companion, the breaking-up of the Toledo home, the sad leave-taking from Washington Street Sunday School, the trip to the Rome Convention with his son and daughter, the organization of his new office at Chicago—followed in close sequence. At the same time his keen interest, awakened zeal and intelligent grasp of the world field and its needs became strikingly manifest. Children of whatever colour or race, on every continent, appealed so strongly to him in their spiritual illiteracy that he planned constantly how the organized work might aid them.

On the eve of his departure for Rome, his home church and school tried to express its love for him and appreciation of his past labours. Dr. Allen said:

> Memory will always be busy with experience of friendship and service which these years have brought. Love never loses such treasures as this. He is our superintendent for life. In a peculiar and very personal way, the pastor will miss his yokefellow, miss him as no one can ever really know or understand; miss him in a score of vital places where a loyal, efficient, unselfish, loving, far-seeing, big-hearted helper and friend is needed.

A parting word by Marion Lawrance is found in *The Helper.*

My heart aches and is rent asunder at the thought of parting from you all. Nothing but the love of God binds it together. My heart shall ever abide in Toledo and in dear old Washington Street. (Thirty-three years and a half in connection with the church and school, and thirty years and a half as superintendent.) I shall expect greater things from Washington Street than we have yet dreamed of.

In the morning Sunday school visiting State secretaries paid tribute to their "chief." He was called a "Faithful Layman," "A Busy Sunday School Superintendent," "A State Secretary's Enlargement of Sunday School Life." Mr. E. M. Beard, esteemed superintendent for twenty years, spoke vividly of the past, after which the large Christian Conquest Flag across the front was drawn aside disclosing a splendid portrait of Mr. Lawrance in the centre of the arch. This was the signal for a burst of applause and the singing of "Blest Be the Tie That Binds." A "beginner" presented Mr. Lawrance with a solitaire diamond ring. He folded her in his arms.

In the evening State Secretary Halliday spoke of him as the superintendent of twenty-six million Sunday school scholars. State Secretary Clark laid the laurel wreath from a million Ohio Sunday school scholars on Mr. Lawrance's brow. Dr. Allen, in a sheaf of wheat, read thirty tributes from prominent Sunday school men in America and Great Britain. In Marion Lawrance's response he said, "The best tribute that can be paid to me is to have this school grow bigger and better." An editorial in the *Toledo Blade* reads: "A thorough student, a man of affairs, possessing a keen intellect, with a magnetic personality, he is indeed, perhaps, the best known Sunday school worker on two continents." The big lessons derived from Marion Lawrance's ministry in Toledo seemed to be: "Human nature needs the test of a long task;" "Great friendships need time for their development;" "There is a great lesson in continuity of service."

On board the *Romanic*, Mr. Lawrance's "incorrigible energy" displayed itself in his unending announcements; his raising

ten one-thousand-dollar subscriptions for the work, in his arranging special lectures on Rome, the Holy Land, and Sunday school work in the salon of the ship; in dispensing good humour and helpfulness in scores of ways. At the convention in the Methodist Episcopal Church—almost in the shadow of St. Peter's Cathedral and the Vatican, he was one of the chief speakers with other leaders such as Morgan, Potts, Schauffler, Price, Wells, Warren, Heinz, Meyer and Bailey. His friendly and official contacts with all these dignitaries and other functionaries of this convention, and his outstanding skill as an executive and power as a speaker led to very important developments in his own career within the following decade. Among these might be mentioned the translation of his book, *How to Conduct a Sunday School,* into Japanese and wide dissemination of it in that kingdom; his election as joint secretary of the World Sunday School Association at the Washington Convention; recognition of his organizing ability which resulted in his being given chief responsibility, with Dr. Carey Bonner, for the Zurich Convention in 1913; conception of him as a speaker of originality and power; his growing popularity as a man among men and his increasing reputation as an optimistic consecrated Man of God, enthusiastically devoted to becoming a more useful servant in the work.

Ernesto Filippini, General Secretary of Italian Sunday schools, comments on his meeting with Marion Lawrance at this convention: "I remember the Rome Convention, his life, his energy, his amiability; peculiarly his faith and love for the Master and His children. Now he is with his Master, happy after long travel full of blessed works and fruits. He was a hero of the army of Christ, and we must write in his tomb, the words of the Latin poet: '*Exegi monimen tum aere perennus*'—Glory, glory to his great and blessed memory."

James S. Crowther, J. P., the Honorary Secretary of the National Sunday School Union, first met Marion Lawrance at the Rome Convention. He recalls him as a man aglow with fervour and zeal, whose readiness in speech and aptitude in illustration quickly captivated his audiences whether at a convention, such as that held in Rome, or on other occasions. To be in his company,

he felt, was a stimulant for he was in no wise a theorist but a practical Christian man. Whenever he paid a visit to London, which he did frequently, his message was always most acceptable. "The grasp of his hand, the tone of his voice, albeit of somewhat nasal quality, his readiness in saying the right thing (and that in a most arresting way) won for him a position on our English Sunday school platform which many of us considered unequalled and this, combined with his elevated attitude of Christian love, made for him a name that will long abide on this side of the water."

Dr. F. B. Meyer, who was elected to the Presidency of the World's Sunday School Association, also met Marion Lawrance for the first time at this convention. He states that the outstanding incident of that convention, next to the presence of Garibaldi's granddaughter, was the service that he and Marion Lawrance conducted in the Coliseum which was rendered possible by the latter's wise and tactful handling of the civil authorities. It was through Marion Lawrance's happy arrangements that Dr. Meyer's tours were planned through South Africa, the Straits Settlements, and the East. The two met in happy fellowship at Zurich in 1913, and Chicago in 1914.

On the return trip, Mr. Lawrance and family, with Mary Metzger, joined Mr. W. C. Pearce's party across Europe, visiting Switzerland, Germany, Holland, France, spending the last days of July in England. Marion Lawrance loved England, especially the Lake District. He had real affection for the English people, especially those whom he met in the course of his Sunday school tours and visits. Some of the most comforting friends of his later years were these British leaders.

A Sunday School Tour of the British Isles

At the Washington Convention, Marion Lawrance was made Joint-Secretary of the World Sunday School Association, his time and salary being divided equally between that body and the International Sunday School Association. The year following (1911) Marion Lawrance was asked to make a Sunday school tour of Great Britain under the auspices of the Sunday School

Union and the World Sunday School Association. A British circular regarding the purpose of the trip reads as follows:

Mr. Lawrance visits Great Britain for the purpose of holding a series of meetings and conferences designed to encourage and strengthen interest in the work of the Sunday school. Mr. Lawrance has on several occasions already visited our country, and is widely known throughout the world as an able expert and inspiring leader. All Sunday school people should hear him. He visits Great Britain for the purpose of strengthening the Organized Sunday School Work, for urging the world vision of Sunday school work, and for promoting "International peace and brotherhood." He will be the bearer of messages from American statesmen, and will endeavour to awaken among the young people of British Sunday schools an interest in peace and brotherhood between nations.

The British tour showed Marion Lawrance at the very height of his powers—his whole personality exhaling the fragrance of a clean, wholesome life, while the vigour, magnetism and splendid vitality of this man of action were strikingly set off by the tender winsomeness of his manner and the Christian altruism of his message. He captivated his audiences who gave him the greatest speaking triumph of his life. In fact, the tour, touching such centres as Liverpool, Bristol, Cardiff, Leeds, Brighton, Belfast, Dublin, London, resolved itself into a continuous ovation to this foreign religious leader and revealed a remarkable interest in the Sunday school cause. Accompanying the party were Sir Francis Flint Belsey, Sir George White, Dr. F. B. Meyer, Rev. W. L. Watkinson, Rev. Richard Roberts. The Lord Mayor of London gave several formal luncheons in honour of Marion Lawrance; splendid town receptions were held at Manchester, Liverpool, Halifax. A special conference and tea was arranged at Halifax, and a Sunday school luncheon at Hull, while the Mayor and Mayoress gave a "Kingston-at-Home" to honour him.

Then there were the very large Welsh meetings at Cardiff, the conversazione at Aberdeen and the countless pleasure trips provided everywhere by friends. Big mass meetings filled the largest halls at Oldham and many other places. Special hymns

A Group of the Seventy Members of the British House of Parliament who entertained Marion Lawrance at a Special Luncheon on the occasion of his tour of the British Isles in 1911.

Front Row: (from left to right) MESSRS. HOWARTH, BURT, KINNAIRD, LAWRANCE, WHITLEY (Present Speaker), GIBSON, LAIDLAW, TOULMIN.

Second Row: (Standing) MESSRS. SPICER, GULLAND, SHIPWAY, MARKS, HIGHAM, MACDONALD (Late Prime Minister), CARLILE, HELME, BELSEY, EDWARDS, JONES, LEWIS, FERENS, THOMAS, KING, COLLINS.

Third Row: MESSRS. CLEMENTS, BONNER, ROSE, MCCALLUM.

were printed for use on Marion Lawrance's British tour, and special music and exercises provided. Some places, as at Birmingham, bouquets of flowers were presented to him when he arose to speak. Other places he was welcomed by several hundred children, as at Belfast. The newspapers devoted columns to his coming, a eulogy of his career, his picture and a minute report of his addresses and personality. Under column "Engagements" would frequently be found such paid announcements as "Marion Lawrance, Sunday School Leader, International Tour in Great Britain." But wherever he went, there was a hearty welcome spontaneously given by churches, Sunday schools, and town organizations. But the crowning honour he received, perhaps, is set forth in the following words on an elaborately-printed card:

Sir George White, Treasurer of the World's
Sunday School Association, requests the pleasure of
———— at luncheon in the Harcourt Room,
House of Commons,
on Tuesday, November 28, 1911, at 1:00 P. M.
to meet
MR. MARION LAWRANCE.
The Right Honorable J. H. Whitley, M. P., Deputy Speaker,
will preside.

About sixty members of Parliament were present, including Sir Ramsay Macdonald, late Prime Minister of the British Crown. It was said to be the first meeting of the kind ever held in the House of Commons. A great American flag was draped behind the chair occupied by the honoured guest. Following is the account in *The Sunday School Chronicle:*

It is perhaps not inappropriate that at the close of Mr. Marion Lawrance's ambassadorial visit to Great Britain, he should be received at a meeting in the House of Commons. Our Sunday school Ambassador from the United States of America has not come to discuss delicate matters of diplomacy, but to bring to Great Britain the inspiration of his own work in America, in the interests of the child.

Thus spake the Right Hon. J. H. Whitley, the Deputy-Speaker of the House of Commons (now Speaker) who presided over a meeting held in the Harcourt Room of the House, and the statement was received with the heartiest applause by a company of about sixty members of Parliament.

In the name of Sir George White, and on behalf of his colleagues in the House, he bade Mr. Lawrance a hearty welcome to the House of Commons and thanked him for the excellent work he had accomplished during his visit to Great Britain.

Sir George Laidlaw, President of the Sunday School Union, voiced the welcome of the Sunday schools of England in a brief speech, at the close of which Mr. Marion Lawrance gave a breezy address.

The American visitor asked the members of Parliament to help the Sunday school to put a more masculine stamp upon the churches than they had at the present time. They needed men, business men, men of high rank and culture, and in the future they were going to have them, he added convincingly. If our Saviour does not deserve the love and respect and service of the great and strong and stalwart men of England, He is not the Saviour whom we believe Him to be. When Mr. Lawrance went on to speak of the 30,000,000 people who composed the Sunday school army, and of an increase of 1,000,000 a year and further of 2,500,000 voters in the American Sunday school, the Members nodded to one another. It will be strange if the movement does not receive a higher rating after this historic gathering.

Nothing could swerve Mr. Lawrance from his sacred goal. While he was intensely human and appreciated to the full the meed of praise he received and the countless courtesies of friends, he did not think he was anything more than a humble servant of the most high God. The following statements are found in his ever-faithful diary:

I go to bed feeling that God is far better to me than I deserve. I am praying for more of His grace and strength for my work.

Met the Lesson Committee in session at Old Bailey. They decided to add denominational representatives, two for each denomination, with 200,000 Sunday school members or more, and one for less.

Saw John Knox's home—motto in raised letters: "Love God wi' all y'r heart, and y'r neighbour as thyself."

At the breakfast he gave to a few friends at the Baptist Church House, Southampton Row, he again emphasized the fact that the fundamental of all Sunday school work is consecrated, self-sacrificing, Christ-filled lives. Prayers throughout his diary ask God for strength for his work, for Christ's spirit of victory over self and for the success of the Sunday school work of Great Britain.

Rev. Carey Bonner, Vice-President of the World's Sunday School Association, wrote an account of the British tour of Marion Lawrance which shows how completely he won the respect and affection of his Sunday school colleagues in Great Britain:

An important event during the triennium—1910–1913—was the visit of Mr. Marion Lawrance to Great Britain. Previous to the Washington Convention the Rev. F. B. Meyer, B. A., D. D., had given two months for a Sunday school tour of the United States, and a suggested return visit of Mr. Lawrance to Great Britain was taken up enthusiastically by the committee, who at the close of the tour issued the following report:

Mr. Marion Lawrance's British campaign on behalf of the Sunday schools has entirely fulfilled its purpose. These purposes were: 1. To inspire and strengthen interest in Sunday school work. 2. To consider the practical Sunday school problems of the day. 3. To emphasize the Sunday school as the Church's best evangelistic agency. 4. To cultivate, so far as possible, through the Sunday schools, the spirit of international brotherhood and universal peace.

To carry out this purpose, conferences and meetings were organized in thirty-two cities and districts. In order that all sections of the religious community might be reached, in most cases special committees were formed of the church and Sunday school organizations in the town, and, as a rule, some of the most influential leaders in civic and religious life identified themselves with the campaign. In order to emphasize the international character of the tour a British speaker accompanied Mr. Lawrance.

Two functions deserving more than passing mention were: 1. A gathering of students from various theological colleges in

London. This was held at Regent's Park College by the kind permission of the Rev. Principal Gould, and Mr. Lawrance gave a powerful and suggestive address on "The Minister's Relation to His Sunday School," and conducted a question conference at the close. 2. A remarkable and unique gathering was the luncheon given by invitation of Sir George White, M. P., Treasurer of the World's Sunday School Association, at the House of Commons on Tuesday, November 28, 1911. This was presided over by Deputy-Speaker Right Hon. J. H. Whitley, M. P. Descriptive accounts of the meetings week by week were published in *The Sunday School Chronicle,* whose sub-editor accompanied Mr. Lawrance on the tour. During his sojourn in Great Britain Mr. Lawrance delivered one hundred and ten addresses, travelled five thousand five hundred miles and spoke in the aggregate to more than seventy-six thousand people, being an average of seven hundred per meeting.

In one great city a local leader says, "Although, before this, we had distinguished speakers at our Sunday School Union meetings, and lectures from experts, yet never has there been present so representative and so influential an audience as that assembled to hear Mr. Lawrance. His visit has given a new dignity to the Sunday school in this town and district."

In the city of Birmingham, where Sir Oliver Lodge and Professor Roscoe addressed the gatherings, the testimony is given that Mr. Lawrance's visit "has lifted up the Sunday school work of the city to a higher level than it ever before occupied."

In a large centre where the meetings were attended by delegates from surrounding villages, we are told that his visit was a "veritable inspiration, and his presentation of high ideals and better methods had led the way to practical reform."

The practical character of the meetings is shown by the fact that in Newcastle, after Mr. Lawrance's visit, a special conference was called, attended by representatives from the city and surrounding districts, to discuss how best to serve and follow up the influence of Mr. Lawrance's messages.

In offering their cordial thanks to the chairman and speakers, the Committee would place on record their especial gratitude to Mr. Lawrance and to his American committee. At the farewell meeting held at Regent's Park Chapel, under the presidency of Dr. F. B. Meyer, Sir Francis F. Belsey, on behalf of the

Sunday School Union, presented Mr. Marion Lawrance with a specially engraved and framed "Diploma of Honour" in recognition of his long and valuable services in the Sunday school cause, and the following address, beautifully illuminated and bound, was presented by Dr. F. B. Meyer:

DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER: It is impossible for me to allow your British tour to terminate without attempting to express to you something of our deep appreciation of your effort. We have elsewhere voiced our gratitude to our brethren of the American committee for freeing you for the purpose of this tour. But something more than this is called for. We want you also to know how greatly we value what you have done in the interests of the Sunday school. From the opening of the campaign at Liverpool, on September 21, to the closing meeting in West London on November 30, the gatherings have been full of power. The testimonies from all places visited clearly show that your presence and your messages have heartened and inspired Sunday school workers throughout Great Britain. You have given a new vision to the Sunday school people who have heard you, and have shared with them the fruits of your ripe experience. More than this, you will henceforth be regarded as the personal friend of all who have come in contact with you, because you have won not only our esteem, but our affection. Your visit has, in a remarkable way, strengthened the bonds between British and American Sunday school people. We realize more than ever that the work is one, and that the conquest of the world for Christ can only be brought about when the Lord's people unite in using every effort to win the children of the world for Him.

In bidding you farewell and wishing you a heartfelt God-speed in your life and labour, we assure you of our belief that your visit here has been of lasting help to all of us. Its influence will remain. Whenever we think of it we shall thank God and take courage. Commending you in love to our Heavenly Father, and praying that throughout your future the joy of the Lord may be your strength, we remain, dear friend and brother,

Most cordially yours,

(Signed on behalf of the National Committee)

F. B. MEYER, *Chairman of National Committee,*
GEORGE WHITE, *Treasurer,*
CAREY BONNER, *Secretary.*

The Committee's resolution of thanks to the American brethren was engraved on vellum, and forwarded to the Chairman of the American Committee. It read as follows:

Resolved, That the members of the British section of the World's Sunday School Association Executive Committee desire to place on record their deep sense of the courtesy and generosity of their American brethren in allowing Mr. Marion Lawrance to undertake the British tour in the interest of Sunday schools.

They would assure their brethren that this tour has been of the greatest value to British Sunday schools, embracing as it has done various parts of Great Britain and Ireland. In all the places visited Mr. Lawrance has helped and inspired Sunday school workers in their labours, giving them a wider outlook and nobler ideals, besides aiding them in spirit of devotion as well as in a finer quality of service. The British representatives are expressing to Mr. Lawrance personally their appreciation of his visit.

In sending fraternal Christian greetings to their brothers in America, they would express their conviction that this campaign of Mr. Lawrance's will have deep and lasting influence in Great Britain. It has undoubtedly strengthened the bonds uniting the two great nations in one supreme service of winning children and young people for the Saviour King.

The National Committee gladly record that written and spoken testimonials alike, from city, town and country districts, abundantly prove that Mr. Lawrance's campaign has been an encouragement to the loyal and faithful, a trumpet call to nobler and more efficient effort, an aid to international brotherhood, a help to a world-wide vision of the Sunday school and a challenge to all servants of the Lord to give their " utmost for the highest."

London, December, 1911.

In the Shadow of Zwingli and Pestalozzi

While his rare gifts of public speech, clear thought, striking originality, kindling friendliness, and broad grasp of the Sunday school work shone brightly on his British tour, it was his lofty statesmanship, keen executive power, subtle diplomacy, and synthetic ability as a programme builder that marked him at the Zurich Convention in 1913. Having burned his vitality very

rapidly the past ten years and giving his strength freely on all demands, it is little to be wondered at that he approached the giant task imposed upon him with forebodings. His first trip to Zurich was via London in January—to perfect details of the Association. His diary mirrors his soul:

Telegram to Lois: "We are just sailing. The love and prayers of my precious girl and boy will greatly encourage and sustain me. Am trusting in Isaiah 41: 10 and 13."

Wireless from John Wanamaker: "The affection and prayers of thousands of your brethren will follow you across the ocean in all your journeyings."

This was my starting day for the trip to London and Zurich. Much preparation has been made. I do not feel strong enough to go, and yet it is God's work and I am trying to serve Him. I leave the treasures of my heart behind, and go forth alone—but for the Presence that never fails.

Oh, my Father, give me strength and wisdom for it all, and grant that I may return in strength and health for a still greater work to come, and in Thy good time give me the longing of my heart for the years ahead. Keep me pure and make me brave. Bless the loved ones left behind.

Some way, I feel so depressed—as if my life did not amount to anything. I do not feel myself. Oh, God, give me a fresh grip on things and on myself. I want to be the man You want me to be. Show me my duty in this world's work and help me to get the results You want. Oh, for the spirit of buoyancy and vigour I used to have. Help me to be brave, to face all that is before me.

Feel so tired. The devil seems to be tempting me by discouragement and by a sense of failure in my life and work. Oh, for more of the spirit of Jesus Christ. Oh, God, do not let me fail on this trip. So many prayers are being offered up for me, at home and elsewhere. I have so much to be thankful for and to work for, I should not get blue, *but my bodily strength is lacking in some way.* I do want to make good for His sake and those who are depending on me. God help me.

The convention trip was taken in June. Again the diary tells his moods and yearnings, his hopes and prayers:

Tuesday, June 3, 1913. A beautiful, bright day. A day of victory. Victory over self. Just a little step ahead—with great heights before me. God grant that I may keep on, with my face toward Him.

How thankful I am to God for my Lois and my Harold.

I am expected to keep the affairs of the ship running right, as far as our party is concerned. "There's a wideness in God's mercy, like the wideness of the sea!"

Items to remember: Think little of yourself and mostly of others. Be cheerful. Respect others' rights about reading, resting or quietness. Don't complain about anything. Don't overeat.

Telegram to Mr. Hartshorn, with the flag: "Acting for the *Canopic* Zurich delegates and under instruction of Mr. Warren, Chairman, I have great pleasure in handing you herewith a beautiful 'Old Glory' emblem, which, I trust, will give you and Mrs. Hartshorn and your family and friends very great pleasure as it floats from the top of the flagpole at Clifton. May it be a reminder to you of the love we all bear to you and yours for your matchless service and, most of all, just for yourself."

The kaleidoscopic variety of shipboard life was all a delight to him—after a strenuous period of preparation. While it relieved him to play shuffle-board, to pass among the passengers dispensing "Mother-sill Sea-sick Remedy," to walk his brisk mile each morning and afternoon with some friend, yet he was obliged to attend practically every meeting, no matter how small, and to speak frequently on different phases of the Sunday school enterprise. Yet he always found time to commune with himself and to confide his inner soul to the pages of a book as well as give an outline history of the mainsprings of that convention:

God was near and I was conscious of His presence and help all the way through. The people were most kind in their expressions, and Mr. Warren especially so. He said: "Lawrance, that was a masterpiece!" I am grateful. Oh, that we could make the people see what the World Sunday school field offers! Oh, that I may have life and strength to help forward this greatest of all works—the organized Sunday school movement. This seventeenth day of June is an anniversary day for me, as it is twenty-four years ago to-day that the *Bothnia* sailed from Boston

for the World's First Sunday School Convention, in London. It is also the month I engaged to be the General Secretary of Ohio and hence, the beginning of my work as a Sunday school secretary. What a story these twenty-four years could tell! I thank God for all it has brought, of labour and joy.

This is the longing of my heart: To be pure in heart; to be hopeful and cheerful; to witness for Christ as opportunity offers; to love God's Word more, as a personal message to me; to have more joy and power and satisfaction in my daily prayer; to be more conscious of the presence of God in my every-day life; to live the life that counts and that is safe and irreproachable, in the hope of the *hope* of the full joy in this world and the world to come. God grant it!

Was much surprised to have Mr. Warren call for three cheers for me, as I rose to speak to-night. The noise almost raised the roof, and was gratifying, because they showed how kindly the people felt toward me. Oh, that I may be more worthy of such confidence and love.

In the Ohio stunt, which was last, Mr. Endsly had me up and made a most flattering speech about me. It was so fulsome that I was greatly embarrassed. He spread it all on thick and it made me feel how small I was. Then they gave me three cheers and attached my name to the State yell. I tried to respond and it was not easy. They gave me an Ohio badge, which is very pretty. The whole ship seems to try to honour me. Oh, to be worthy. I do long to make my life count on this ship. There are many dear ones at home praying for me, and everybody is so good. Oh, my Father, help me to show forth the loving heart of Jesus on this ship, and keep myself unspotted from the world. I thank God for my friends.

The Devil is on this boat, and the character of one of my friends is being kicked about as a football. Oh, for the spirit of Christ. Oh, to be forgiving as Jesus was forgiving. I thank God He does give every one another chance and does not cut them off. God, be merciful to us all. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." It looks now as if I had headed off a tragedy to a character and saved my friend to his great work.

Raised $1,000 for the work in Algeria; $6,000 in pledges for the work.

Bonner is the same dear chap, and I love him.

Dr. Bailey says it is a wonderful and great programme. If my hopes will come true, that Jesus Christ may shine out of every session, I shall be content. My prayer is that God may make this a very great convention to the glory of His Name.

Read statement in regard to the future of the work, which made a big sensation. It may become historical: "Recommendation: Your Joint Secretaries desire to recommend that hereafter the World's Sunday School Association carry on its missionary work as a solid unit, so that without materially interfering with the prerogatives of your section of the committee as to policies of administration, various fields shall realize that it is the Association as a whole and not a section of it, as at present, that is endeavouring to help them solve their Sunday school problems. Signed—CAREY BONNER and MARION LAWRANCE."

Was so tired at night. It is discouraging to have so many telling me all the time how badly I look. I am getting very thin.

Mr. Heinz moved that the convention go to Japan.

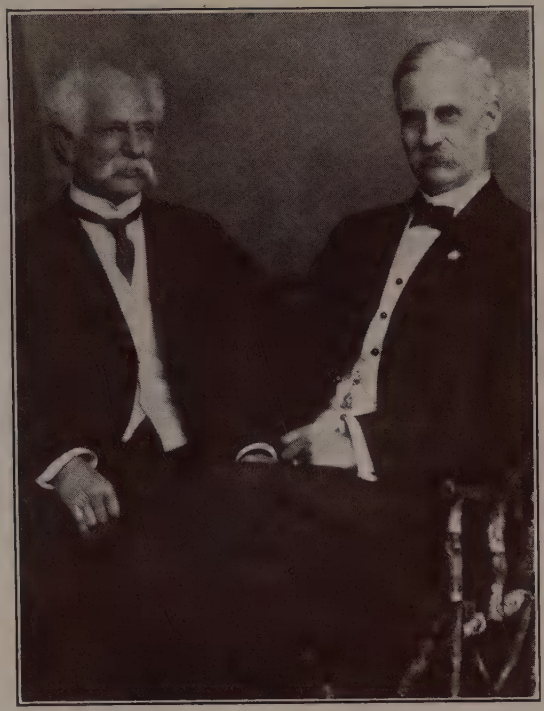
Raised $106,000 in thirty minutes. Dr. Meyer ran it up to $125,000 to be evenly divided between British and American sections. This was far below what we had hoped for. I was worn out when my work was done.

I have arranged for Dr. Meyer to be at our International Convention in Chicago, June, 1914.

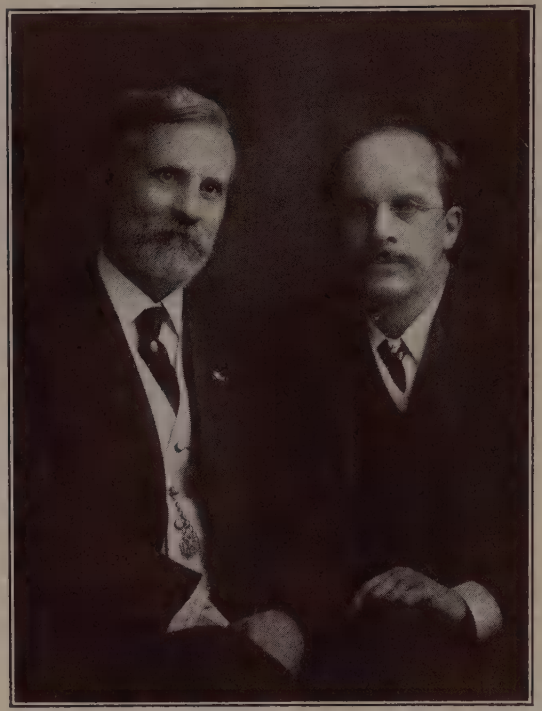
Heinz introduced, and spoke with his usual "snap."

At the close a meeting was held, of the American Committee, and, by unanimous vote, I was asked to give my whole time to the World's work.

In Marion Lawrance's convention report—a model of succinctness—he showed how the great convention had been prepared for by a round the world trip of twenty-nine Sunday school leaders, covering a period of five months' time; and by a month's visitation of North Africa of three prominent workers. These and other preliminary arrangements led to over twenty-six hundred delegates being present—from every continent and more than fifty nations—a truly remarkable gathering. There were over fourteen hundred delegates from North America alone, sailing in four chartered ships. The report also shows that the convention of forty-eight sessions lasted eight days with 225



MARION LAWRANCE and H. J. HEINZ, after the Zurich Convention which Mr. Lawrance conducted.



MARION LAWRANCE and REV. CAREY BONNER, Joint Secretaries of the World's Sunday School Association.

participants speaking in English, French, and German through an interpreter—one of the ablest linguists in Europe. The speakers included some of the most distinguished religious and educational leaders on two continents. Inspired possibly by the large numbers, possibly by the atmosphere of historic Zurich where Zwingli and Pestalozzi once flourished, the chairmen and members of the convention committee accomplished such marvellous results that the effect is strongly felt to-day and will be a weighty factor in future decades.

In addition to $125,000 raised by Marion Lawrance and Dr. Meyer, six great commissions were appointed to study conditions and possibilities in Africa, Mohammedan lands, the Orient, Continental Europe and Latin America. Many new secretaries were elected—two in Moslem lands, one at Cairo, one in Turkey, one in Korea, one for the Philippines, one for India (making the number four), one for China (making two) and an Educational Secretary for Japan. It was voted to send representatives to hold conventions and conferences in South America, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and in the East. By means of the waste material department, through which eight thousand schools had been placed in touch with Missions which amply supplied them with valuable material, Latin America, Turkey and China were also to be provided with practical Sunday school literature. The number of salaried workers in the World work was increased to twelve, while the new World Committee of nearly one hundred men was elected with Sir Robert Laidlaw of England, President, and Mr. H. J. Heinz of the United States, Chairman. Perhaps one of the greatest feats was the selection of Tokyo for the next triennial convention. On motion of Mr. Heinz, the offer of the local committee of Tokyo (including the Mayor, several Barons, and Captains of ship companies) to guarantee a fund of $36,000 was accepted.

Items in his diary show his physical condition and state of mind at the close of the convention:

Mr. Heinz invited me to be his guest at the Dapper Sanitarium, Bad Kissingen, Germany, for four weeks. He is so good to me! I do need the rest very much!

July 18. Before going to breakfast to-day, I went to the room of Mr. Heinz and told him I would accept his generous offer. What a prince of a man he is, and what a friend! It is a gift from the hand of God and as such, I receive it, knowing that I need a rest and a building up to fit me for the work that is before me. My heart is full of gratitude to God and to my friend for making all these good things possible.

A letter from his son received July 8, he carried in his pocket-book until almost worn out:

My beloved Father: No one, no matter how old he may be or who he is, can have the same love and affection for you as that of your son. While others may see your great work for the world, in emphasizing all the principles of right living that make for a more perfect manhood and more perfect womanhood, I see all this, and in addition a loving, great-hearted father. I cannot always understand and sufficiently appreciate this world leader in Christian thought and activity, for I see first of all, a father to whom I owe all in this life, of happiness, education, position, friendship—and most important of all, that gleam of true Christian manhood which he, himself, personifies and gives me as an example. God bless my father on this and every other voyage.

HAROLD.

Heinz bantered me to have my beard cut off; so we are both clean-shaven except for the moustache. I am wondering what Lois and Harold will think of it. It does make me look younger, and I feel much cleaner.

To his election as full-time World Sunday School Secretary he gave much thought:

There is much to be considered in the decision that is before me, he reflects, and I need more than human wisdom. I am so unworthy and so unfit for so big a place, and there are so many complications connected with the International work. Mr. Heinz wants me in the World's work. I fear Mr. Warren prefers I should remain in the International. Some way, I feel the loss of something in my life that seems to have faded out, a terrible sense of loneliness, a feeling of having disappointed those I love the most. No one will ever know what this trip has meant to me,

from longing and homesickness. Just to go forward without a moment is what I must do.

While he who walks in love may wander far,
Yet God will bring him where the blessed are.

Doctors said I have been overworking my heart. Could not write more than one letter this morning because of "nerve storm."

The achievements of the Zurich Convention were won at tremendous cost, but they were signal. They called for an exceedingly clear-eyed, level-brained statesman, some one who would yield much that there might be union of spirit. The official record does not tell of national, creedal, religious, racial, governmental, social, lingual difficulties, and the very keen insight and patience required to reconcile them even slightly. The two secretaries strove for unity only in essential things, extending broad liberty in other matters. But the biggest problem facing Marion Lawrance at this convention was in reality not the convention, not even his health, but the far-reaching one of his future work —as Secretary of the World work, or of the International work. The former office had grown to such an extent that a secretary and several field-workers on full time were needed.

For four years he had served as Joint Secretary on half-time. Here was an opportunity for him to enter upon a very attractive service, with unhampered jurisdiction, an inviting field, and a wonderful opportunity for constructive statesmanship. Unquestionably the position would be a step up. On the other hand, his home and friends must be sacrificed and the strong foundations of the International work he had already laid would have to be turned over to another. But, strange as it may have seemed to many of his advisers, and even his family, these arguments weighed little. After long debate and many prayers, he chose to remain in the International Association for the reason that there he believed he could render the largest, most fruitful service to his Master. Considerable surprise at this decision was shown in certain circles but that he was prophetically wise is

now generally admitted. The Executive Committee of the World Sunday School Association expressed its regret and paid him the following tribute:

As a leader of men, especially in great National and International Sunday school movements, as an expert in Sunday school organization, as a man of literary culture in the preparation of Sunday school literature and one greatly gifted in public address, in tactfulness in the midst of difficult and conflicting environments among men and organizations, as a Christian of consecration, faith, and spiritual power, and as a beloved brother, Mr. Marion Lawrance stands among us as one whom we respect, and love and delight to honour as a faithful servant of Jesus Christ.

Bishop J. C. Hartsell,
Dr. George W. Bailey,
Committee.

But Marion Lawrance's interest in Christian conquest of the world through the Sunday school never flagged. Though not now an active leader in it, he constantly contributed of his inspiration and his knowledge, his time and money, so far as was possible.

Where There is Neither East nor West

Through the great courtesy of his associates in the International work, chiefly Mr. Fred A. Wells, Treasurer, a purse was made up of nearly twenty-five hundred dollars to enable him to attend, with his daughter, the Tokyo Convention in 1920. He was very grateful for this courtesy and he and Lois spent three very happy months in the Orient. Here he received first-hand knowledge not only of the Sunday school enterprise, but of the work in the mission fields and his heart was greatly moved and his ambition aroused more than ever to bring the teaching of Christ to the children of the East. Of his sympathy with the results already produced, his efforts to extend the cause, his cosmopolitan outlook, international charity and his own zealous, genial personality, there is convincing evidence from the friends he made on this tour.

(*Above*) Dr. Samuel D. Price, Marion Lawrance and Dr. Horace E. Coleman at the Coleman home in Tokyo.

(*Below*) Delegates to the Tokyo Convention helping Marion Lawrance celebrate his 70th birthday on train from Nara to Yameda, Japan. (Marion Lawrance at extreme left end.)

At Seoul, Korea, he spoke before a Y. M. C. A. audience, completely winning the hundred boys present. At Kobe, Japan, he helped dedicate a building for Christian education. He was so impressed with the possibilities that he wanted to raise money to build a similar building at Kyoto in connection with the Doshisha University. "In the Orient," relates D. W. Kurtz, "the big problem of being courteous to the Buddhists, without compromising his faith, was met with rare tact and courtesy, but with absolute Christian loyalty. He was my Herod, and yet he was so generous as to be my friend."

Horace Coleman of Tokyo believed that his work alone at this Convention was a big contribution to the cause. It was due to Mr. Coleman's encouragement that Marion Lawrance wrote the ten lectures on Japan, which he later gave, with many beautiful stereopticon slides, building up much sentiment thereby for Christian Missions and World Peace.

His big-heartedness, religious zeal and rare personality were revealed in many an incident. On shipboard every one, according to a fellow passenger, "was glad when he lead the morning devotional service, for he lives so close to the Master that his message and prayer bring his hearers close, too. When it was learned that a member of the party had received a wireless that his wife had died, how earnestly Marion Lawrance remembered him in sympathy and prayer." The sad and pitiable condition of the people in famine-stricken China touched and stirred this great heart to appeal to the schools of the United States and Canada for relief. Many hours of the voyage were spent in planning and organizing a campaign continent-wide. The delegates on board were pledged on their return to give all help and assistance in the communities they represented.

The second of October—the birthday anniversary of Marion Lawrance—was a memorable day on this oriental tour. Thirty delegates were riding from Nava to Yameda in a Japanese railway train. Mr. Lawrance was given the seat of honour at the end of the car. Then about seventy congratulatory letters and post-cards from friends were presented to him and read aloud. Sandwiches, Japanese cakes and sweets were passed—even the

Japanese guides entering into the spirit of the occasion and providing a large birthday cake, candy and soft-drinks. Then followed impromptu speeches, singing, story-telling. Miss Landes delivered an impromptu address in Japanese composed by herself and of which she understood only an occasional word. The "interpretation" of this speech into English was laboriously and humorously made by Mr. Callender. The celebration ended with a little suspicion resting upon the one in whose honour it was given, for several empty bottles of a very suggestive type were found in Marion Lawrance's pockets, although he said he could not tell how they came to be there.

On the return to America one evening was devoted to "Echoes of the Convention." It remained for this "gray-haired veteran" to give the climax to that meeting, stirring hearts with impressions and memories of the great gathering and appealing for great consecration and service because of the privileges enjoyed and the vision of a world-wide need. A fellow-delegate relates:

An evening which lingers longest in our memories was one spent in the music room when, at the earnest request of the company, this beloved leader told the story of his life's voyage. Very simply, very beautifully, he unfolded the story. It made a profound impression. Out on the broad stretches of the Pacific, thousands of miles from land, the good ship rising and falling with the heaving waves, the Captain of his salvation had taken complete charge of his life so that the voyage could be made in safety and blessing be brought to thousands. Another evening, he told, as his contribution, the story of the "Artist's Masterpiece." Like all his stories, it was given so well that another and still another were called for. When it came to say "Good-bye" to Marion Lawrance, it was as though the parting were with a long-known and long-loved friend, for he had won all hearts.

A number of Japanese leaders became personal friends, some even after so slight a contact as the convention afforded. An extract from a statement made by K. Ibuka, of Tokyo, is a sample of many which were made since the convention or following his death: "He impressed me as a remarkable personality, with a wonderful passion for service and loyalty to the Master. Al-

though there was little time between sessions, we formed a friendship which remained unbroken until his death. He was at Zurich and Tokyo a leading spirit, and delivered masterly addresses. As long as my memory lasts, my impression of him and appreciation of his friendship and service will last. His friends in Japan will agree with me in saying that the loss is personal to us as well as to his friends in his own country."

That he was constantly living his rôle of "peace-maker" and Christian statesman even when the parties were nations rather than individuals is shown in words he wrote to Mr. Maoshi Kato, a year before his passing:

I certainly agree with you, my friend, when you say what we need is a better understanding. No right-minded peoples want to fight each other, and as I have often said in the past, if the differences that have arisen or may arise between your country and mine can be settled by the statesmen and the best-thinking people, rather than by the politicians and sensational newspapers, there would be no difficulties to adjust in the future. One of the deepest longings of my heart is that I might come back to Japan in company with a few friends and make a Sunday school tour of your land, speaking on Sunday school matters in the various cities. I wish I could be with Prof. Smith when he goes over there a year or so from now to hold his pageants.

A Cloud of Witnesses

Why were so many people, in all parts of the world, definitely touched by the outstanding personality of Marion Lawrance? They seem to have been influenced by much the same characteristics, winsomeness of voice, words, presence and a kindly heart —Christlike qualities which he was seeking to incarnate in himself and in his environment; genius for encouraging and stimulating others; largeness of his vision of work and of service; never-fading friendships. His contacts were among all classes and conditions—the successful and discouraged, the rich and poor, college men and self-made individuals like himself, through whom a definite work for the Kingdom was, is, and will be carried on—largely through the initiating power in his life.

His good works and Christian life were surely compassed about by a cloud of witnesses. John Rowland of the Seminario Evangelico de Mexico, D. F. and Dr. P. M. Stevenson of the Union Medical College, Peking, are extreme in their commendation of his thoughtfulness and fidelity. Alexander Crawford of Portstewart, Ireland, emphasizes his genius for friendship, while J. B. Houser of Puebla, Mexico, characterizes his personality as graciousness, what the Mexicans call the ability of being "Simpatico" (agreeable, pleasing, loving). The Scottish Honorary Secretary, A. Young, was impressed by his great force of character, and Theron Gibson, of Toronto, remembers his wit, repartee and happy faculty of "getting himself happy with his audience" at the commencement of his address, while another quality—that of personal and loving sympathy in time of bereavement—appealed strangely to a Sunday school leader in St. John, New Brunswick. His deep abiding interest in the Kingdom drew Philo W. Drury, of La Union Evangelica de Puerto Rico, to him, while "the keynote of this man's success," according to G. A. Maybee of Saskatchewan, was the fact that he loved children and children loved him.

A fine recognition was paid him by Luis Beringner of Santiago in naming one of the rooms of the most modern and most splendidly equipped Sunday school in Cuba "The Marion Lawrance Sunday School Room." Marion Lawrance knew nothing of this until, with a party in 1909, he visited Cuba and was much touched by the honour his Cuban friends had done him.

His humour was irrepressible and irresistible. His audiences delighted in its wholesomeness and cheer. At one of the Maritime Conventions, he was preceded on the programme by a very rapid speaker who, on that occasion, exceeded even his own speed limit. When rising to speak, Mr. Lawrance braced himself heavily against the piano and said, to the great amusement of all and yet without offense to the previous speaker, "My! I feel as if I had just been out in a terrific storm!" "This still stands as a classic among us in this territory," says A. C. Machum. Mr. T. Brown, of Leicester, England, says Marion Lawrance's addresses in the afternoon and evening at Leicester were rich. He

could go "from grave to gay; from lively to severe. He began one address: 'Well, I have been to many places, but Leicester is the best I have struck yet (much applause). Yes,' said he, 'I say that about every town I visit, and all the people seem to like it (roars of laughter).'" At another time and place he said, "Let us be careful that in trying to do good, we do not fight against God." As Marion Lawrance was beginning a series of meetings in England, he was warned not to be surprised if he got letters addressed to "Miss Marion Lawrance" as the name "Marion" in Great Britain is feminine. He replied that at the time his name was given him, he had not reached the years of discretion and so could not warn his parents against the danger.

No more beautiful or fervent tributes were paid to him than by his British friends. They ran the gamut of qualities in personality and service. A leader whom Marion Lawrance greatly admired was T. B. Leigh, superintendent of England's largest Sunday school at Stockport, near to Manchester. On Marion Lawrance's first visit there, Mr. Leigh says he felt the charm and the inspiration of the American leader's personality to be at once robust and gentle. "He conducted the evening service," says Mr. Leigh, "and I still recall the glow of surprise and appreciation with which he suddenly discovered that all the hymns on the hymn sheet were by American writers. It was designed to recall the atmosphere of the Homeland and was in keeping with the Star-Spangled Banner which was there side by side with the Union Jack. Marion Lawrance was one of those rare spirits whose memory still enriches earth and whose presence will add to the attractiveness of Heaven." This community was eagerly anticipating Marion Lawrance's visit on the occasion of the World's Convention at Glasgow and his prospective host, Mr. T. B. Leigh, had issued invitations to a garden party arranged in his honour, when the teachers of the Stockport Sunday School and friends to the number of some five hundred were to meet him. Another British friend was Alfred Rowland of the British Committee on the International Lessons, who was impressed by his intense interest in all that concerned religious work among the young, his wide outlook and wise statesmanship. In the

various conferences, differences of opinion arose, but there was no discussion, due largely to his native fairness of mind and habitual courtesy. "Never shall we cease to thank God for the influence of such men, on our side, as Belsey and Groser, and on your side generous Hartshorn and the sainted Marion Lawrance."

The Secretary, J. William Butcher, of the Wesleyan Methodist Church of Great Britain Sunday School Department, had come to the United States to learn and received from Marion Lawrance introductions that were of the greatest value.

He was the most magnetic man that I have ever met, asserts Mr. Butcher. I fancy that I can see him now as he swung round in his chair and spoke short sentences that had a wealth of meaning. "I wish it were possible to get rid of the terms 'Sunday school and Teacher.' They convey the wrong ideas. We have to TRAIN rather than TEACH. The so-called Sunday school problem is at heart a teacher-problem; solve that and you solve all." Speaking of Preparation Classes he said, "Never let them become one-man shows; more Preparation Classes have been killed by this than any other means." As to the value of our work from a National standpoint, he said, "We make good citizens; if our schools do not turn out good citizens they do not turn out good Christians."

While seated at the desk in my study, I can look upon the portrait of my friend, Marion Lawrance. Near him are portraits of William Ewart Gladstone, John Ruskin, Alfred Tennyson, Robert Browning, and of another American, Walt Whitman. Opposite to him is Pestalozzi, and side by side with his portrait is a bronze medallion of Sir Francis Belsey, formerly Chairman of our British Sunday School Union. Marion Lawrance is here in a goodly company. Of his position he was worthy, for I count him one of God's great and good men, whose friendship during the last quarter of a century has been a benediction to my life. To his fellows he was a manly man; to his God, he was as a little child. There is constant thankfulness to God for our comradeship. Thus wrote his British colleague, Rev. Carey Bonner.

A close personal friend, Dr. F. B. Meyer, called him one of his inner friends—one of the purest, truest, noblest of men with con-

spicuous capacity as a leader and adviser. The noblest monument that can be reared to the memory of Marion Lawrance is the splendid fabric of Sunday school organization, not of his own country alone, but of the world.

Marion Lawrance was one of God's true knights who died with his face toward the sun rising. Every one knows what a fine art of encouragement Marion Lawrance had, wrote Arthur Black, how he *made* the best of men; how he laughed at their weakness with kindly forbearance and helped them carry their burdens bravely. Three words well describe his character and work—*Fortiter, Fideliter, Feliciter.*

Especially noticeable were the tenderness and humour which played through all his utterances like summer sunshine, thinks Rev. Frank Johnson of London. He had that rare quality which one experiences in the early hours of the dawn. A singular freshness and radiance were conspicuous in him, and I cherish that quality of my lost friend more dearly than any, for in the shouting and tumult of the battle-field of life, the heart continually needs reinforcement in its faith. Several peaks of memory rise out of the landscape. First, was the encounter with him among the pilgrims to Jerusalem. There was a touch of home in his smile while his address in the great tent outside the city on that evening in April still lingers. It dealt with "Childhood, the Hope of the World," and in his sentences one finds the note of his long years of distinguished service. "Jesus Christ was the discoverer of the child. He placed him in the midst and he has been in the midst ever since. The work among the children is the underminer of Paganism. Childhood is the key to unlock the problems of the world, and we have our hands on the key. The Sunday school is the centre of the battle-line. The cry of the lost child will bring a crowd together quicker than anything else.

At the Zurich Convention he laboured like ten men and yet, in spite of the strain, he was ever the accessible and happy-hearted friend. Without halting, without rest, the strong man played his part, and in committee, and on convention platform, and in the fellowship of the hotel he kept us together, "ironing out the creases" as Dr. Bailey used to say. Last of all, and with a poignancy that is unutterable, was the birthday message which came, as it were, out of his grave. Nothing has touched me

as that message of the hollyhocks, speaking out of the silence of continued life. It was like him to make us feel that though the body perished the mind is immortal and that the Cause for which he toiled and the Christ whom he served remain the same through all the generations. I seem to see him standing at my side with his finger pointing upward and to hear the challenge in the old familiar voice to serve while it is called day. It is men like Marion Lawrance that renew the faith and hope of humanity and bind us to that Holy Love which streams from the heart of the Saviour of mankind in indissoluble bonds.

Some of the present officials of the World Sunday School Association of which he had been Secretary and Vice-President for a number of years, offer the following comments: The General Secretary emphatically declares that the period marked by the life and service of Marion Lawrance will be recorded in Sunday school history as a marvellous period in the development of Christian education while the Field Secretary believes that "the Marion Lawrance Sunday School experience and programme have encompassed the earth." Dr. Samuel Price refers to the interest and delight he showed in the great progress of the Surplus Material Department of the World Association. The plans he made months ahead for the direction of the Sunday school services on the *Cameronia* were carried out in printed form exactly as he had written them.

Although passage had been reserved on the *Cameronia* for Marion Lawrance and his daughter for the Glasgow trip, there had always been a little doubt in the minds of both father and daughter that the voyage would ever be taken. He made careful preparations months in advance as was his custom, and had sent his proposed itinerary to hundreds of friends. Yet his letters showed a little of the approaching shadow. His thoughtfulness of others and this foreboding are illustrated in the following extracts from a letter to Arthur Black:

We are still looking forward to our visit to the Glasgow Convention and I hope nothing will interfere. There are not so many of us left of the "Old Guard." We are not absolutely certain

and even if we feel certain, there are many things that might arise to prevent us, such as ill health. In all probability, it may be the last of the conventions I shall be able to attend as I am not quite as *young* as I was when I was *younger!*

I must "run over" to France for a few days. I wish to visit the grave of Dana Thrasher, the only boy from our church to give his life; and also the grave of Billie Junkin, the brother of our Mrs. Baldwin, superintendent of the Children's Division. I thought it would be a comfort to the members of these two families if I had a picture taken, standing by the graves and showing the names of their dear ones, thus giving them the assurance that I had been to the exact spot.

The closing address of the Glasgow Convention was delivered by Dr. F. B. Meyer of London. He paid heartfelt and glowing tribute to the memory of his beloved friend, Marion Lawrance. A hush settled over the entire gathering. Dr. Meyer's spiritual power, his forceful speaking, his great loving friendship with the departed leader, and his genuine sense of loss and evident grief stirred the hearts of every one. As one has said, "The spirit of Marion Lawrance was indeed present and spoke to each delegate of the matchless beauty of a life of unstinted service under the 'Christian Conquest Flag.'"

X

"INTERNATIONAL GREATHEART"

"It is my duty to distrust my own ability, that I may have reliance on Him that is stronger than all."

—GREATHEART (PILGRIM'S PROGRESS).

"In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity."

—POPE.

IN Bunyan's famous allegory, "Greatheart," the servant, led the wife and daughters of Christian along the King's Highway to the Celestial City. He was valiant and courageous, and fought the giants, "Grim" and "Despair," along the way. At the gate to the "City of Man's Soul," he called at the entrance of the dark streets, charmed the keeper of the gate where he won generous welcome, and entered with warming comfort, medicine, light and inspiration.

Some of Marion Lawrance's associates in the International work spoke of him as the International "Greatheart" who led the hosts of men safely to the gateway of the "City of Children's Souls." Here, calling at the entrance of the long streets—dark with temptation, ignorance and hatred, he charmed the keeper of the gate by his sincerity and earnestness, and won generous welcome by his zeal. He entered within, a loyal army behind him, and ministered comfort, light, and inspiration to the citizens of the country that is to be.

To be sure, Marion Lawrance had many staunch associates and friends in the International work whose services made it possible for him to accomplish his worthy task. Yet, because of his every-day religion, his joyous philosophy, his infinite capacity for hard work, for careful planning and for encouragement, he was enabled not only to do his best, but to win the best from those around him.

What was the secret of his subtle power over men? "No man is greatly influential," says some writer, "who does not rest the soul, feed the intellect and lead the people out of the bondage of the commonplace." What were the bases of his public character, particularly as it was revealed among his associates in the International? One of the books found in Marion Lawrance's small bookcase in his bedroom was that entitled Royce's *Philosophy of Loyalty.* In it certain passages were heavily marked indicating something of the tendencies of his mind. While the discovery of such a volume is not at all necessary to reveal this dominating trait in his own life, nevertheless, in the light of a past of unshakable loyalty to a few but fixed ideals, these paragraphs of especial address might well be regarded as partly biographical.

Evidently the following thought he made his own, since it occurs, in one form or another, in his note-books: "Now, a loyal man is one who has found, and who sees, neither *mere* individual fellow men to be loved or hated, nor mere conventions, nor customs, nor laws to be obeyed, but some social cause, so rich, so well-knit, and to him so fascinating, and withal so kindly in its appeal to his natural self-will, that he says to his cause: 'Thy will is mine, and mine is thine. In thee, I do not lose but find myself, living intensely in proportion as I live for thee!'"

It is true that Marion Lawrance reduced each day, each event, each individual to positive or negative Sunday school terms, not cold algebraic symbols, but living human agencies. It is also true that the great Cause to which he gave the last full measure of devotion for half a century was the cause of mankind, of society. Home, community, Church, politics, business, relatives, personal ambitions—all were subordinated—albeit coördinated—with the Cause. His loyalty to it burned clear as star-light. It gave him serenity of mind. It made him decisive in judgments. By following this Gleam (always outside of himself)—he rid himself of fears, of thoughts of private gain or advantage, and crystallized his public utterances into a gripping plainness of speech.

His loyalty to his own sense of loyalty prompted him to defend courageously, on all occasions, the organized Sunday school

work and the cause of spiritual literacy among the youth of the world, but at the same time never to seek the humiliation of an opponent, or antagonism of friend or foe, for the latter might some day be won to the same loyalty as himself.

There were many attacks upon "The International," even by so-called friends, and of its General Secretary. The exceedingly tactful and Christian way in which these were handled is illustrated in the following. (For reasons that are obvious, the name is omitted.)

I do not believe, my dear X, that "The International" has been subjected to mismanagement. We have laboured under very great financial stress, but so have all religious bodies. We are facing a new day in our Sunday school work. The denominations are coming in with us, and there is going to be a different kind of programme, but, I believe, a very strong and worthy one.

The thing that would make me the happiest is for you to line up with the Committee, forgetting anything in the past that has not been satisfactory. I would not ask you to come to me personally, though I should be delighted to have you here. You are needed. Do not get discouraged but make yourself felt in this Committee. But if you stay away, I will understand, and will love you just the same.

His intense loyalty to his Master's cause gave him poise and patience. He was big enough to wait for developments.

Marion Lawrance's loyalty was social. He could not be loyal by himself. His soul was not "like a star" that dwells apart, nor did he "travel on life's common way in cheerful (though solitary) godliness." He believed in the great human contacts and social enthusiasms. If an unbeliever or opponent in the Cause existed, let him meet and mingle freely with the believers—that, by association, he might become strong in the Faith; just as in Switzerland, it is reported, canaries are recaged with nightingales so that they can catch some of the sweetness and the melody of the songsters that delight all tourists.

No: Columbus is not so great as the Atlantic he discovered, or the cause of humanity he served, so Marion Lawrance believed, and no man or group of men can approach in greatness

the significance of a noble cause. In fact, in true loyalty, the man and the cause are identical, in a qualitative way. One's work is what he is, and the moral atmosphere in which he lives. For years he tried to know every available fact connected with the field, to fit into every angle of its broad activity. Frequently this effort to understand the Cause and to be the Cause was very difficult, calling forth severe labour and sacrifices. But the closer intimacy he had, the larger and more complex the Cause became. In the process of idealizing the International Sunday School Association work, he himself became more ideal, more sympathetic with the strivings of associates, more solicitous for their success, more tender with their mistakes. He was no fighter, his associates and friends admit. He knew no method of attack. He employed instead a quiet, subtle and prayerful defense. In conferences and conventions, when there was conflict of ideas and hot discussion, he would seldom enter openly into the fight. He believed in suspended judgments, in watchful waiting, in patience and charity. He chose to play the part of a strategist, a diplomat and statesman.

At the annual meeting of the State Executive Committee in ——— State, there were twenty-three members present besides Mr. Lawrance. An eye witness narrates: "He was introduced by Mr. X, to conduct devotional services. Feeling was tense over the local situation. As Mr. Lawrance arose, he asked all to rise, then requested that each member grasp the hand of the one next to him and that each brother make a sentence prayer. Each so did, Mr. Lawrance making a most tender, effective, sincere prayer at the close, when all were asked to repeat the Lord's prayer in unison. No reference was ever made to the committee trouble. I never knew a more happy, beautiful ending of dissension." Marion Lawrance was discreet in his silences and carried his splendid loyalty to the point of unity and of organization.

A lover of harmony and charity, which were the chief conditions of advance, in his mind, Marion Lawrance was never so worried as when there seemed evidences of a lack of them. In any great organization such as the International, conditions are

bound to present themselves, which are born of jealousy, envy, misunderstanding, and perhaps too great use of power.

In 1919, a peculiar condition arose in "The International" which rested very heavily upon Mr. Lawrance's heart. After giving much thought and prayer to the situation, he prepared a personal, confidential message to all members of the Cabinet. The points made indicate not only his great concern, but also his humility as a leader, his tremendous interest in the work, which such conditions as this would slow up or obstruct, and his personal good-will toward all his associates.

He says in this letter (November 26) that "conditions have arisen that are undermining our happiness and efficiency and that will ultimately wreck our beloved Association if they are not remedied." He goes on to name these conditions:

We are not a unit. Misunderstandings have arisen that are causing heartaches and are divisive in their results. There is a feeling that some members of our Cabinet are favoured and that others are discriminated against. There seems to be a spirit of criticism among us with a consequent lack apparently of that Christian charity and brotherliness which should characterize such a work as ours. Our Cabinet meetings are not always as harmonious and happy as they should be, and are, therefore, dreaded by some of the members. Occasionally some of our members purposely absent themselves from the noon prayer-time because of these things, and frankly say so. It is known by many of our International officials and State employed officers that our Cabinet is not a harmonious working body, and freely talked about by some of them. The spirit of unrest and dissatisfaction is spreading in our committee and we meet it somewhat in our office force. All these matters are talked about more or less freely in the field and as a result the Cause suffers. Outspoken deprecations because of these conditions are coming frequently from within and from outside our official ranks and sometimes from unexpected sources.

I have absolute confidence in all the members of our Cabinet and hold each one in brotherly affection. I am sure we all mean to do the right thing and have consecrated our lives to the work in which we are engaged. Maybe we have unintentionally yielded to the critical spirit of unrest that pervades the whole world at

this time. And then we are in a transition period in regard to the future of the Sunday school work of the Continent, so that there is much of uncertainty everywhere.

And yet we must recognize the conditions named above and remedy them. *Thank God there is a remedy,* and I believe that the remedy will be applied. It lies—humanly speaking—wholly with us—our Cabinet. We can overcome every one of the untoward conditions I have named and restore peace, joy, harmony, confidence and efficiency, if we will, *and I am sure we will.*

In all I have to suggest, I include myself, for I am an offender. I am quite sure that if you of the Cabinet had had all you should have had of sympathetic leadership and helpfulness in your General Secretary, we should be enjoying a happier state. However, I mean, by God's help, to do all I can to remedy the past and bring to our Association the rich heritage it deserves. The time is short—for me—and for us all. The suggestions below are made in love and with the firm conviction that they point the *only way out of the wilderness into the promised land.*

Let us forget our differences and stop criticizing each other, unless it be face to face and alone with the one criticized. Let us stop talking about our differences and grievances to each other, to our office force, to our committeemen, to our general secretaries, *to anybody anywhere.* It always does harm. Let us trust each other and go out of our way to speak well of each other, and frown down any critical gossip we may hear. Let us each, while stressing our own particular work, "get under" the Association programme as a whole, and be as helpful as we can to each other. Surely this is our purpose. Let us, "in honour preferring one another" pray daily for each other and for our work. *God will make us one.*

Does this sound like preaching? Well, I am in the audience and am seriously taking it to myself. I blame myself more than anybody else for much that has touched us.

Let us be ready when the time comes to enter into the proposed combine with a strong united harmonious Cabinet. Anything less will put us at a great disadvantage. I shall not speak of this letter to any of you unless you speak to me about it. I do trust you and love you all, and pray God to lead us into the place, *the only place* where we may claim His blessing—and to make me more worthy of your confidence and splendid fellowship.

The atmosphere cleared perceptibly and no reference was ever again made to this matter. In 1921, certain new ideas gained foothold in "The International," and those who represented the foundation and perfection of "The International," whose ideas did not always embody the newer thought, were regarded as "useless." Marion Lawrance, who had really made "The International" what it was, organized in every detail as splendidly as any corporation and yet withal, incarnating the kindly, sweet, generous spirit of Christ Himself, was in the very centre of this factional fight, yet not of it.

If there was one thing more than another that could be said about Marion Lawrance at this time, it was that he was patient and steady and always self-controlled, while around him seethed the factional leaders who now would claim that he was too weak, too infirm of purpose and too cowardly, and then, in the next breath, claim that he was too firm, too determined, and too strong to please them. Throughout, however, he proved himself master of the occasion and never once uttered an unkind criticism or allowed himself to become angry or to lose that fine poise and friendliness which was ingrained in his very character. He believed he was God's servant, doing God's will, and that God's work would triumph. Men might come and men might go, but the work of the Kingdom would go on forever.

Throughout the two or three years' controversy, many letters were written back and forth; many conferences were held; many of which he knew nothing, and in which he had no part. He kept steadfast, however, and, by means of constant prayer and communion with the God of men, he was enabled to pursue his way through the troubled times and perform some of the greatest service he ever did in his life.

After all this, many true friends who had stood by him, realizing his steadfast purpose—not to "have his own way, but to do the will of God as it was made clear to him"—expressed anew their great confidence in their "beloved leader," or spoke of him as "the greatest man in the entire work," or "the one who was too great to be little," and "too humble to want to appear great." One of them said that, if it had not been for his wonderful faith in

the power of God to make all things work together for good, and his marvellous love for his fellows, and his never-failing optimism, the whole "International" would have "gone on the rocks."

The merger plan, mentioned in every State convention in '21 or '22 before the Kansas City International Convention, provoked a storm of discussion throughout the land. Many there were who opposed it honestly but fiercely. Some had not studied it, and opposed it on general principles. Many accepted it blindly, without knowing what it would mean to the Sunday school cause. A number of denominational leaders upheld it but, at the same time, were quite bitter in their attack upon the old organization. However, many International and denominational leaders looked upon it—as Marion Lawrance looked upon it—as a step forward. But he was one of the very few who saw that it would mean a great backward step—if there could not be harmony and peace. He it was who felt that it was a leading of God but that the same God should control the new organization. Without the spirit of Christ Himself, the spirit of service, and the spirit of love, no merger, however great or vital, would be a success.

His unfailing loyalty to the Cause, as he saw it, is shown in the following extract from a letter addressed to Rev. Alexander Henry:

Some persons on both sides are not quite so ready to do all that needs to be done, if we are to accomplish the best results. *I want to see the result take place that will advance the Sunday school work as it has never been advanced before, and help us to go forward, joined together not only in hand but in our hearts and in our purposes and in our motives.* There is a great future before us, if we can only bring this thing to pass as it ought to be.

Letters by the hundred testify to the fact that many a leader at Kansas City looked upon the attitude of Marion Lawrance toward this merger as being the most remarkable instance of his great leadership, his humility, and, above all, his love of the work and loyalty to it.

Fashioned by Imagination

Blind loyalty to a movement would avail little were it not joined with Initiative—Imagination—that ability to see ahead, to

penetrate the inner soul of things and to recognize latent possibilities in men and women. To a marked degree Marion Lawrance possessed a creative imagination. His addresses usually left his hearers hungering for more. His enthusiasm and consecration built up in many a resolve to follow him into the Sunday school work. His own deeds stimulated men more than the words he wrote or spoke and even more than the principles he practiced.

The interest of his life—the trend of his imagination—was toward character in men—not toward incidents. It takes character to see character, and even more character to set a strong individual into action. His creative spirit showed not only in vision but in planning and achievement. It was the glory of his life to start as many souls upon Sunday school or religious work or upon a Christian life as possible. That was "living," he thought, and he conceived a life without this creative sense as having, as some one once said, "an Egyptian future," leaving as his chief monument only a "tomb reared by a pagan slave."

When he was asked by a publisher what royalty he wished to receive for a certain Sunday school book, he replied, "I leave those matters to you. I am more interested in righteousness than royalties." His creative spirit was genuine since it dealt with invisible values. This creativeness was based upon two things: experience and will. Through his experience he acquired skill in shaping his creations and through will "he was enabled to put the things through." These qualities combined to bring him success as the years sped on—ability to carry things through by means of his broad and varied experience. His big vision in life was to give the world the benefit of his experience by and through and in the Great Cause.

So strong was this creative spirit that every day bristled with possibilities, every judgment made loomed large. The creator frequently is not free to give up his freedom, for he has to serve that inner self which is the urge of creativeness. But the creator always stamps his image on the creation. As a writer says, "Imagination is a chemical, which, let a man pour it on any plate whatever, is sure to develop the features of his own

face." So, in seeing and calling forth the good in men, he unconsciously gave them something of his own self.

And this was an evenly-sustained, orderly, friendly self given to following duty. It was a self not much influenced by external appearances of social life, nor by the pursuits of pleasure. While it showed a remarkable independence at times, it was nevertheless humble, modest, and submissive to a higher self. Nor did the self crave prestige and fame, although at all times Marion Lawrance was anxious to be identified with his great mission and be used everywhere and in any manner to publish its great message. But this self belonged to that type that is deeply buried in its own life-work, that never looks back, that never interferes with any one else's personality or purpose and that makes people say "there is something greater in him than anything that he says."

State secretaries, Religious Education directors, Sunday school workers and teachers attribute to him many virtues of both a personal and official kind. Many he helped decide upon their life-work in the Sunday school. He was a father, a brother in helpfulness—an apostle of good cheer, a hero to the younger men, a steadfast anchor of faith to the older. "No one ever went from Marion Lawrance—'the noble-spirited'—without a firm declaration to live a better life!" exclaims a score, while countless numbers say, "Life will never be quite the same with him away." But Philip E. Howard sums it up, "He was more than an individual, he was an institution, and yet always a warm-hearted friend."

Polished by Humanity

While Marion Lawrance was admired by the masses and beloved by groups, real affection was shown him by associates. It was humanity responding to humanity. Love is usually the reward of the labours of those who are wholly human and it was a precious reward to Marion Lawrance. Roughly hewn out of the marble of loyalty, shaped and fashioned into a strong human figure by the imagination of the Creator and in the creation, given the outlines and features of a man—"full of a noble, moral dignity and radiant with spiritual power" (to quote Marion Law-

rance's own words about a friend) he begins to assume the likeness of a humanized ideal—like Ernest in *The Great Stone Face.* The Cause had become incarnate. Sometimes from one angle the face seemed supremely spiritual, but from other angles it appeared kindly human. Yes, Marion Lawrance indeed wore "the rose of youth upon him." He possessed the sympathetic responses of youth, the spirit of comradeship, the approachableness, the winsomeness, the compelling sincerity, the downright lovableness of a strong man, who never stopped growing and who never grew old. At his passing one paper (Cook's) said, "The great heart of the organized Sunday school work of America has ceased to beat"—so tender, clean and personal was his influence. Hating "discords and unpleasing sharps" he might have used Abram's words to Lot to all with whom he laboured, "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee!"

Especially encouraging was he to the new secretaries, although the older and wiser officials frequently counselled with him to mutual advantage. A great deal of deep affection between them and their leader is manifest in the correspondence that was found in Marion Lawrance's files, after his passing. He was too big to treat them in any way as merely "assistants" who were one degree lower than himself in value of service rendered and in the dignity of their position he looked upon them as "associates." Many very fine letters, glowing with deep friendliness, exalted admiration, and sense of loss reveal this relationship. Marion Lawrance was always ready to fulfill the wishes of any of his associates or "boys" in the State work in transferring them from one field to another, where he could conscientiously do so. On one occasion, he wrote to Mr. Wanamaker, endeavouring to place in Pennsylvania a man who had asked him to do so: "In my judgment, Mr. X is one of the best secretaries in the North American field. I have known him for twenty years. When I first met him he was secretary of a Canadian Association. He made good there. On my recommendation, he was made secretary of the ——— Association, where he stayed for nearly ten years, and he made good there. Upon my recommendation he accepted the secretaryship of the ——— Association and he

made good there. It was upon my own initiative that he was called to our International staff, and he made good there." Marion Lawrance's judgment was seldom wrong. Many of the incidents seem trivial indeed to base a deep affection upon, but biography is made up of trivial things and Marion Lawrance believed with Emerson that "nothing is less important because of its being small." And then, too, small things may indicate real sincerity and truth as much as epochal events.

"Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfill the Law of Christ" was practised literally by Marion Lawrance. "In the fall of 1907," relates R. E. Thompson, "Marion Lawrance came to New Hampshire to bring suggestion, instruction, inspiration and fresh courage to the workers. It happened that my eight-year-old boy was dying with advanced appendicitis. Our 'International Greatheart' shouldered this load from the outset and not a session of the convention lacked special prayer for the boy and his parents. At his suggestion, too, a purse was quickly gathered to help on the financial load, and the way answer came to those prayers was as wonderful as our wonderful Father, for the boy recovered."

An unfailing memory and keen appreciation of even the smallest of courtesies indicated something of his sensitive nature. There is a fountain on the grounds at Conference Point, Lake Geneva, where water is procured. It is the custom, before retiring, for the visitors to line up at the fountain to fill their pitchers. "One evening, when Mr. Lawrance came," writes Frank Holloway, "a rather long line was waiting. He said to me, 'Frank, I am wondering, when your turn comes, if you cannot fill two pitchers at the same time.' I did so and thought no more about it. In the many times I saw him after this, he never failed to remark, 'Frank, I shall never forget the night you filled my pitcher at the fountain.'"

The winsome charm of his personality was irresistible. Walter W. Myers, a teacher at Geneva Summer School, was walking over the grounds when he saw Mr. Lawrance—recently recovered from a dangerous illness that left him wan and weak—sitting on the verandah of a hotel. Mr. Myers, not wishing to

disturb him, addressed him as "Chief" and passed on. But the "Chief" called him by name, asking him to come up and sit beside him for he was lonely. Then he told him stories of his early boyhood and later experiences in the Sunday school work for an hour—an interview so rich and stimulating that Mr. Myers says he would not have exchanged it for a great deal of money.

"Chivalric leader of both the nineteenth and twentieth century brigades in Christ love for all people; in tender solicitation for little children; in the tuning up of all factions, however diverse, to sing and play together; in dynamic and clear-cut platform address; in never-failing repartee and story illustration, in that most rare combination of never forgetting yet looking ahead (the delicious blend of past, present, and future)! What more can I say than this: whenever Marion Lawrance came to me, and he often did, I was better, stronger, richer for service, for fellowship, for leadership," writes H. Augustine Smith.

The modesty linked with great achievement in Marion Lawrance's life appealed to many. M. D. Whisman wonders at the humility of a Sunday school superintendent who might well have boasted of his perfectly organized Toledo Sunday school. Moreover at Kansas City in June, 1922, where the world's greatest speakers were gathered, and great messages were given, Mr. Lawrance overshadowed everybody and everything and at each appearance before that large audience the applause was overwhelming and many times the great congregation arose out of honour and respect and love for their great chief during a quarter of a century of Sunday school leadership. Yet he was extremely modest and humble.

His sense of incongruities made disappointment less keen; his sense of prayer made encouragement to others more easy to give. Some one, after meeting him at the Philadelphia Convention, handed him a paper with some typewriting on it. He held it at some length, and said, "My eyes are all right, but my arms are not long enough for me to read this," and put on his spectacles. "When he came to my first convention, he was my big speaker," says Samuel B. Fares, "but the Baptist Temple audience num-

bered only seven or eight hundred people, and I was tremendously disappointed. He sensed it somehow, although I said nothing. When he came to say 'Good-bye,' in his hotel room, he put his arm around me, in a manner that I shall never forget, and said, 'Let us pray,' while he uttered a personal direct petition that gripped my very soul."

A bright sense of humour played about the other human qualities of Marion Lawrance. In fact his sane perspective and poise made his wit real and his repartee ready and kindly. Many a time a serious or vital situation has been relieved by his relating some story or anecdote—always with just the point needed. What a fund of stories he had and what a wonderful knack of calling up the right one at the time that it was needed!

In introducing Marion Lawrance at a State convention Judge Peck, the Chairman, referred to the fact that because of his name many times he had been announced as a woman by those who had never seen him. In one such instance the programme had been printed: "Address by Miss Marion Lawrance," and then the Chairman said, "I assure you, my hearers, that Marion Lawrance is a hit and not a miss." Whereupon Marion Lawrance rose and said, "I wish to assure Judge Peck and all of you, my hearers, that I was born at such an early time in my existence that I am not responsible either for my sex or my name!"

He loved uniqueness—and he liked to know his efforts for the Sunday school were felt and appreciated. The last time he attended a State convention in Kentucky was following his seventieth birthday. A facsimile of the log cabin in which Abraham Lincoln was born was made in chocolate and at the evening session "Sunshine Weaver" happily presented this to Mr. Lawrance, telling him it was the Old Kentucky Home, that Kentuckyians wanted it to bring him the sweetest that Kentucky had to offer and to assure him that Kentucky gave him this home guaranteeing him a welcome in every one in Kentucky whenever he would come. Marion Lawrance responded in one of the most tender and loving responses he had ever made at any time in his life, according to the report of Secretary Joplin.

The statistician of the Virginia Association prepared an exhaus-

tive statistical report of conditions in that state. A copy was sent to Marion Lawrance who commended the work and said about the compiler, "If I did not fear that you would misunderstand me, I would say you were the great Figurehead of the Virginia Sunday School Association."

He was always honest with his associates. When they asked his opinion he gave it—frankly, even though it might not be complimentary or pleasing. But the manner in which he spoke or wrote always seemed to take the sting out of his criticism, which was constructive and for the best interests of the work. His critical judgments were modified by the heart. He had woven his rich personality so largely, so many-sidedly into city and state organization that even a word was of weight.

He was the closest friend of Fred. A. Wells, E. O. Excell, E. K. Warren, H. J. Heinz, Frank L. Brown, and other fallen leaders, as their correspondence plainly shows. He remembered very kindly Mr. Wells voting that he (Marion Lawrance) be made Consulting General Secretary for life at full salary, also that Mr. Wells had made it possible for him to attend with his daughter the Japan Convention. He and Mr. Excell travelled thousands of miles together to conventions and on tours. They were excellent travelling companions, close friends and a harmonious pair even to matters of dress. Both Mr. Warren and he possessed a vigorous faith in foreign missions and the same kind of vision for the International. Many tributes were paid Marion Lawrance by the Michigan Sunday school leader—the following being one of the most unique: He offered to the Congregational Sunday schools of Illinois (both men were Congregationalists) as a prize for excellence along certain lines, a beautiful cup, to be known as "The Marion Lawrance Loving Cup." This cup was awarded at the annual meeting of the State Conference to the school showing the greatest increase in enrollment over the previous year; greatest average attendance in proportion to the enrollment; greatest promptness in furnishing the Annual Report." Some years ago a movement was on foot to change the name of General Secretary to General Superintendent (without changing the duties or prestige in the least), in keeping with

the modern business terminology. The idea was brought up at the Executive Committee meeting. When it was suggested, Mr. E. K. Warren rose quickly. He objected in strenuous terms, saying that throughout the States and through the world "Marion Lawrance, General Secretary," was the thought in people's minds and they would misunderstand any change of this title. Moreover, he eulogized the general secretary in the most extravagant way in a spontaneous speech of sincerity and eloquence. Although the occasion was almost trivial, it seemed to show again the strong friendship between the two.

Mr. H. J. Heinz and Marion Lawrance were also very close friends. C. S. Heinz said, "Father frequently spoke of Marion Lawrance and considered him one of his best friends." Of H. J. Heinz, Marion Lawrance himself has said: "He was so true a friend that he dared to tell me always the things I ought to know whether they were pleasing or not, and for this I loved him all the more. In 1913 when I was near the breaking point physically, he took me to a sanitarium at his own expense and kept me there a month. I owe my very life to H. J. Heinz."

Hugh Cork wrote to Marion Lawrance: "It was just like you to write as you did. The old days of our Association are very dear to me, and you are the central figure. I am writing a tribute to you in *The Sunday School Times*. I am going to try my prettiest for my old Chief." Mr. E. K. Mohr writes, "His handshake gave me an indescribable thrill while Nannie Lee Frayser says, "He felt toward me as Paul did toward Timothy, his 'son in the gospel.'" The title of "Chief" was first applied to Marion Lawrance by Mr. John Alexander. The name was quickly taken up by State secretaries, associates and leaders in the work. "Our Chief" was spoken as a term of endearment, respect and love. Mr. Alexander says, "It will be a great pleasure to see the memorial. It may endear him just a little more, if that is possible, in the memory of those he left behind."

When William A. Brown first came to the International there was no room or desk for him. It would necessarily take two or three days to rearrange the rooms and to make office space for his department, so Mr. Lawrance said to him, "Now make

yourself right at home in my office and use my desk. You are welcome to everything there. There are no secrets in my desk." "He was indeed 'sun-clear,'" says Dr. Brown. "Mr. Lawrance's great hold upon the total constituency of the Sunday school world was due to his unselfish attitude." Time and again when programmes for his speaking had been deranged, many chairmen have heard him say, on the platform, "Now just take your time, I can use whatever may be left."

One of the really illuminating experiences in Mr. Lawrance's life was that afternoon in the hotel in Chicago, when he announced his decision to remain with the International rather than to go with the World Association. He had in his hand what all the International force looked upon as the most prominent opportunity in Christian work,—a position that would have brought great personal prestige to him. Yet, alone, facing the call, he chose what proved to be the more difficult road and remained with the International.

To others, like J. Shreve Durham, the greatest outstanding characteristic of his life was loyalty to his Saviour, to His service, to the cause of Religious Education, to his family, to his associates and to his friends. All a person had to do was to win his confidence and, when all others deserted, he would be found still that person's friend and defender. "This loyalty was sometimes imposed upon," asserts Mr. Durham, "at personal loss to Mr. Lawrance, but he never regretted having been loyal." When he was a young man in a Kentucky Convention, Mr. Durham relates, some one in the great audience called out: "What do you say is success, Mr. Lawrance?" and without a moment's hesitation, the leader turned to the blackboard and wrote one word: "Fidelity." "Mr. Lawrance was a Christian statesman and a real gentleman, brilliant, educated, one of the most courageous of men. I believe that he has been the greatest blessing to the greatest number of people since the Christ-Man; and his last words are the greatest proof of that loyalty."

"I WOULD RATHER HAVE DONE HIS WORK THAN TO HAVE BEEN PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES" is the often repeated assertion of John Stites, yet his general attitude was not that of

a President of the United States, but rather that of a modest, humble man in private life. He was invited to deliver a number of lectures before the faculty and student body of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. He expressed much hesitation about appearing before so many college and university graduates because of his own lack of university training. Dr. John R. Sampey says, "I reassured his noble heart by reminding him that he knew vastly more about the modern Sunday school than any of his hearers and that his style of presenting his subject on the platform would be thoroughly acceptable to his audience. He measured up to our highest expectations."

His tactfulness and charity are emphasized by others. During the period of adjustment with the denominational leaders and the readjustment in the leadership of the Association, there were many trying experiences, but he was never known to say an unkind word or express an unkind thought regarding any one, even though at times, as Lansing F. Smith has said, "he was not given the consideration that he was entitled to and had just cause to feel offended. Hurt he may have been, but he never gave evidence of it, nor did he criticize those who seemed to have forgotten at times his great service and the fact that he was still our leader." His confidence that all problems would be rightly adjusted, his willingness to consider the other fellow's point of view and to yield his own opinions to the majority, where they did not sacrifice principles, "marked him as an exceptional leader. He always maintained that fine sense of sympathy and friendship without resentment toward those who differed from him." Many old friends counted it a privilege to make a special contribution to the Association to be applied on his salary as the new Consulting General Secretary.

The architect George W. Kramer with whom he studied church architecture embodied in his book, *Housing the Sunday School*, and the new editor of the *Journal of Religious Education* believe his "sincerity" was what drew them to him. W. C. Merritt called him the "Greathearted" because of his great courage which was contagious, while Sue B. Scott wonders if Marion Lawrance ever chilled the enthusiasm of any person by an in-

different greeting, or by absorption in another matter failed to give a cordial welcome? "What impressed me most was his deep piety, and his whole-hearted and self-sacrificing service to the world of religious education," was the thought of Dr. Frederick Carl Eiselen, of Northwestern University. Many others give the same comment.

A great cause always brings results. The elect few who worshipped at the noon hour in the International Sunday School Association office remember the spiritual uplifts, the affectionate brotherliness and inspiration of his vital personality and organization. The potential spiritual power was generated here.

His speaking ability was well known and was the main gateway to the hearts and admiration of many. They thought that no one had a stronger hold upon a religious audience. It was always an easy matter to arrange a "standing room only" meeting for him in most places, even on very short notice. The announcement needed only the words "Marion Lawrance will speak." And when he spoke, he, in his modesty, disappeared behind his message, for the cause that was so dear to his heart. This is the judgment of thousands.

A careful search through the files and diaries of Marion Lawrance have failed to produce any severe criticisms of people. If such had been found, it was the purpose of the writer to present them to show that Marion Lawrance was sometimes sorely tried, and yielded. But caustic comments about others were not found in his private records. The nearest that he came to unkind or uncharitable remarks might be cited as follows: From his diary on a certain trip to the coast, he speaks of a lady to whom he was introduced at the close of a convention—"She was a bore, if there ever was one! She talked to me an hour or so, and all about myself. It was disgusting." Again, on his trips to the various centres, he came upon a certain secretary whom he characterized as follows: "Mr. So-and-So has made quite a mess of it. He lacks tact and is somewhat bullheaded—yet *he has a wonderful gift for organization.*" Again, on one of his trips to a Southern state, he spoke of a Sunday school superintendent as being "a great fool, for he is burning his candle at both ends.

He works too hard, and his life will snap off at a moment's notice. He is a fool for not wanting to continue his good work as long as possible, and I've told him so many times."

Behind this great central figure can always be seen "tapestry-like glimpses of friends." He endeavoured to make friends of every one. The human contacts as life sped changed from bright points to stars.

Dedicated to the Known God

In an unusual way Marion Lawrance expressed the spiritual tendencies and instincts of the mass. He was the spokesman of millions in the Church. His sense of the infinite blended with his devotion to the commonplace. Conspicuous for his practical religion, he was not a great creedist. To him a creed was but a rigid framework—the skeleton of religion—very necessary, but should be kept out of sight. Not one person in a hundred knew to what denomination he belonged, as some one has said: "Some men seem to belong to the Church at large, for their services flow freely and richly into all communions, and their vital relationship to the Church is sure to be right." He was the servant of the International—an interdenominational organization. He might almost have applied to himself that word of Kipling: "When man has come to the turnstiles of Night all the Creeds in the world seem to him wonderfully colourless." Not that he was disloyal in the least to his own denomination, for many times he had been urged to associate himself with others and refused, but that he placed character building, final salvation through Jesus Christ, and service above mere faith in dogma. It was the depth of soul life that mattered—not the tumult of the theological discussion.

Moreover, he thought, "Teaching is the teacher," preaching the preacher, and a Christian, Christ. The agent and the cause must be one. As one has written: "He never lost sight of the *spiritual values*. I have seen him sit through long and tedious meetings of executive committees when the routine of work was wearisome and monotonous, and somehow before the end of the meeting he would manage to inject into the assembly a spirit of

consecration and devotion and send us away mindful of the fact that we were engaged in the Master's work." In his Sunday school superintendency, Sunday school lectures, and his own life, he illustrated the statement made by his biographer about the famous Dr. Arnold of Rugby: "He did better than merely turn out clever scholars; he cultivated among the students a sense of duty and a high moral and religious tone. *He set an example of manliness which induced many followers.*"

At conventions he regarded the religious note and message as the great objective. At an Alabama Convention, he expressed himself as follows:

What dividends are to business, evangelism is to Christian work. It is the result that counts. Men do not build factories and railroads or operate mines, or carry on stores and banks without the hope of profit. It is for this that they exist.

We read in John's Gospel, after the aged disciple had poured out his heart to the world:

But these are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through His name.

More and more we are coming to realize that this is the very heart of our work, and by this is our Success to be measured. Fine buildings and equipment, faultless organization and high grade teaching are all proper in their place, but unless souls are led to the Lord, Jesus Christ, it amounts to but little.

The religion we teach is intended to make new men and women whose hearts are in tune with the Son of God. Failing in this, we fail indeed.

My message to the Sunday school workers of Alabama would be to stress *Evangelism* more and more, and yet more still. Improve the machinery and organization to the very highest possible point, but remember that all these things are as a means to an end. They are like the mill or the factory that never exist for themselves, but for what they can turn out. The greatest need in our Sunday school work to-day is a deeper consecration on the part of our teachers to this one task of winning the boys and girls to Jesus Christ, through plain, simple efficient teaching of God's Word.

It was not easy for Marion Lawrance to hand over the control of the great organization of "The International" which he had piloted for many years, and over so many stormy seas. He had made friends by thousands, won over many of his, and the Association's most antagonistic enemies, but now was to give up entirely his successful leadership and let others build upon the past. To be sure there was much Christian charity in Marion Lawrance, but he was human. Every side of him was so human that to step back and let a younger man who lacked his organizing and executive experience and host of friends, but who was superior in education, take his place, caused him some sorrow and a little bitterness for a time. But his mainstay—prayer and communion with God—changed this feeling into Christian love and loyalty. Very few who have commented so feelingly upon his wonderful attitude when the change took place knew of the struggle that took place in his heart when it came time to abandon his fine large corner office and the direction of office and field forces. But this was simply one of many struggles, although perhaps the greatest, which he had won with a similar result. It would, indeed, be very difficult for any one to get Marion Lawrance to speak condescendingly or slightingly of any of his associates or his successor. He loved them, but loved Jesus Christ more, and felt that a Christian and a gentleman could not do less.

When the great change in the position of Marion Lawrance came, he was sick in the Southland. The event is described by Dr. Henry S. Jacoby:

I was responsible for suggesting his title, since I have been familiar with the frequent practice of railroads designating a Chief Engineer as "Consulting Engineer" when he is retired from the active direction of that Department—to be thus retained in official relation with an office where he may work at his pleasure, and be accessible for counsel as occasion may indicate. I, therefore, suggested the title of "Consulting General Secretary," and the suggestion was favourably received. The most important matter in connection with this was the lovely spirit in which he received it. He did not treat it as a donation or a retirement to unrelated inactivity, but as the final official detail and

a further opportunity to serve by making available his vast knowledge of Sunday school work. He accepted the new relation with cheerfulness and heartiness characteristic of his whole life. Later, he told me how happy he was in the delightful association he had with all in the headquarters office. I never detected the least sign of regret or discontent. Such a fine spirit deserves especial recognition.

When Marion Lawrance was made Consulting General Secretary, he was in considerable doubt as to just what his duties were. For decades, he had been the great leader, chief organizer, and main projector of the work in all its many and intricate branches —the first and only General Secretary. Now he was given another office, never before in existence, and was to have a successor as the Active General Secretary. The situation was an anomalous one.

With his usual intense spirit of loyalty to one above him, and with the extreme conscientiousness with which his work for half a century had been done for the Sunday school, he sent out a circular letter to hundreds of associates, asking their personal and official views as to his new duties as Consulting General Secretary, and how he might best fit into the new position with the least noticeable friction. He outlined his own conception of his office under four general heads: 1. Consultation with workers upon request. 2. Correspondence of the occasional and personal kind. 3. Conventions and public meetings where requested or invited. 4. Visitation of every unit of the International and denominational centres with Dr. Webb, to study and to promote friendly relations.

The variety of replies showed how "the Chief" was regarded by "his boys." So spontaneous and sincere, so lovingly appreciative, so generously affectionate, so unswervingly loyal were these replies—that the large sheaf of them received, alone, would form a beautiful life-story of the greatest kind of achievement. If Marion Lawrance needed any proof of the esteem and respect in which his own personality and leadership were held, these nearly five hundred letters, breathing absolute confidence and admiration, would quickly dispel all doubts. The following expresses in

Dr. Hugh S. Magill
General Secretary of the International Council of Religious Education, and Marion Lawrance's successor.

general the thought of all: "Your time should be free to keep the vital energy flowing into the state groups of workers. *There is no one who can so put heart into our people as you can.* It is not nearly so much *what you do as the fact that you are there, which will help steady us through these troublous times.*"

The relations that Mr. Lawrance had with his successor in the International Office, Dr. Hugh S. Magill, were of the most friendly and most brotherly kind. There was truly an attitude of real love and regard on the part of the younger man toward "the Chief," while many times in the diaries of Marion Lawrance occur statements like these: "Dr. Magill is very good to me," or "I do not think the International could have chosen a better man that Dr. Magill"; "Dr. Magill has some very heavy problems on his hands, but I am sure he will solve them correctly. He shows real affection for me."

Under date of June 3, 1923, Mr. Lawrance wrote to Mr. Hugh Cork:

> I am very happy in my new relationship. Dr. Magill is a prince of a man, one of the most devout and earnest Christian men I have ever met. He is a great leader, and is going to accomplish things that I never could accomplish.

Had the contact of the two been less wholesomely friendly and Christian, the last years of Marion Lawrance's life would have been lonely and helpless. Dr. Bacon, Marion Lawrance's family physician, said at the memorial services at Chicago, when meeting Dr. Magill, "I want to see and shake hands with the man who prolonged Marion Lawrance's life five years."

Thus the mantle of "International Greatheart" has fallen upon the shoulders not only of his eminently worthy successor as General Secretary, but also of thousands of associates and fellow-workers in the great Sunday school work. And Marion Lawrance would have it so, for God buries His workmen, but continues His work forever.

XI

"THE CHARM OF EARNESTNESS AND THE ELOQUENCE OF SIMPLICITY"

"True eloquence consists in saying all that is proper, and nothing more. Truly great men are always simple-hearted."—ANON.

"The essence of true humour is not contempt, but love."
—CARLYLE.

STEPPING upon the rostrum at State conventions, Marion Lawrance occasionally said, "I am lonesome, very lonesome. You might think I would be most lonely when I am home alone, but it is when I mount the steps that this feeling comes over me, because I am fearful of my ability to say the right thing." Then it was, as with many speakers, he felt the great wave of responsibility, his own "inadequate preparation" as he called it, like the first moment of a trial when the lawyer feels before him the "stuff on which he may try his soul's strength." But "no man is strong until he feels alone" and Marion Lawrance was at his best before an audience.

The tall, commanding figure, with its straight shoulders, erect head, clear eye—full of meaning; the firm, steady appearance of mastery, did not convey, in any sense, weakness, inertia, or solitariness. Nor did such experience seem to subtract from him power to move audiences and to convince them of pleasant or unpleasant truths. Humility was apparent, not only in the private life and written word of Marion Lawrance, but also in his public speech and public appearance. His gestures were gentleness itself; his voice, direct, distinct, and always audible. There was a combination of executive energy and of friendly personality in his manner that usually won the hearts of his hearers by its directness and sympathy.

It has been often remarked by his associates that the preëminent quality, perhaps, in his speaking was the serious purpose which was aided always by an effervescent and glowing humour, quick imagination and gentle charity that not only made him fearful

lest he encroach upon the rights or attitudes of others, but also fearless in the simplicity and force of his message that left its mark upon the audience.

Because of the burning earnestness of Marion Lawrance in his promotion of the Sunday school cause, his transparent sincerity, indefatigable energy, dauntless courage, and the unquestioned integrity of his personal life, he had only to speak his thoughts, to grip any audience before whom he appeared. After all, a man is really a great speaker because he is something more than a speaker. Greater than the orator in Marion Lawrance was the greatness of his own personal life, which rang out in the words he uttered and was reflected in the flash of his eyes and the motion of every gesture.

As he talked, as he wrote, as he lived, so he spoke. He was concise, direct, logical. Any reporter could easily follow his various points, although he would have difficulty in recording the rapid-fire utterances. One flowed into the other, although he took pains to emphasize each point when it came. He used figures and facts with almost reckless abandon, yet few failed to get their significance because of one of the characteristics of his speaking, namely, his gift of telling illustration. By means of homely anecdotes, humorous terms or appropriate similes or metaphors, he forced home a thought that could not be shaken off, even long after the audience left the hall.

Many letters which also bear testimony to the personal affection and public admiration of this man, give evidence of this great faculty which Marion Lawrance had of leaving his audience with something tangible and practical which could not be easily erased from their minds. A former Washington Sunday school member recalls how he sounded his theme, and then spent the rest of the period in ringing changes upon it, and how he ended all his talks with a summary and a very apt illustration.

A Master of Illustration

He had a faculty of telling a story or giving an illustration so that it became a part of the experience of his hearers, and they, too, felt free to tell it as their very own. Many teachers and

workers have adapted the "little old lady with the cotton gloves" who stopped the thundering street-car on State Street with an upraised bent finger; and the little girl who played the discordant tune on the piano but turned it into a concerto with the help of the master. "Why," said one mother, "she was my own little Ruth."

He frequently illustrated the Heavenly Father's bountiful provision and our blindness to heirship in this manner: "A man had purchased first-class transportation on an ocean liner and had supplied himself with a quantity of crackers and cheese—economy being a necessity. But when out at sea some days and very hungry, he learned that his ticket entitled him to the best meals in the dining-room!"

An insurance man of the West recalls how he illustrated the spread of a thought—good or bad: "I know a secret. That's one," and he made a perpendicular mark on the blackboard. "I tell it to you. That's another one." Then he made another mark on the board by the first one. "Then eleven of us know it."

A worker from Hawaii quotes from Marion Lawrance: "Some one has said, 'An auto divides society into two classes—the quick and the dead.' The Sunday school and Church are divided in the same way, but you never find a dead church with a live Sunday school—they always go in pairs, alive or dead."

Many illustrations are reported by convention delegates and associates. While Mr. Lawrance was aboard a vessel, he told of being in the drawing-room or salon on a certain trip. "We gathered there as passengers, and every morning and afternoon the group was annoyed by a little girl who would persist in playing the piano. She could play with only one hand—the same little ditty again and again. Every time she entered, there was confusion and irritation. A musician who had heard these repeated efforts to entertain the passengers approached the piano and gracefully took a seat at the side of the child, playing with her so as to harmonize the discord. The result was a masterpiece of melody. So Jesus Christ, knowing our feeble efforts, will harmonize the human harshness that our lives will be made perfect in Him."

At a conference some years ago, when the organized adult class movement was in its infancy, a question was asked Marion Lawrance that has been asked thousands of times: "How can we hold our boys and girls in the Sunday school?" and the answer came quickly from Mr. Lawrance, "Build a wall of men and women around the Sunday school so that the boys and girls cannot get away." The adult class movement has had its greatest hold on the men and women because of this principle.

Fellow committeemen heard him make a memorable speech in a meeting at the Chicago Beach Hotel. His subject was "The New Day in the Sunday School." He began by asking, "What makes the new day?" then answered with great simplicity—"The dawn." That answer was typical of him. It was his joy and mission always to bring in a new day. So he worked and talked to bring the dawn of religious education into the life of the boys and girls and teachers in the Sunday school.

One effective illustration he frequently used is recorded by a young lady from the South:

I saw this man of God in a service pick up a rose and looking at its beauty and perfection say, "Only God can make a rose," and then tearing it to pieces, petal by petal falling to the floor, he said impressively, "Only God can make a life. Only man can destroy it." The accompanying lesson and message have come to us many times since, when as Christian workers, often discouraged, we have thought of the Potter and the broken pieces, and of the Master Who doeth all things well, Who can mould and fashion and renew.

There was a coloured woman quite famous for her cakes, and some one asked her for her recipe. She said she took one-fourth sugar, one-fourth flour and one-fourth shortening. When asked what she put in for the other fourth she said, "That's jes' where some folks make theyah mistake, they puts in that other fo'th and spoils 'em." Mr. Lawrance told this to illustrate some Sunday school programmes trying to cover too many subjects.

Very far abroad has this story gone illustrating St. Paul's "Faith without works is dead." "One night a boy who had been

troubling his sister by cruelty to the birds heard her praying very earnestly not to let Bob catch any more birds in his trap. When she was through praying he asked her if she thought God would answer that prayer and she replied that she knew He would for just before she prayed she had been out in the garden and kicked his old trap all to pieces."

At the time of the "Merger," he told the following story when there was still some discussion as to whether the denominations or the International should have the executive direction: "A young couple had just been married. When they entered their new home, John said, 'Mary, we might as well get an important question settled at once. Now who is to be the "boss" of this home?' Mary replied quietly but firmly, 'John, it might make you happier not to know.'"

A Maker of Epithets

Marion Lawrance was an epithet maker, a master of aphorisms. He had a way of saying things in a concise, short, pithy way that went to the heart of the matter. He used many tacit sayings of other writers and lecturers, but made them his own. When he had spoken at various conventions, it was very common for people to remember these sayings of his as part of his message. Evidently they winged their way to the mind and heart of his public. A number of them are herewith given which may be regarded as presenting the keynote of many of his great thoughts about the Sunday school or about its great purpose: Christian character and service:

The Sunday School

As a bird wandereth from her nest, so is he that is absent from the class without a reason.

He who claps you on the back and says smooth words is a good fellow but the one who helps you lift your load—he is a jewel.

Regularity and punctuality are like the cloak of charity: they cover a multitude of sins.

The teacher who carrieth a smiling face and comely manners removeth many rough stones from the pathway.

Sociability is a good thing but during the worship or work periods of the Sunday school, it is like ashes in the sugar.

Alexander, the Coppersmith, is the patron saint of many Sunday schools and has too many devotees in our corner.

He who visiteth the sick is a ministering angel but the neglector shall not have his name among the high.

To teach a little and teach it clear in, is like clinching a nail, well-driven.

To talk up our school is good—to walk it up is better; to keep it up—that bringeth joy.

The good is the enemy of the best, and he who is content with "Well enough" makes business for the undertaker.

There is a way that gladdens the superintendent's heart, but it is not the way of the absentee.

Real singing gladdens the heart but the heartless brand savours of the cemetery.

He who loadeth his gun after the bird rises is like the foolish teacher who waiteth till Saturday night to prepare his lesson.

A hearty handshake at the right time is like a cool drink to parched lips.

They have warm feet who keep knitting right along and drop no stitches.

As salt is to meat, so is the Workers' Council to the officers and teachers, but a barrel of salt in the attic will not save a pound of meat in the cellar.

There are many men you can't keep down in a convention, and can't get up at home.

Statesmen and publicists are coming to recognize more and more that the Sunday school is the best agency we have for combatting the demoralizing influence of lawlessness and the tendency toward Bolshevism.

Are missions a part of the Sunday school? They are all of it.

The Teacher

No Sunday school teacher is a real teacher on Sunday who is a teacher only on Sunday.

Teaching is not training a mind, but training a life.

The thing that costs is the thing that counts.

A prompt and orderly teacher makes prompt and orderly scholars.

They govern best who appear not to govern at all. You husbands know that.

The teacher's life is the life of his teaching.

Love is the hammer that will break the hardest heart.

Only a small part of teaching can be put into words.

The Child

So long as it means more to the Kingdom of God on earth to win a boy for Christian service than it does to win a man, just so long will the importance of the Sunday school be recognized and appreciated.

The turning point for good in many a boy's or girl's life has been settled by faithful Sunday school attendance.

Christian Life and Service

Consider always that you have never done well until you have done your best.

Earnest work is the easiest.

Truth is the shortest line between two points—or people.

Some people are like those who diligently gather flowers but save no seed to plant next spring.

A smooth sea never made a sailor.

Individuals, like armies, live by conquests; when conquest ceases, mutiny begins.

I shall be satisfied when I awake in His likeness. (A frequent answer to hair-splitting questions about religion.)

Self-seeking always belittles; self-effacement always enlarges.

Vinegar Christianity has no drawing power.

Practice is the polish of Christian life.

We cannot long hate people for whom we pray.

Pure religion cannot be covered up.

A man's Sunday life and Wednesday life should be parallel.

There is a gospel of the hand. We can all preach it without a theological training.

The spirit of Christ does not stop with a man merely doing his duty.

It isn't any sacrifice to do the thing you like to do.

My address in Heaven will be on the corner of Glory Street and Halleluiah Avenue. When we all get there, you must come over some afternoon and we will talk things over for a thousand years.

No man is orthodox who has lost his passion to win this world to Christ.

I do not know of anything that would help the Church more to-day than for every family to take at least one of their denominational papers and read it regularly.

There is no religion by proxy.

Blessings that are unappropriated, go to some one else.

To know, serve, seek, we must know God before we can serve Him.

God never foils our plans, unless He has a better one for us.

Be ye doers of something worth while.

Live the life that will stand the light.

Be so busy and have so much on your hands that you can often say, I have a previous engagement.

Just to do the simple duty of the hour and be ready when the Master calls—New Year, 1924.

There is not a single promise in the Bible for the successful man. The promises are all for the faithful ones.

In the mechanics of platform address Marion Lawrance had been told by college professors of Public Speaking that he was an excellent model for their students. His voice was well modulated. One of his rules for speaking was given him by a prominent educator:

Begin low;
Talk slow;
Rise higher;
Talk fire.

This rule he consistently followed. The chief points in his oratory were the modulations of his voice, force in deliverance, and flexibility and clarity in tone. He usually spoke easily, because of his rich experience and because of rare talents of personality.

His manner was genial, pleasant, never chiding or severe. He seldom impressed one as trying to drive home truths. He led his listeners by the still waters. He accompanied them like a shepherd, guided them from drifting away into the valley of indifference, kept them with him through the entire speech. His character of unselfish loyalty, unswerving obedience to the will of

the Master, was what gave his words real conviction. In fact, Mr. Lawrance has frequently said every great speaker should have the authority of a good life and character behind what he says. Jesus spoke "as one having authority," because of His life and not because of His words. It was something of this same character of the Master that seemed to give weight and importance to the things that Marion Lawrance said, simply, directly, and sincerely. No matter how homely his speech, how commonplace the illustrations or how unpolished his figures, there was still comeliness and elegance about them, chiefly because of the fact that they sprang from the heart. Few, clear and calm as the stars at night were the words he spoke. He showed himself a leader of men, not a follower of the masses, by the directness and force of his utterances.

A Disciple of Cheerfulness

Few men relished a joke or possessed as keen a sense of humour as Marion Lawrance. His clever wit and genial humour glowed at every banquet at which he spoke; and few Sunday school talks, however serious, but were brightened and illuminated by his skillful use of figures and telling illustrations. Apparent trifles they may have seemed, but, in reality, they were like the bronze lanterns that were hung in the olden days over the gates of the town at night—they lit up the entrances. He delighted in homely things and was quick to discern small details and to contrast them in sweeping generalizations. On the other hand, his lectures show that he was constantly digging himself out of the mass of petty things and seeking to find great principles beneath. He was a serious searcher for truth and used humour only to illuminate the places where truth was to be found. His neatly kept lecture notes, with heads and subdivisions in different coloured inks, filled with humorous points—so complete and illuminating that one could very easily construct the lecture from them—give ample testimony to this fact.

At a Nebraska State Convention before an audience of four thousand or more Mr. Lawrance was to make the opening address. He came forward, received the applause, bowed his head

and offered a prayer. Then he asked, "How many here are ministers?" They arose. "How many are superintendents?" They arose. Then in succession, he asked for officers, teachers, Sunday school pupils. By that time all were standing. "Now I feel better," he said. "There is nobody here except us and I feel at home."

At the opening of the State Sunday School Convention at Lima, Ohio, thirty-five years ago, he said, "We hope all denominations and sects will be forgotten in this convention. We hope we shall be just like a woman's hair; you can't tell which is switch."

He told a chairman one time in answer to the question, "What shall I say in introducing you?" "Suit yourself. However, I like to have the introduction in English so I know what is being said. When I was in Cuba, I spoke to a group of Cubans. When I was through, a man arose and said something in Spanish, whereupon every one rose to his feet. I stood up, too, and said, 'All that man said is true.' After we sat down again, my friend told me I had just voted myself a vote of thanks."

Owing to a late train, he arrived at the Utah State Convention just as the first session was closing. He was asked to give a short address even if it were late. He said, "Would you like my shortest address?" The chairman assented. He replied, "1416 Mallers Building, Chicago, Illinois," and sat down. This raised a laugh and from that on he was the life of the convention.

In encouraging Sunday school workers, he would say, "You may make mistakes. Many people do, even when they do their best. I made one once myself." The naïve way that he always said this brought forth much laughter.

In an evening address at one of the Manitoba Council Conventions in making a plea for more assistance for the leader, he said, "Your general superintendent is spread out so thin that you cannot pick up a teaspoonful of him in any one place." In one of his addresses, he was speaking of the absence of men in Sunday school and church work and said it reminded him of the poem:

In the world's broad field of battle·
In the bivouac of life;
You will find the Christian soldier
Represented by his wife.

In conversation with him at the Vermont Convention, a young man told him of some of his difficulties with a men's class and said that they wanted the leader to do all the talking. He replied that a good many men were afraid to enter a class where the teacher asked questions for fear he might ask them who built the Ark!

He was quick to catch a point and make the most of it. Some two decades ago, he was invited to speak to a Christian Endeavour Convention at Cincinnati. The speaker before him gave a list of thirty or forty "Don'ts," which he called "Christian Endeavour Don'ts." After each one of these points, he would repeat, "Christian Endeavourers, don't!" He talked for over an hour. After him came Mr. Lawrance. When his name was mentioned, the audience grew wild with applause of this favourite son of Ohio. The ovation lasted several minutes until finally Mr. Lawrance, raising his hand before the audience, called out, "Christian Endeavourers, don't!"

A general secretary records: "In one of his evening talks at our convention, he stopped and looked at his notes and said in substance, 'I see that my notes say that I must tell a little story here to make sure you are awake and listening, so here goes.' This brought ripples of laughter from the entire audience and enabled him to fill in his story with a deep moral truth."

Certain sayings of Marion Lawrance were scattered all through his addresses and called attention to his own cheerful philosophy:

A smiling face is a benediction.

Thunder-clouds mean defeat.

Every time a man smiles, but much more when he laughs, it adds something to his fragment of life.

I have so many things to do, I think I'll make a pincushion.

It takes two to make a successful smile.

The face is a public sign-board.

The sparkle of his humorous illustrations was as honorable as enjoyable. Few things are more fearful, in speech, than imagination without taste, unless it be imagination without facts. Marion Lawrance showed a vivid imagination in his humorous illustrations. These humorous bits were as necessary in his preaching and talking as the telescope is to the observer of the stars. They brought people nearer to the object of his message. There was always dignity in his speeches, in spite of frequent, humorous anecdotes and witty sayings. He never resorted to clownishness. There was no straining after effect.

His vision of the Sunday school took in the whole landscape—not only that landscape when his own sun was at its zenith, but also the landscape when his sun was at its setting. He saw the dawn of to-morrow and welcomed it. He had great capacity for feeling, but feeling was in relation to the human possibilities through the Sunday school.

The real bases of his message (as well as his character) were never the weather-vanes of impulse or emotion, were not eccentric or extravagant nothings, but rather the healthful pulse, the steady thought, humorous presentation, and absolute genuineness of the man whose heart and brain were orderly and consistent. Frequently he sounded a warning to his convention audiences lest they become entangled in the machinery and lose sight of the real goal:

We have been holding so many conventions and have been stressing *things* so much, he would say, that there is danger of our neglecting *the one thing* needed. Conventions and conferences are largely given up to administration and the development of the machinery end of our Association and of the school life. We study grading, classification, lessons, training, equipment, and many other things, all of which are essential. We have not done too much of this, but I fear we have given too little specific attention to the matter of soul-winning.

Variety of Subjects, but a Single Theme

Of his Sunday school talks, five or six have been given thousands of times throughout the country; others have been repeated before hundreds of audiences. Among these might be mentioned:

"The Finest of the Fine Arts," "Ten Commandments of the Sunday School," "The Teacher with the Shepherd Heart," "The Sunday School Beatitudes," "The Practice of Christ's Presence," "The Art of Illustration," "The World's Greatest Syndicate," "The Sunday School Organized for Service," "How to Reach the Masses Through the Sunday School," "Childhood the Hope of the World," "The Sunday School Teacher," "World-Wide Sunday School Work," "Leadership," "The Acid Test," "Unconscious Tuition," "The Voice of To-morrow," "The Challenge of Youth," "The Superintendent and His Work," "The Big Boy Problem," "The Art of Teaching," "The Modern Sunday School," "Sunday School Architecture," "The Business End of the Sunday School," "The Sunday School Teacher's Dynamic," "The Art of Asking Questions," "A New Vocation, Religious Education in the Local Church."

The most complete series of lectures Marion Lawrance gave in the latter part of his life was that of seven lectures on Japan. This series has been proclaimed among the best of its kind on the subject of the Orient and phases of Japanese Sunday school work. These are entitled: "The World's Convention at Tokyo," "Sunday School Work in the Orient," "Missionary Work in Japan," "Japan and Her Religions," "Japan and Her Industries," "Japan and Her Children," "Japan and Her Flowers." Each was illustrated with hand-coloured slides.

To show various angles of his speaking style, his logical unity of thought and his practical, often homely viewpoint, the following summaries or outlines are given:

"What the Sunday School Association Has Done."—MARION LAWRANCE. (Based upon one-third century official connection with the Association.)

"The Rising Tide Lifts All Ships": I. The International Association has helped to crystallize Sunday school sentiment; II. Introduced Uniform Lessons and later the Graded Lessons; III. Helped to Popularize Teacher Training; IV. Reached the People Through Its Department of Home Visitation; V. Promoted Denominational Coöperation, Leading to the Organization of Thousands of New Sunday Schools; VI. Developed a Trained

Leadership for Coöperative and Sunday School Work; VII. Created a Sunday School Brotherhood.

"The Making of a Teacher": "Eight pounds of steel will make an axe, but eight pounds of steel is not an axe. It requires three things before it becomes an axe—shape, edge, polish. Not every one can be a teacher. There must be the right ideals, the right training, edge and polish. What the teacher training class is to teachers, the grindstone is to the axe, not an easy process, but a very necessary one. The elixir of Christian work is in knowing how, and this is the purpose of all teacher training. The difference between drudgery and pleasure consists in thorough preparation."

"The Acid Test": A series of fifty-five questions was a very popular lecture. The heart and mind searching nature of these questions is shown by the few given below:

What is your real purpose in life and how are you trying to fulfill it in the position you occupy?

What is your definition of failure?

Are you big enough to be interested in other causes besides the one in which you make your living?

Do you ever apologize for being in Christian work?

Are you public spirited enough to take a vital interest in the welfare of your community?

Do you find it easier to criticize than to commend?

When your cherished plans fail, do you give up, or tighten your belt and try again?

Do you make friends and can you keep them?

Do you refrain from talking of that fault in another which, if in yourself, you would like to have guarded in silence?

Do you love a little child?

Can you keep a secret?

Do you feel jealous when some one else makes a better success than you and wins the applause you failed to win?

Do you know the contagion of a smile and when and how to spread it?

Is your prayer and fellowship with God a comfort to you?

Can you sincerely pray for those unfortunate people who do not like you and whom you do not like?

Do you try to cultivate the Christian grace of loving everybody for Jesus' sake?

When you have wronged another, are you ready to make a frank confession and ask for pardon?

Can you banish all ill-feeling toward those who seek to thwart your plans?

Are you adding to your efficiency by systematic, worth-while reading?

Can you be big and generous and loyal in a subordinate position?

Do you occasionally say a cheery word to the elevator man, the janitor, or the scrubwoman in your office building?

Can you be happy alone?

Do you know what it means to be a friend?

Is your desk kept in an orderly manner, so you can find what you want when you want it and are not ashamed when company comes?

A few of his Sunday school Beatitudes are here given:

Blessed is the Church which believes in the Sunday school, for it will compel the Sunday school to believe in itself.

Blessed is the Sunday school that knows why it exists, for it can hold its head up and look everybody in the eye.

Blessed is the Sunday school that is properly organized for its work, for it knows where it is going and will know when it gets there.

Blessed is the Sunday school that is managed like a bank, for it will have no ragged edges and will command respect.

Blessed is the Sunday school that is in right relationship to the Church with which it is connected, for there will be no gravel in the wheels.

Blessed is the Sunday school that recognizes the place of helpful worship, for deep breathing of devotional atmosphere gives poise to the heart.

Blessed is the Sunday school that carries out an adequate, well-balanced programme of religious education, for this is the diet that makes for permanency and strength.

Blessed is the Sunday school whose teachers and officers are adequately trained for their task, for they will get results and do their work with joy.

As a member of some organizations that maintained only a secondary interest in religious education, Marion Lawrance was frequently asked to give public addresses before these bodies. Somewhat unconsciously, perhaps, he injected into these much of his simple religious belief. One Rotary speech was printed where all Rotarians could be inspired by it. His famous tribute to the Masonic Order, given in a Toledo speech, has been quoted in hundreds of Temples. Whether the talk was on "Community Building," "Japan," "The Gideons," "Citizenship" or a commencement address, there were always the characteristics of simplicity and earnestness, a sublime faith in mankind and an unfaltering trust in God. In the latter years, it was a part of his ministry of friendship to give the leading speech at the memorial services of many of his long-time associates and beloved friends. He gladly paid this tribute, though the passing of these kindly counsellors and colleagues pulled hard at the heartstrings of memory. He remembered their friendship for him and endeavoured to appraise them and their work. All of them had looked upon Marion Lawrance as their "best friend."

Witness of Contemporaries

The reputation of any man's oratory depends on two things: First, the witness of contemporaries; and second, the evidence of written or printed addresses. Few speeches, by the last test alone, would survive. Marion Lawrance's reputation as a speaker will endure largely because of the witness of contemporaries. Of the vast crowd of witnesses, only a few representatives can be quoted.

One says, "He had a readiness of address"; another, "He was not so brilliant a speaker, as a forceful, magnetic, and tremendously sincere one who compelled his audiences to listen and learn." A college president writes that Marion Lawrance was not given so much to deeply valuable thoughts and choice words, as to a sweet reasonableness, in practically everything he said, fixed, as it were, by the transparent genuineness and earnestness of the man.

Alexander Duguid, his successor as superintendent of the

Washington Sunday School, frankly states: "In the ordinary sense Mr. Lawrance was never an orator. Many more eloquent addresses have been heard in Sunday school conventions. But few had more power than he to open the heart to a vision of the child's need and the Sunday school's power to supply that need. Years ago I took notes of his address on 'The Young Man.' When I told him about it he said: 'I do not seek to have it printed. I know my own limitations. I cannot make a set speech. I just "talk"!' His Moriarity baseball story was one of the finest illustrations I have ever heard. Mr. Lawrance had a rare gift of story telling. There was rich sparkling humour; tragic pathos, inspiring illustration—always wholesome and uplifting. He surely had a 'funny bone.'"

Edwin R. Errett, of the Standard Publishing Company, in reply to a letter of Mr. Lawrance's in which he asks about a book for public speakers, says: "My own experience with your speeches has been such as to make me wonder that you should think they need brightening up. I never heard any speaker who could deal with serious matters in such a sprightly manner, without in any way detracting from the serious import of his message, as well as you can."

One clergyman remembers in an address the words "Teaching is leading the child beside the still waters until he shall say of his own accord,—'Teacher, I am thirsty, can't I have a drink?'" A layman Sunday school worker recalls Marion Lawrance's words, "Meetings are good to the extent of our participation in them," and of his frequent humorous expression of this thought, "It was a great meeting—I made a speech, myself."

A Sunday school teacher states that he never laughed at his own jokes and that he was the very epitome of good-will and optimism. Dr. Warren H. Dennison of the Seaside Chautauqua expresses his appreciation of the splendid service which Marion Lawrance rendered at that summer resort. He spoke of his messages as being always filled with fire "that makes them burn unto our hearts." Marion Lawrance was invited many times to return to this Chautauqua.

A Brooklyn Sunday school superintendent speaks enthusiasti-

cally of his use of the blackboard in teaching a lesson and his illustrations being so simple that any one of average intelligence could follow. A county Sunday school secretary for twenty-nine years who had heard all the great Sunday school leaders asserts that with due respect to all these noble men, Marion Lawrance towered above them in his noble bearing, wisdom, Christlike spirit, and platform power.

An Oak Park minister writes to Marion Lawrance: "I cannot begin to tell you how much we are indebted to you for that splendid address last night. It has objectified the importance of the Sunday school in a way that will help other churches beside our own. You had some of the biggest business men in Chicago in your audience. I asked our Trustees for an increase for the Sunday school and they granted it readily. I marvelled at the vigour of your utterances and the clearness of your voice. I thank God that your bow is strung in such great strength."

A State secretary in the East states that his addresses—always inspiring, practical and helpful, were even better than ever before, that many had remarked that his platform work was the best that they had ever known. Many, like Wade H. Coleman, are grateful to him for giving them the vision of what service means in the Sunday school world through a platform address.

Strange as it may seem, some of his most persuasive talks were given when he left a sick bed to deliver them or when his voice was almost too low and hoarse at first to be heard. But his intense ardour overcame, partially at least, physical handicaps such as these and he won his audience by the heat of his passionate enthusiasms. The countless Round Tables over which he presided and the many conferences he directed have been highly commended by workers in every state. His attitude was fair and cordial. His leadership was directed by the strong trade winds of religious principles, not by any spring zephyrs of passing popularity.

Marion Lawrance relished a joke on himself. At a Milwaukee Convention, he expressed his appreciation of the chairman's directness. Then he said the worst introduction he had ever had was when the president of the day told the story of boarders to

whom the same butter had been served day after day. It grew very strong. Finally when the landlady was entering one day, the plate of butter was tossed toward the ceiling, at which another boarder asked where it had gone. "Butter, you are of age, speak for yourself," replied another boarder. The chairman said, "Mr. Lawrance will speak for himself."

Students at a score of colleges and seminaries bear witness of his helpful talks. The class of 1913 at McCormick Theological Seminary enjoyed the series of lectures on Sunday school work so much, and profited from them so greatly that it presented him with a gold scarf-pin as a token of appreciation. One of the members remarked, "We admired the man for his knowledge of Sunday school work, and we loved him instantly because of his spirit."

Many of his talks and much of his vitality were devoted to raising money for State or International work. He raised hundreds of thousands of dollars in this way and all as a contemporary has said, "Without wheedling or begging, as an ambassador of Christ rather than as a business agent of a human organization." An associate makes this statement, "Marion Lawrance was a natural leader, not a professional one. There was no cant about his religion, nor any doubt about his being a true follower of Jesus Christ. He represented to me, in public address or in private conversation, a giant ship sailing serenely on its way to the desired place without deflection, without inner commotion, despite storm or stress."

The facts and statistics he gave impressed many. Some remember such facts as the following taken from one of his speeches: "26 hours a year of religious instruction are given Protestant children; 220 hours a year of religious instruction given Catholic children; 335 hours a year of religious instruction given to Jewish children in the olden days." "A philosopher and student of child life says that children remember 10% of what they hear; 50% of what they see; 70% of what they say; and 90% of what they do."

Many comment on the rapidity of his delivery. Newspapers and official organs have remarked about his trip-hammer manner.

" He speaks the fastest and says the most in a given time than any man we have ever heard. Thirty facts in three hundred seconds; six facts a minute is surely a record."

Wherever he spoke, he liked to mention his former home in Toledo and the Toledo Sunday School. Next to his family, came the affection for this city and the friends he remembered so kindly. At the last Lucas County Sunday School meeting he attended he spoke on " Just Helping Folks "—the real Christian Religion—to a large audience nearly half of which was standing. Here he stated as on many other platforms that no matter where or how he died, Toledo was his earthly home and he would come back to be buried by the side of his beloved wife. His loving devotion to his friends and his work, marked with pathos and sincerity, was everywhere impressive, but no place more so than when he was among his " ain folk."

The Connecticut friends and associates who have unknowingly given the title to this chapter have analyzed succinctly his ability as a public speaker. There was truly a charm of presence and an earnest, yet cheerful quality in his utterances that gave to him the eloquence of simplicity.

XII

"A MILLIONAIRE IN HIS FRIENDS"

"In the faces of men and women, I see God."
—WHITMAN.

"That best portion of a good man's life—
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love."
—WORDSWORTH.

"Good Dr. Bailey used to say to me, 'Lawrance, you're a millionaire in your friends.' It is true. I have known it all the while, but if I had no other proof, the long sickness from which I am just recovering afforded ample evidence. Yes, it is true; my friends are my riches, and yet how little I have done to merit their friendship although I love them every one."
—MARION LAWRANCE.

IN a letter written to his friends, June 15, 1920, Marion Lawrance expressed heartfelt thankfulness to his associates in the International work, to those "faithful and beloved yoke-fellows for their splendid and sympathetic loyalty and for carrying my work in addition to their own"—to the officers and members of the Executive Committee for thoughtful kindnesses shown in so many ways, to that splendid army of general secretaries and their associates throughout the continent and the associations they represent; to all associations, clubs, friends, and neighbours, "who have kept my room bright and sweet with flowers," and to that largest company of all, who have written messages of sympathy and love.

"To that faithful daughter who has been with me constantly, filling the days and many of the nights with her radiant sunshine and loving ministry. God bless my Lois.—To my beloved physician, Dr. Charles M. Bacon, whose personal interest has inspired me. I have told him I believe he could inspire even a grindstone to do its best."

An old proverb says, "Love is flow'r-like, but friendship is a sheltering tree." The Biblical interpretation of "Friend" is that it is the highest and most sacred of relationships.

Such was the attitude of the great figure which is presented in this book. Friendship, to him, was equality. It was the most sympathetic and intimate of relations. He believed that every heart was human and that every human heart had its goodness and its capacity of affection.

Friendship is a word that has many interpretations. To some it means the inner circle of acquaintances before whom one bares his heart and to whom he entrusts his secrets. To others, friendship means merely friendliness, a kindly, generous, sympathetic attitude. But to Marion Lawrance it meant a somewhat different view. He had an insatiable curiosity to meet and know people; men and women—human life—was an intensely interesting study. All their actions and reactions were significant. Seldom did he think what individuals might do for him in the way of favours or gifts, for his interest was chiefly in what he could do for them. He early made a habit of charity, tolerance and good-will, and it was genuine interest and love for humanity that prompted his altruism. His contact with individuals might be only a shake of the hand, a pleasant word, a kindly greeting, a smile of appreciation, a letter full of cordiality and kindness, or it might be on the scale of gifts of a modest kind which he knew would be sincerely appreciated.

To a doctor in Chicago he brought from abroad, at one time, a copy of the Bible in broad Scotch. To a university-student friend he brought some interestingly bound volumes of Tennyson from the poet's birthplace in England. To little children who particularly appealed to him he always had gifts that would please.

Wherever Marion Lawrance went, he made friends. He was not merely friendly, he was a *friend*, and willing to have this friendship tried and tested at any time. To be sure, there were particular friends of his upon whom he lavished the wealth of his warm, genial, generous nature, but every one with whom he came in contact—the janitor in the apartment house, the conductor of the train, the newsboy on the street, the bell-boy at the

hotel, the scrubwoman on the stairs, the clerk at the store, he treated with a courtesy and kindliness of sincere interest that revealed, in an amazing way, his splendid love for humanity and his expansive heart.

Now the love of friendship to him was not merely a temporary flashing of emotion; it was a bit of truth that he had discovered in the rough, human nature before him. His attitude was not that of a child, with its instinctive and more or less egoistic turning to joy-giving sources; it was not that of a man who seeks friends as stepping stones to greater things, but it was like that of a painter or a poet who liked to relieve his aching eyes or fatigued brain and gain fresh courage by looking at the beautiful colours and unities in the personalities before him.

Marion Lawrance lived in and with and for his friends. Few have known him to refuse to do what he could to solve their problems or lead them through troublous paths with a gently guiding hand. To be sure, many times his aid was slight and without much direct value, but the individuals could not help being blessed by the radiant spirit of the man who was willing to do what he could.

In this unusually large capacity for making friends and finding goodness in people, there was something very definite and very clear, of the creative spirit. It was the same type of creative spirit which is found in that closest of all unions—the friendship —love communion with God. The love that St. Paul speaks about is the love that is friendship. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not *friendship*, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

The creative heart awakens something in oneself as well as builds up something in others. For it is the part of a friend to give rather than to receive favours, true friendship never looking for a return. The numerous avenues of expression thus kept open by Marion Lawrance's many friendly contacts, greatly enlarged his horizon and enriched his life.

When it was known that this great stream of affection had been cut off, the thought everywhere was that a true friend had been taken. In his life, friendship appeared as the halo of love, the

At Mackinac Island.

In the Berkshires.

Tramping with His Friend, E. K. Warren at Lake Geneva.

wreath of service. He looked upon friendship as the very capstone of religion and the foundation of character. Letters, telegrams, messages, from the world's corners, with very few exceptions, speak in eloquent terms of this great capacity for friendship which, like the Gulf Stream, warmed and gladdened every one it touched.

He was acknowledged the "best friend" of hundreds in all vocations. Some have commented on the fact that seldom do men have more than a score of close friends, losing the old ones when they make the new, but Marion Lawrance had the faculty of holding all his former friends while making scores, even hundreds of new ones each year. Others marvel at the fact that on once seeing or meeting him, he assumed in their hearts the rôle of a close friend—one whom they have loved and trusted for years. Although his genial social personality made him unusually approachable, it was a matter of conscious pride to large numbers that "he never missed an opportunity to call on us when in town," or "he honoured me by numbering me among his friends," or "he showed himself even to us as one of the most kindly, lovable and big-hearted men in the world," or "he brought the greatest joy I have known in my life by his friendship and noble example," or "he won the love of all in our little city."

Sympathy with Youth

Children and youth loved him—he understood them, he was their friend. The mental picture of the tall, handsome man, whose kindly charm of personality was irresistible, out of whose face shone the spirit of his Lord, and from whose lips fell words like a benediction, explains why the childhood of the world joyfully ran to his arms. Personal encouragement, and simple little ministries he bestowed freely among all his youthful friends.

A former office boy in the International office speaks of the fact that contacts with Mr. Lawrance led him to the decision of devoting his life to the cause of Christian education. The day of Clarence Wright's leaving the office to go to college, Mr. Lawrance stepped into the shipping-room where he was at work, and, the lad relates, "He placed his hands on my shoulders, challenged

me with his eyes and said, 'Well, laddie, we're expecting great things of you.'" This word of friendly encouragement given at the right time sent him out resolved to be worthy of that confidence. This incident is typical of countless others—all showing the real inspiration he was to the young people of America.

It made little difference what inheritance of race, colour, or station in life they possessed, children meant a great potentiality of power, the responsibility to release which belonged to the present age. At a meeting in Madeira, in the Municipal Theatre, he took up in his arms a little Portuguese boy and standing him on a chair, made an appealing talk, calling attention to the fact that this little fellow might be made a good man through the influence of the Sunday school. Few men could speak about children or to children as interestingly as he, for he both understood and loved them. Perhaps we have not advanced far beyond the situation Edward Eggleston speaks of in 1872: "It is a great pity that there are not more good speakers to children. It is a rare gift, the usefulness of which can hardly be overestimated. Not one minister in a hundred can speak to children." Marion Lawrance had the happy faculty of being able to talk to them in a quiet, sympathetic way, quickly winning their good-will. A gripping story directly told in simple language forced home the truth he wanted emphasized. Because he dealt with familiar things or concepts in the child world or with a child's point of view, his stories, his talks, and his name were surprisingly long remembered. This was one of the ways in which his name came to be such a household word, particularly in those homes where attention was given to a child's moral training.

Frequently when he returned to cities where he had once spoken to children, one would present him with a single blossom or a whole bouquet just before or just after his address. This has occurred so often that it became a custom in many of the cities of the South and West. But greatly as he was loved by children —hundreds being named for him—few could realize that this big man with the gentle smile who told such interesting stories was doing such great things to safeguard the future of every child and to make his success in life easy and triumphant.

Few could see as clearly as he the significance of childhood. Mentally he weighed and classified each individual in the field of business, the avenues of the professions, or in the vital work of church and school, by the way he conceived they would answer two questions—"How far can you see?" "What can you do?" The farmer who does not see more in an ear of corn than an ear of corn would never fatten hogs for market. The merchant who does not see at least a dollar and six cents in every dollar would never become a leader in finance. But how few people see in a child anything more than a child? How few see a gateway to the world's future—a grown man or woman influencing hundreds of lives for weal or woe. He knew that all progress is made through the child and that every boy and girl must be trained as strong moral agents if the advancing centuries were to be made safe. Consequently to him the voice of a little child carried farther in this world of noise and strife than any other sound. No symphony of Beethoven could equal the sweetness and melody of children's laughter, while the most beautiful picture in the world was a mother with a child in her arms.

Christian Comrade to a Multitude

A Sunday school worker and his wife from Pasadena who had known Marion Lawrance many years declare that no other man ever had such a grip on our Christian welfare as he.

What he saw in either of us that seemed to attach him to us we could not analyze, says this friend. But he never missed an opportunity to show us the spirit of Christian comradeship and courtesy. The world had but one such character in world work, for the soul of Christ was always uppermost in his life and he poured it out on all whom he met. Every one was better for seeing this marvel of a Christian man. He was not only a Christian asset but a social asset as well. His spirit will never leave us in America!

A "Christian comrade," indeed, he was to many. He "having a heart knew the road to the heart." As a guest his gentle personality and earnest life opened many homes to him and kept them open. "Every chair is in its place, cushions all puffed up,

beds white and eats in the pantry—waiting for you to come to see us," wrote John O. Spencer to him a few years ago, adding "no man on earth would be as welcome as you." A friend from the West says, "Our little nook with its daybed will always be a more hallowed place because of his honoured presence."

Because of his thoughtful courtesy and his unfailing good humour, he was an ideal travelling companion and many of the choicest friendships of his life were begun on the deck of some steamship or in a Pullman coach. That this friendship was considered mutually delightful is evidenced by many of the world convention pilgrims who regularly wrote him letters filled with memories of their days together. A friend from New York says:

I do not know of anything that I could wish more for than another of those restful weeks on the broad Atlantic with such a good companion as yourself and I trust that if you come on to New York and are going to be there any length of time, you will drop me a line.

Jaunts or excursions of a day with Marion Lawrance were usually thoroughly enjoyed. His almost boyish spirits, endless good will, alert mind and eye, and capacity to enjoy with others made these occasions memorable. "A day in San Diego seeing the exposition with a man like Marion Lawrance gave me a lasting impression," says one. "The lions, pigeons feeding, the exhibits, the pictures we took, and, finally, a little trip about the town before we separated—loafing and sight-seeing and visiting —all this—with Marion Lawrance!" "I was not so much interested in the double-header between the Cubs and the Giants," says another, "as I was in the spontaneous enthusiasm of my companion [Marion Lawrance]. Surely here was a man who never grew up for he always maintained the fresh and boundless happiness of youth—yet with a heart and mind full of a life-absorbing purpose! He was a royal friend!"

A master of encouragement to young and old, rich and poor, to persons of every class—not with ostentation, but with quiet dignity, tact and transparent sincerity—he led many a young apprentice successfully over obstacles to successful leadership, sped

the disheartened and discouraged into new action and new faith in God and mankind. At a Louisiana Convention a book-representative was having ill-success. A word from Marion Lawrance —the chief speaker—about the publications he could heartily recommend, resulted in exceptional sales and a rising courage for the young man. A British Columbia fruit grower and Sunday school leader says that when he learned of his going he felt as if part of his very life had gone. He recalls his first meeting with him at Denver:

Holding my hand he threw his left arm around my neck and said with considerable emotion, "Irwin, I love you with my whole heart." His love and very encouraging words made a great impression upon my troubled heart. After we parted, the first thought that came to me was, *Had I been a bitter and lifelong enemy, that act with its evident genuineness would have won me completely.* The lesson I learned was to show more sympathy to men.

His appreciative sense of honest effort and merit as well as success and achievement, his capacity for making people happy and comfortable, and his spirituality that "shone through him like the sun through eastern windows," led associates everywhere to gravitate to him and reflect from him some of the same optimism and light. Not only Sunday school leaders, but education and church leaders as well, found wise counsel, buoyant hopefulness, and splendid Christian courage. President G. S. McCune, of Huron College, remembers once when he was in Chicago, somewhat discouraged about the way the endowment campaign was going, he went to his office to talk with him. "He was all sunshine. His personality radiated a great faith in Almighty God. I went away from his presence feeling that I received far more benefit than anything money could buy." Dr. F. G. Ward, Dean of Chicago Theological Seminary, believed that few men have had so large and varied an acquaintance with eminent men and women as he, while Dr. John Timothy Stone of Chicago found him always cheerful and encouraging and "seemed to have a remarkable gift of selecting topics of conversation, which would interest and inspire those with him. All loved him; and the work he did

for the Sunday school in America and the world can never be overestimated."

Scores of young students date the beginning of some worthy ambition or enterprise to the stimulating addresses in the Lake Geneva classrooms, or his inspiring conversation at the table in the dining-room. "They were mountain-peak experiences." "His life will be a deep inspiration to thousands." A man from the old Washington Street Sunday School received a complimentary letter from his former superintendent on his success in business to which he replied, "I am not at all surprised at any kindly thing you do for it seems you have never done anything but kindly deeds ever since I have known you."

At Dennison University he became interested in a promising young student and followed his career for years, writing many a letter and speaking many a good word for him—not ceasing until he was well placed in a position of leadership. The experience of a Canadian leader was the experience of many. "When just beginning my work, I was introduced to Marion Lawrance. He put his arm through mine, took me around in the shadow of a pillar, and talked to me for ten minutes as though I were the most important man on earth. I do not think I ever met any one who impressed me so in the space of ten minutes." He seemed to make his own the problems and defeats and success of his friends. Although he wrote and talked to hundreds in this uplifting way, he gave, at the time, his undivided attention to each, showing him as much sympathy and thoughtful interest as to any of his own personal duties.

One of the wonders of his friendship is the fact that no one was too humble or too remote from him in his public work to warrant an indifferent attitude. He found much heroism to emulate in private as well as public lives and something worth while in all the people whom he met and with whom he corresponded. Every one could teach him something—from the six-year-old boy in California to the shut-in lady in New York over ninety years of age. He always considered every one he touched as on the same or on a higher plane—never a lower—than himself.

One of the best friends he had was the "Sunshine Lady of Ohio"—Theodosia Hane—another shut-in with whom he corresponded regularly. He once wrote to her: "Am so glad to know you have been a Sunday school worker, and you are a Sunday school worker now. Your prayers are a great help." Sometimes he wrote to her of books that had been a help to him. One was *Expectation Corner,* another, *Is Your Door Open?* by E. S. Elliott; *Twilight Talks,* given at Lake Geneva by W. H. Foulkes; a little book *Here Am I,* by W. H. Griffith Thomas; *My Daily Meditation,* by John Henry Jowett; *The Charm of the Impossible,* by Margaret Slattery; and others by his friends, Robert E. Speer, John T. Faris, Amos R. Wells, C. E. Gordon (Ralph Connor), Joseph Clark, H. C. Trumbull. Again he would write of a meeting at a convention and express this wish: "How I wish we had a long distance wire from that Hall to Sunshine Corner. I am sure you would greatly enjoy the sessions." Coming from the Southern States on one trip he wrote: "I have just returned from a trip to the Southland. The magnolia trees are a blaze of glory with their tremendously big pearl-white flowers."

Attention is frequently called to the fact that his work never seemed mechanical but always fresh and vital because his supreme interest was in the persons involved and influenced. According to the statements made, perhaps extravagantly, the number thus touched mounted to millions.

The habit he had of calling his intimate friends by their first names was an index to his character, thinks R. E. Diffendorfer of the Board of Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was instituted by him long before it became the barest routine and convention of modern luncheon clubs. What a contrast to his friendliness are the oftentimes ordered and strained personal relations that now exist around this little human factor.

An unusually busy man—often doing, his associates say, two and three men's work—dealing with large affairs and travelling extensively, he yet found time to make friends, build up friendships which, as one beloved companion states, will endure long

after his death, even into the life to come. These bonds were often as close apparently as family ties. He appeared as a "human ideal of friendship"—too big for any title, too humble for any exaltation, "with unfeigned love of people, and not a technician among technicians serving a trade."

The many expressions of closest friendship received after his decease, in the hands of an artist, might be placed together tile-like to form a beautiful pattern which would show, through the varying tints and shades of tender love and gracious friendship, the figure of Marion Lawrance in all the sweetness and light of that personality. These statements flow spontaneously from the lips or pens of associates and acquaintances from hamlet, city, foreign clime, undoubtedly representing ardent feeling and sincere devotion.

There is many a mysterious light thrown around simple expressions such as "We believe all the good things said about him are not enough"; "During his life he built a memorial that will last for ages"; "The world cannot spare such souls as Marion Lawrance"; "The value of his work cannot be adequately measured by this generation. Only God can rightly appraise one who ever strove to do His will and to whom the opportunity was given to serve Him in a truly big way. He was a great man and I shall always treasure as one of my dearest possessions the remembrance of his friendship."

To paraphrase Kipling, he talked with crowds and kept his virtue. He walked with kings, but did not lose the common touch. Neither foes nor loving friends hurt him, and all men counted with him, but not too much. He surely did fill "the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds' worth of distance run," and equally certain is it that the Earth was his—and all in it that made the day of life worth while—the splendour of friendship.

"The Small Sweet Courtesies of Life"

It was chiefly the little courtesies—the cheerful letters, the small gifts, the kindly words, the gracious manners that not only expressed his heart of loving service but also attached to him a

host of friends. Among these good-will messengers—perhaps the most distinctive were his birthday and New Year messages which for twenty-five years he sent to friends in every state and possession of the United States, every Canadian province and to every continent. Thousands were mailed, and a new thought written each year. So carefully was the time planned that only in a very few instances was it learned that these messages arrived either before the proper date, or after—even those which had some distance to travel. A few of the more recent messages are given:

"STUDY TO BE QUIET"

Do you ever write Birthday Messages to yourself? This has been my custom for years, and then, because I have desired that my friends should enjoy every blessing I craved for myself, I have passed these messages on to a selected few—an inner Circle, as it were, though scattered on all six continents—your own good self included in the number.

This year—the year of our Lord 1920—when this old world seems upside down, I hear the Apostle Paul saying to me as he did to the Thessalonians long ago, "Study to be quiet."

How we need that word to-day! There is a wholesome discipline in quietness—studied quietness—that leads to self-control, mental poise and spiritual power. It provides the remedy for all unrest, within us and about us. It is the congenial atmosphere in which men's souls take on the strength that moulds the world.

Shall we not—you and I—spend more time this year in the University of Quietness, under the Master Teacher?

"GOD'S ACCOUNT BOOK"

I am glad to note that your Dividend Day has come again.

Allow me to express the hope that in the great *business of life*, your dividends of happiness, peace and conscious presence of the Master have been very large the past year, and to congratulate you upon the privilege you have of looking forward to even better and larger dividends a year hence.

My Shepherd's Flute

It was on a bright day in April, nineteen hundred four, on the road leading south from Nablus—Shechem it was called in Bible times. "Now Jacob's well was there." We were pilgrims—"Jerusalem Pilgrims" we called ourselves, for we were bound for Jerusalem to attend the great Sunday School Convention, and were making this last lap of the journey on horseback.

Our attention was attracted to a cloud of dust in the road ahead; then we saw a shepherd with his flock, and heard the faint low notes of his crude flute as he slowly led his sheep along. That simple shepherd's flute, which I bought of the shepherd that day, has taught me many a lesson and inspired many a helpful thought.

It brings me the message I want you to have on this,

Your Birthday Anniversary

This is what my flute says to me:
"How grateful you must be as the years come and go, that Jesus is your Shepherd!
He knows you by name;
He leads you into safe places;
He seeks you when you stray;
He protects you from all harm;
He feeds you with proper food;
He rests you by the still waters;
He gave His life for you, and so
He is the Good Shepherd."

Is My Flute Saying That to You To-day?

My birthday wish is, that you may be a shepherd to that flock you are leading, little or big, in your home, your class, your church, your business, your community; some very young—some older, but all very dear to you, and that the shepherd's joy may be yours all through this year, and the years that follow.

My Shepherd

The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine forever.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever.

—H. W. Baker.

Hollyhocks

Old-fashioned flowers! I love them all:
The morning-glories on the wall,
The pansies in their patch of shade,
The violets, stolen from a glade,
The bleeding hearts and columbine,
Have long been garden friends of mine;
But memory every summer flocks
About a clump of hollyhocks.

The mother loved them years ago;
Beside the fence they used to grow,
And though the garden changed each year
And certain blooms would disappear
To give their places in the ground
To something new that Mother found,
Some pretty bloom or rosebush rare—
The hollyhocks were always there.

It seems but yesterday to me
She led me down the yard to see
The first tall spires, with bloom aflame,
And taught me to pronounce their name;

And year by year I watched them grow,
The first flowers I had come to know,
And with the mother dear I'd yearn
To see the hollyhocks return.

The garden of my boyhood days
With hollyhocks was kept ablaze;
In all my recollections they
In friendly columns nod and sway;
And when to-day their blooms I see,
Always the mother smiles at me;
The mind's bright chambers, life unlocks
Each summer with the hollyhocks.

—EDGAR A. GUEST.

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A certain originality was revealed by the different type of Christmas card he annually sent to friends. Not the old, the trite quatrain with its conventional sentiment, but something that was genuinely his own accompanied by a fervent wish, couched in his own personal style and forced home by means of a bit of colour, a figure or a touch of intimate feeling. There was nothing didactic about them, nothing vulgar nor old-fashioned. These missives had the grip of strong individuality and reality. They were concise, direct and charged with the magnetism of a sincere feeling.

THE CHRISTIAN COMPASS

Cardinal Points for the New Year

Looking backward:
Long enough to fix the lessons of the year just gone.
Looking forward:
Until the challenge of the New Year grips us.
Looking upward:
For the sky born ideals and God's help to interpret them.
Looking inward:
With a personal resolve to live the gospel of happiness, helpfulness and hope.

Hollyhocks

The hollyhock has always been my favourite garden flower, and is inseparably connected with my early boyhood days.

Like an army with banners the stately spires with their colourful flowers guarded the fence and wall of that dear old home. As I played in the garden the hollyhock blooms were bells ; and many innocent bees in search of honey became prisoners as I closed the petals over them just to hear their angry protest.

Few flowers contribute more to the beauty of a garden, with their extravagance of colour—from the palest blush to the deepest red, from a faint white, through every shade of yellow to the richest orange and then the reddish purple deepening almost to black.

But This is Your Birthday

And what have hollyhocks to do with birthdays ? To me they are inseparable, for no flower that grows more fully represents the course of life.

Near the ground are the seed pods of the flowers that were—not dead but full of life ; like the yesterdays of good deeds that never die. Next are the full-blown flowers in all the glory of the present ; while climbing upward to the very top of the spires are the unopened buds beckoning us to the tasks and opportunities awaiting us.

Thus the hollyhock brings to you my Birthday wish. May your present days be filled with happiness and peace ; your past with pleasant memories ; and your future with courage, high hope, and trust—that the Great Gardener may be pleased.

May my hollyhocks with their bright bells ring in a glad New Year for you as you celebrate another Birthday.

Ever your friend,

Marion Lawrance

Shall we not—as friends together—rely more than ever upon this compass to guide our pathway through this new year of privilege we are facing?

What's Worth While

As a shower is made up of single drops of water, and a meadow of single blades of grass, so life is made up of little things that fill the passing moments.

The life that counts is one that seeks to fill its moments with things worth while.

It is worth while to encourage a fainting heart. It is worth while to woo a smile to a tear-stained cheek. It is worth while to turn wandering feet into the better way. It is worth while to expose all about us to the contagion of a sunny well-tempered life.

May you and I be neither dreamers nor drudges in the year just before us, but doers of things worth while.

This is my New Year's wish for you, because you are my friend, and for myself, because I am yours.

Comet or Fixed Star

The Comet flashes its lustrous train of silvery light across the sky; but—almost as we look—it disappears.

The Fixed Star gleams and glows with steady brightness. It does not flash nor dazzle, but abides throughout the night. The mariner on his course puts his confidence in it, because it is constant.

There are Comet people, and people like Fixed Stars—we meet them every day;—but to which will the hungry souls turn for guidance, friendship and inspiration?

The Comets are gazed at—and then forgotten.

The Fixed Stars of the earth are admired for their constancy, and loved for their cheery helpfulness.

Facing this glad New Year of privilege and service—friends together as we are—may we strive more earnestly than ever to be Fixed Stars, brightening the pathway of those about us as God gives us opportunity.

Studies in Harmony

Harmony is purely a matter of right relationship, whether it be in the things of nature, the tones of the music, or the colours of the painting.

No less true is the harmony of life to be found in so relating ourselves to God's great plan for us through His Son, that the doing of His will becomes our joy!

My wish for you, my friend, as for myself, is that the harmony of peace and praise and helpful service may fill our lives throughout this Glad New Year.

Fruit-Bearing

The bearing of fruit is as truly the test of human lives as of the trees in an orchard.

The life that bears much fruit brings joy to the world and glory to the Husbandman.

As we enter upon this New Year of fruit bearing, may we dig about our lives by self-examination; nourish them by communion with the divine; water them by sympathy with our fellow men; so that our "Manner of fruit" may help to satisfy this old world's hunger for good and God.

Life's Fabric

Life is a fabric,—a new bit to be woven each day.

God furnishes the warp,—all threads of gold, which are His thoughts and plans for us.

We furnish the silver-threaded woof, in our fellowships with Him and in loving acts of service done in His name as daily we pass life's shuttle to and fro.

May our weaving—yours and mine—in this glad New Year be true to His pattern for us, and worthy to be laid at His feet when the year's weaving is done!

These original and helpful messages evidently reached the heart, for the recipients speak of them giving a touch of colour to the day, of lightening depression, of recalling the ideals of early youth, of instilling greater courage, of sounding the depths

and leaving a message in the soul, and of keeping one keen in his allotted work with the onward look. They were eagerly looked forward to, received and read and reread with much pleasure, framed, quoted, and treasured in album and scrap-book. "One of the most delightful pieces of service which he did," says a Chicago worker, "was probably what he considered one of the least important—securing the names of friends and acquaintances for his birthday mailing list, and sending these uplifting messages annually." Gratitude, appreciation and a deepened interest and friendship were often expressed by the thousand or more friends thus remembered. One Western friend says, "I will ever cherish the personal birthday message as an oasis in this world which is all too much of a desert when it comes to an expression of those finer sentiments which are grounded in Christian human friendships." They contributed to personal happiness, helped to make better men and servants of God; and as E. Farras, former International President of Kiwanis, thought, no message lingered in the mind from year to year like the birthday greetings of Marion Lawrance, for explains Bishop McDowell, "He knew the way so well." In the scrap-books of his time and memory will be found many interpretations of these courteous messages. He made such a record in the hearts of men and such an impression in the society in which he lived that the world will always be better for his having been in it.

No one can compute how big and far-reaching has been his contribution to the "plus" life in North America.

The idea of "God's accounting Book" was a very happy one for it made me conscious of how great a debtor I was. As Hannah Moore says, "The little things we won't do—the great things we can't do."

A bishop in Africa, a Sunday school superintendent in South Australia, a business man in Winnipeg, pastors from Germany, a tailor from London, a banker from Edinburgh, a journalist living in Paris, missionaries from Cairo, Egypt, a secretary of Sunday schools from Alaska, a teacher from Hawaii, a railroad official from Mexico, medical missionaries in Arabia, steamship owners from Tokyo, a commercial agent from Cuba, religious workers

from Rome, a kindergarten director from China, a Sunday school worker from Ireland, Y. M. C. A. leaders from the Orient, a doctor from Newfoundland, were among the many who wrote letters of sincere gratitude for the birthday salutations that reached them on the exact day, and of deep regard for the one whose "kindness is like a flowing brook that refreshes the wayfarer and gladdens the heart of the weary."

Two of the most popular of these greetings were *The Shepherd's Flute* and *The Hollyhock* message. A lady in England wrote that the Shepherd greeting set her mother, aged eighty-three, singing all day. A man of ninety, of the Sunday School Union of England, reckoned himself Marion Lawrance's debtor for many years and especially on receiving the last one. "Surely never did a busy man think of a more beautiful thing and do it, too, than this of greeting folk year by year." Another acknowledges the pleasant uplift of spirit by the friendly welcome melody on the flute. This *Shepherd's Flute* played a beautiful tune in the souls of many. "Such messages as this as well as the dozen that preceded really performed a great service in keeping many men serving others." It was timely and struck the right chord in the human heart.

It was long known that one of Marion Lawrance's favourite flowers was the old-fashioned hollyhock. In nine different states, friends have said that when Marion Lawrance visited their gardens his last year, he would be welcomed by the bright bells he loved so well. But a "sad joy" is connected with this last greeting because hundreds of them were received months after the beloved leader had opened his eyes on more beautiful scenes. It was only another evidence of his characteristic thoughtfulness in having the greetings ready ahead of time, and an act that will lead many to cherish this particular one in a peculiar way. "It gave me a somewhat weird feeling at first to receive the letter addressed in his handwriting, containing, as I expected, his love letter for my birthday." "I had been feeling really disappointed to know that I would miss his greeting this year. And then it came! It was a beautiful thing for him to do." "It was like a message from the other side." "I grew up among those mes-

sengers of heaven and the simile grips me mightily," writes a publisher. "He could not have expressed any higher wish for any of his friends." "It will be a favourite flower at our house from this time on."

When Marion Lawrance attained his seventieth birthday, however, the tables were turned. Hundreds of friends throughout the world sent him messages of love and congratulation. These communications were rich with personal sentiment. From Japan came this message:

According to Chinese and Japanese custom, when a man reaches his seventieth year of age, we call him "Koko" (literally this means that it is rare from the ancient to see a man reach his seventieth of age) and hearty congratulations are offered to him by his family, relatives and friends. It seems to me that there is no meaning in life were the life simply a multiplication of years, for it merely satisfies the curiosity of those who see him as the old pottery does. But in your case, it is quite different. Your life is full of deep-meaning and value—you walked with the Lord Jesus Christ, your whole life was for the Lord. So the longer you live, the more you will bless the people around you and the more you will manifest the glory of God. The words in Proverbs (16:31) "The hoary head is a crown of glory" are to be offered to the men like you. May God in Heaven increase the number of your years that you will do your numerous works still remained to be accomplished on the earth. (Signed, K. Mito.)

Newfoundland wished that he continue to bring in the new day; California bade him "Godspeed" through the sacred seventies; Missouri congratulated him on his great contribution to the community, declaring that he could look backward without regret, and forward without fear; Pennsylvania declared, "The best is yet to be, Mr. Master Builder. Read Corinthians 9:14, 15"; Ohio wanted him to know his boys were devoted to him; Rhode Island sent greetings to the veteran of seventy with the heart of a boy, and continued, "We can never forget that you are woven in so dearly with our lives and so are a thread of gold and purple in the robe of life and experience." Louisiana believed the

Sunday school movement was the biggest thing there was, because of Marion Lawrance's life; "Our dear big Chief" was the way that many addressed him. Some speak of the conventions in many States which he made great. Still others speak of the mountain-peak hours at Buffalo, at Atlanta, at Denver, at Portland, Maine, at Columbus, and still others mention the quiet calm on Lake Geneva at different conferences the last ten years. Presidents of colleges, railroads and corporations, and ministers and superintendents of a dozen denominations sent their hearty felicitations. The world's children greeted him cordially as the first World's Secretary through the World Association, while Mr. H. J. Heinz says that "If Victor Hugo could say fifty is the old age of youth then seventy must be the youth of old age when you are in your Sunday school prime."

To these greetings, Marion Lawrance replied:

October 19, 1921.

You were among the large number of mighty good friends of mine who recognized my birthday on October 2, by sending me a beautiful greeting. I cannot tell you how much I appreciate your thoughtfulness and kindness.

It was indeed a happy birthday to me, as all my birthdays have been. Recognition came not only through the multitude of greetings that were received, but also through a number of publications, particularly the *Baptist Sunday School Worker,* which featured it in a three-page article. On the evening preceding my birthday my daughter prepared a birthday dinner for a few close friends. A most happy evening was enjoyed. I wish I had time to write you the letter I have in my heart to write in recognition of your kindness, but as the greetings have come in by the hundred and I am just preparing to leave the city on a two-weeks' trip into Canada, I shall ask you to forgive me for this simple acknowledgment which is, however, none the less genuine nor lacking in affectionate appreciation.

I prize my friends as my chief earthly treasure, next to my own children, and you will never know how you have heartened me by your kindness. The way grows brighter and God's work more compelling and fascinating with each succeeding year. What a blessing to be in His service.

A rather unusual attitude is assumed in the sentiment of another friend a year later:

A kindly thought and feeling come to me every time the thought of you enters my head—writes Strickland Gillilan—and that event is of high frequency, as we scientists say. When I saw in the *Sunday School Worker* that you were about to come down with a birthday, I couldn't keep from writing a line or so on this Hammerhill Bond paper of mine to let you know that my symptoms regarding you have not changed except in the way of deepening since I last gazed upon you at Batavia a few winters ago. When I go to Batavia next January 3, I shall think very intently of you then, and see if you get my wireless.

Seventy-one is a right advanced age for some fellers, Marion, but not for a boy who still has so many chores to do as you have. I hope you may eventually grow up to be a credit to those of us who know you now in your adolescence. I am sure we shall be proud some day to proclaim to the world: "There's old man Lawrance's boy—made something of hisself at last. He ust t' be right triflin', but we told 'em to watch—he'd show 'em yit he had some good stuff in 'im."

"With more friends than any President of the United States, with his photographs on more mantelpieces, with his cheery greetings (New Year and birthday) in more memories, with his name printed on more pieces of religious literature, Marion Lawrance is unquestionably more of a household word than that of any other individual known to the American home." This is the strong and superlative assertion of a State Religious Educational Secretary. It shows merely the depth of friendship and the breadth of his leadership.

A year later when Marion Lawrance was first stricken with pneumonia and lay at death's door for months the thousands of friends everywhere kept his rooms vivid and fragrant with flowers, his desk piled high with letters and messages of cheer and sympathy.

The Soul of Chivalry

Many have said that chivalry is an art like conversation and social courtesy, which can never be regained. Whether this may

be true or not the last few years of Marion Lawrance's life presented certain autumn tints and shades of chivalry which were beautiful indeed. Here there was the "unbought grace of life, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise." These rare, sweet courtesies of life had long become a part almost of the habits of this man. In him there was a chivalrous temper which made his responses gentle. It was this that prompted in him that type of honour which recognizes the appeal of the other man.

Near the beginning of Mr. Lawrance's official relationship to the Association, the schools of Columbus, together with the delegates of the Convention paraded the principal streets of the city to the Convention hall. Marion Lawrance had not been assigned to any particular place and the only empty one was with a very ordinary-looking woman who seemed somewhat ill at ease, evidently not being familiar with her surroundings. He approached the woman, and, with the gentlemanly and courtly manner with which he would have addressed a lady of rank, asked her if it would be agreeable to her for him to walk by her side in the procession. "I am free to say that in my fifty years of public life," says the authority for this incident, "nothing has impressed me more than the spirit manifested by Mr. Lawrance on that occasion."

In a speech in which he emphasized the value of Sunday school teaching, and the influence of the teacher, he spoke feelingly of his own Sunday school teacher at Yellow Springs, Ohio, John Van Mater, and his debt of gratitude to him for his influence on his early life. With the full pathos of his great soul flowing out into his words, he declared that should he hear of the death of his old Sunday school teacher, he would cross the continent to follow his dust to the tomb,—an act of love which he lived to carry out.

He never sought the highest place, the best seat, the prominent rôle. To encourage others and promote their interests seemed to give him unbounded joy. In travelling this was much in evidence. He was "nobility in common clay, whose every act was gracious courtesy."

A friend from the East remarked about his conversational powers:

Mr. Lawrance was, to my mind, one of the most charming conversationalists I have ever known. He always talked to others of their own great work—seldom about himself—unless asked to do so. Then he might talk eloquently of the Sunday school for hours. A prominent minister said, "I spent a day with Marion Lawrance on the train and it stands out in my memory as a gleaming jewel."

To win the favour, the good will, the sound and intimate friendship of his fellows, may have been a subconscious goal, but the extension of these courtesies seemed to have been as much a part of his functional life as breathing. A publisher has written that his service of sending birthday greetings was, to be sure, a small service, but it was a true service. It continued without interruption or thought of return, until the end.

His was "a mind that observed the smallest details, yet a mind that could grasp the largest principles, a personality that built itself upon apparent trifles, yet one that flashed into the hearts and lives of men and left there an undying light." Among the many "glittering gems" of poetry found in his scrap-books occur:

The smallest effort is not lost;
Each wavelet on the ocean tossed
Aids in the ebb tide or the flow;
Each raindrop makes some flowerlet blow,
Each struggle lessens human woe.

Sympathy, comradeship, the spirit of courtesy and chivalry, combined to make "the friend" Marion Lawrance. There was no envy or littleness in this ministry. He practised that true friendship that made him, now, a tower of strength four-square—to all the winds that blow, for the hunted or oppressed; and now, a cheerful beacon to some vagrant voyager upon a lonely sea.

XIII

THE COURAGE OF A HUMOURIST

"The essence of true humour is not contempt, but love."
—CARLYLE.

"All happy people resemble each other. All unhappy are unhappy in their own way."—ANON.

ONE of the favourite books of Marion Lawrance was *The Life of Lincoln.* He was much impressed by Lincoln's philosophy of life; his sanity and poise, and his courage as a humourist. In spite of the many national problems constantly pressing upon him, and in the face of misunderstandings and calumny, he could joke and laugh with his more intimate associates, without bitterness, antagonism, or despair. The great president exemplified that type of cheerful heroism that strongly gripped the Sunday school leader. Marion Lawrance liked to personify this kind of courage. Many times when clouds hung heavy over the horizon with little prospect of their breaking in the near future, he would pick up a humorous book or recall a funny story and tell it to a friend, endeavouring thereby to regain that poise of mind and body which comes through the comic sense.

As a teller of stories, he had few equals among his Sunday school associates. In early years he was particularly fond of dialect stories, and had a uniquely appropriate accent for Swedish, Irish and negro narratives. Many a time, on the front porch of the Toledo home did he entertain church friends, during the spring or summer evening, with a constant succession of stories told with inimitable spontaneity and wit. In public address, too, he was usually supplied with an apt story to illustrate a point. But he did not drag in a story for the sake of the humour as many speakers do. He believed the illustration should illustrate.

After all, however, the real courage of a humourist does not consist in ability to tell stories on appropriate occasions. It consists rather in that general attitude of mind toward life which is

truly philosophic, laughing at disappointments, discouragements, deprivations, and defeats. It was this courage of the humourist that helped to give that sense of the inevitable rightness of things and the inevitable outcome of right, which projected itself so strongly in his relationship with others. Intense sympathy with one's fellows is usually a result of the possession of this comic sense. To make cheerfulness a habit which could be relied upon was Marion Lawrance's early ambition and achievement. While he might regret exceedingly the turn of affairs at some disappointing time, nevertheless he had this wonderful character trait to fall back upon.

Many is the time that Marion Lawrance has been seen in a trying, critical situation—as chairman of a meeting where large sums of money must be raised, or when some important and critical discussion was to be launched—crises which threatened the very structure of his organization, yet on these occasions, this same comic sense, this same fine mental and social equilibrium upheld him, and enabled him to control the situation with coolness, yet with positiveness and vigour.

It was habitual also for him to suspend judgment of others on most occasions, especially in times of stress and strain—another very good evidence indeed of the comic perspective. In conferences where considerable spirit was manifested by rival factions, he seldom came out into the open to express an opinion, one way or another against any person, plan or project. He was no fighter. He usually waited until the smoke of battle had cleared away, then endeavoured to clarify the issues. Sometimes, after hours of discussion, he would venture a statement, firmly but kindly, about his views, and it was to the credit of his courage and sound judgment that his will usually prevailed.

In each day's work, in each thought and project, an ideal was always master. He could see contrasts with a quick eye—contrasts in character, in nature, in life and spirit. This keen perceptive ability made him particularly susceptible to the shocks of surprise and particularly capable in the achievement of climaxes. His passion for travelling, his love of system and order, his genius for getting things done were all part of his rich philosophy

of humour—which was so deeply conceived that it could not be impure. His mind was well able to parallel form and content, shadow and substance, symbol and idea, a morally correct world and a topsy-turvy world, as his lectures and conversations clearly show. Sometimes this humour bubbled up as from a crystal spring, sometimes it flowed along like a brook. It was never loud, always wholesome, constantly promoting good fellowship, but best of all, it usually awakened thought.

Humour from the Platform

He did not believe in a long-faced Christianity. When he occasionally filled pulpits, he seldom failed to inject a little of his own genial humour into his address. When he talked before Sunday school or other gatherings, the same lambent glow of humour played about his manner and words. He abruptly ended a very important series of announcements in the Zurich Steamship dining-room with the statement that the Nevada delegation (consisting of one man) would meet in the boiler room at midnight. Beginning an address very late on the programme at one convention where others had taken his time, he began with, "I sincerely thank you for your presence here this evening in case you are not here when I finish." At a Canadian convention Marion Lawrance was introduced as a Sunday school man who was so modest he would say he could not by any means fill the place of B. F. Jacobs who was unable to be present. (Mr. Jacobs was tall and very slight, Marion Lawrance was strong and robust at this time.) Marion Lawrance replied, "I wish to correct the chairman. I know I can fill Mr. Jacobs' place—very adequately and satisfactorily—(long pause)—at the table, but nowhere else." At the Toronto International Convention he noticed in the Kentucky delegation which was endeavouring to "get the convention" to come to Louisville, a lady who wore a black bonnet and veil and bore a striking resemblance to the late Queen Victoria. He was quick to seize upon the likeness and publicly paid her homage. When Louisville won the convention he made a profound bow to her and said, "Since you had Queen Victoria with you, of course you won the convention."

Thomas St. Clair Evans, Secretary of the International Association of Daily Vacation Bible Schools, recalls that more than once he told him in the hotel or while riding along in the train that he was fully aware that he might be called into the spirit world at any time, and that the very service he was rendering and the physical exertion involved in it would probably shorten his days on earth. But of deliberate choice, he wished to burn out in service. A very remarkable feature of this attitude on the part of Mr. Lawrance was his joy and happiness in the midst of physical pain caused by his chosen attitude toward service. He was always telling some story or reciting some funny incident of a trip of his around the world or to some section of his own country:

I had just finished my talk at August on the Vacation School, says Mr. Evans, and was sitting on the platform behind the piano. I had come to realize just about where his amusing illustrations and jokes were in his address on The Ten Commandments. As he approached one of these amusing stories I chuckled aloud. He stopped short in his address and turning toward me, remarked to the audience, "If that travelling companion of mine over there back of the piano would stop laughing at my speech, I could go on and tell the joke I have down here in my note-book." He then proceeded to show the audience that he appreciated the fact that I was preparing them for the story he was about to tell. After that he continually referred to me as his cheer-leader.

One large and disagreeable part of his work was the raising of funds for Sunday school work in which, however, he was eminently successful. In one of his meetings, when he was carrying unusual sorrow, as he stood up before the audience with his blackboard marked off in the usual checkerboard manner, he said, "I sometimes think as I appear before you, as I do now, that you are not anxious to see me, and are looking for an appropriate epitaph to place on my tombstone. I have been thinking that some time when you approach my last resting place with proper reverence you ought to be greeted by the Scripture words, 'And the beggar died.'"

Humour in Letters and Intimate Relationships

A famous philosopher has said, "To find out your real opinion of any one, observe the impression made upon you by the first sight of a letter from him." A number of correspondents have repeatedly expressed their joy in receiving his letters—often being the first of the pile to be opened. This was due probably to the fact that within them there were usually encouragement and helpfulness, cheer, and bright, good humour of his especial brand. Perhaps this distinctive mark of his personality, linked up with his religion, business methods, and his character, shone out the brightest among his other traits. Many a time his heart was far from being light or merry but he did not let others know of any depression and sadness, if he could avoid it. He assumed, as completely as possible, this genial, cheerful attitude in his letters, and on all public occasions, for he liked to remember the motto he once saw on a millionaire publisher's desk in New York City, "Assume an attitude of business and cheerfulness, and business and cheerfulness will follow."

When Dr. Samuel Price was in Chicago in February, 1924, Mr. Lawrance told him about the extraction of his teeth which was to be performed on the following Saturday. Later, he sent his New York friend a business letter writing below his name, "Toothless but happy." To a Manitoba secretary of twenty-five years' service, who had placed his resignation before the Board on four different occasions, he wrote, "You are the most resigned man in America." A secretary wrote urging him to speak at the Delaware State Convention and enclosing two pencil-drawn pictures—one of the disconsolate face of a delegate if he did not come, the other of the happy face if he did come. By return mail came a letter addressed to Miss Maggie S. Wilson, Artist. At the Louisville Convention, her picture appeared in the paper (with those of other secretaries) with the legend, "The only General Secretary who is not a mere man."

His letters to his friends and children abound in that cheerful humour that had much to do with the interest they held. Playfulness and good humour seemed never to desert him. Here follow some examples:

My dear Children:

"When in the course of human events," or words to that effect, it becomes necessary to pen my last epistolary document in connection with this particular sojourn into the far country, and in view of the lack of leisure on account of an unusually heavy schedule, then and therefore and because thereof the paternal ancestor of the family of Lawrance has decided after due deliberation to inscribe this one and the same communication to all of his legal descendants collectively as enumerated herein and hereafter to wit:

Miss Lois M. Lawrance,

Mr. Harold G. Lawrance,

Mrs. Inez H. Lawrance, the same being held in tender and affectionate regard. So there!

Therefore, consequently and because of the thusness enumerated above, and being in my right mind—here goes:

My work at this point has thickened up considerably. My regular work as laid out in the programme calls for seven regular appearances on the platform, which in all cities previously visited *has lengthened into.*

. . . . . .

The girl for the past several weeks has been enjoying poor health but now she is *complaining* of being better. She has had really a rather serious and painful time with something.

. . . . . .

I may spend a few weeks later in the winter in North Carolina. Did you know that if you were to stand North Carolina upright on the point that runs down by Tennessee that Cape Hatteras would extend fifty miles into Canada? Well, I didn't believe it (either?) until I tried it on the map and it is true. It is a wonderful state—smallest per cent. of foreign born of any state. Mostly descendants of the Highlanders of Scotland. It is the only state that fills every blank on every government report—which means that every plant—nut, fruit, mineral, flower, tree, etc.,—to be found anywhere in any state can be found in North Carolina. They raise oranges, yet Mt. Mitchell has a cap of snow. It is five hundred miles long. Yes, sir. It is a wonderful state. Now when you get this geography lesson well learned you can go up to the head of the class.

One of the speakers last night told this story. A school teacher offered a handsome prize to the scholar who gave the best answer to the following question—"Who was the greatest man that ever lived?" One said Washington, another Lincoln, and Napoleon, Gladstone, etc., etc. The teacher was discouraged and disappointed. Finally she discovered that she had missed Ikey, the little Jew boy in the back seat—so she asked him. He said, "Jesus Christ." She said, "right," and called him to the front asking him how it came that he, a Jew, made that answer. He said, "I tell you, but don't I get the prize first?" She gave him the prize. Then he said, "I gave that answer for business reasons, but really the greatest man that ever lived was Moses."

. . . . . .

A little boy kissed his little girl playmate. She said, "You mustn't do that—you would get microbes and I'll get yourcrobes." Now I do not know how that story fits into this letter but it is in anyhow. As I have a letter on the way to you, I'll not enlarge.

In his close relationships of office and home the same cheerfulness was displayed. He tells of a day in Toledo when he was walking down-town to his office, feeling very blue and discouraged. There were many things that pulled him down into the depths. He could not solve the problems that were pressing upon him. Then there came up behind him a minister of the city, Dr. Kelsey, whose very face radiated optimism and sunshine. He slapped him on the back, saying, "Lawrance, this is a great morning! By the way, you never looked better in your life! What do you do to have such a fine colour and such a happy expression?" Mr. Lawrance said that he involuntarily straightened his shoulders back and assumed a bit of a smile, although he could not immediately throw off his great depression. Dr. Kelsey continued with his cheery, forceful manner until Marion Lawrance said, when he reached the office, his spirits, too, were bubbling over and that no day ever had been brighter or any prospect more pleasing than this. He resolved then and there never to let himself be caught in a depressing mood such as this

again, and if possible to bring about a cheerful atmosphere by endeavouring to be of stimulating encouragement to others.

The courage that he manifested as an optimist was recognized everywhere, not only in his platform work in the field, but in his city and domestic duties as well. It became the habit for people to come to him for advice, counsel, and encouragement. His files are filled with letters asking for help of some kind, while interviews he granted to those who felt the need of some such strong, cheerful personality as his were countless. His repartee and fund of delightful stories—always wholesome and kind—the merry twinkle of his eyes and " his gracious gift of old urbanity " seemed only a natural incident of his happy Christian life—a part of a quiet confidence—love and power. To be sure, this humour consisted in the little turns of speech, in combining ideas and things in an unexpected manner, slight in themselves often—but whose aggregate was convincing. To the person accidentally treading on his foot, he said, " Never mind, my friend, I have another one." To the visitor who sought the wrong way to the elevator he said smiling, " The case of another good man gone wrong." When on shipboard he left the dining-room rather suddenly and started for the stairs and the upper deck, whispering to a table mate: " Man needs but little here below, *nor* needs that little long."

To illustrate the distinctive part that men and boys have in religious service, he told of the woman visiting a mother who had four boys and of her saying, " What a pity that one of those boys could not have been a girl." The four-year-old boy overheard this statement which worried him considerably. When the visitor was leaving, he stood in front of her and said with much earnestness, " I would like to know who would ha' bin 'er. Harry wouldn't ha' bin 'er, Tom wouldn't ha' bin 'er, Jim wouldn't ha' bin 'er, an' I'm sure I wouldn't ha' bin 'er ! "

He enjoyed telling of the way his son " rather laid him out," as he said, when he told him not to dilly-dally after he was through eating, adding, " When I am through eating, I leave the table." To which the lad replied as he rose to go, " Yes, Father, and that is about all you do leave."

The Humour of Others

He greatly enjoyed the humour of others. He became acquainted some years ago with the humourist Strickland Gillilan, and the two kept up a humorous correspondence to the last. He keenly relished talking to him. On one of the last birthdays of Strickland Gillilan, Marion Lawrance wrote on his usual greeting to him that he would give "forty red apples" to have a chat with him. To which Gillilan made this reply:

Marion, I'd at least divide the forty red apples with you, for the sake of a visit in person. The greeting is all well enough—it has become one of the necessities of life. But a personal eye visit would beat it all to pieces. But I want the red apples (if I am to share them) to be something besides Ben Davis. I'm supposed to be getting a year wiser and kindlier and more tolerant each year, but I find one of my prejudices getting stronger instead of weaker as the charity-bringing years go by, and that is my dislike of Ben Davis. . . . Thank you very cordially for the delightful and heart-warming greeting. And don't ever let me be disappointed in the morning of my anniversary by not getting or having got the greeting.

Following the Zurich Convention, Mr. Lawrance nearly suffered a nervous collapse because of the great responsibility he had borne in carrying the programme successfully through. Mr. Heinz insisted he go with him to take the baths at Bad Kissingen. Here the two "dared" each other to shave off their beards. The following jingle, much relished by him, was written on that occasion, by friends:

Who found St. Lawrance looking sad,
And took him straight to Kissen' Bad
And shaved off all the beard he had?
Heinz did it!

What made him better, day by day,
Brought back his cheer and smile so gay?
Just one announcement, please, he'll say,
Heinz did it!

Who when he later sighed for home,
And on the "Baltic" he found some
Of Zurich's best, who bade him come?
We did it!

Who sent him pickles by the score,
Relishes fine, chutneys galore,
That made us wish for more and more?
Heinz did it!

Who shared these joys with all his friends
As on his homeward way he wends,
For that lost beard to make amends?
He did it!

Who vote that Heinz's Fifty-seven
Shall be increased to Ninety-'leven,
And that our thanks to Heinz be given?
We did it!

The Philosophy of a Smiling Christian

He was called "original in his sense of humour." Perhaps this was true to some degree. The man who is original is the individual who drops away from the professional mannerisms, or the professional method, or the professional line of thought. Marion Lawrance was not a professional man in that sense, but rather an original man. He believed in efficiency and he himself was efficient. But, in addition, he had early recognized the danger of holding prejudices against people, against organizations, against things. He endeavoured to cultivate a broad viewpoint with the desire to see the other man's point of view as readily as he saw his own.

This getting rid of prejudices that so often beset people and hamper their thoughts and movements was one of the determining factors in Marion Lawrance's life. He seldom looked backward. No matter what a man might do toward him, or toward the cause he loved, he endeavoured at least to maintain toward him the Christian attitude. He knew that if a prejudice against him were once lodged, it would be difficult for him to act freely

thereafter toward him or toward any one in connection with that man's work. So, personal prejudice was dropped as completely as is possible in a strong man whose emotions are alive. Not only this, but also the fact that he saw things as analogies helped to make him an original man. He did not disdain to use another man's figure of speech, or another man's thoughts, but he usually fitted these into an angle of his own thought-out analogy. His humour abounds in illustrations of this prerequisite to original thinking. His lectures and chapters on the art of illustration are full of this picturing of analogies as a means of teaching a lesson.

Not only efficiency, absence of prejudice, and the use of analogy, but also the play spirit that he showed in his sense of humour, and his cheerful contacts with people helped to bring forth that originality which so charmed audiences and personal friends. But the inspiration of his friendship, and the ability to use a magnetic personality to inspire others with a great message, was also an important factor. In the last analysis, one permits himself to be inspired, for inspiration comes not from without, but from the confines of one's conscious life. It was this mellow influence which made others receptive that constituted the original force of his life.

Even to the last, on his dying bed, he manifested this same spirit of cheerfulness. His physician at Portland, Dr. A. A. Morse, said that up to within a few days of his going, he endeavoured to joke and tell him stories, manifesting a splendidly cheerful disposition. He showed absolute confidence in those who were taking care of him and never the slightest doubt that the outcome would be God's will.

It takes courage to be a humourist, and it takes plenty of humour to be courageous under all circumstances, but throughout the many battles in which he was compelled to fight, Marion Lawrance trusted in God, kept his ammunition dry, and smiled as one having absolute faith in his Commander-in-Chief, and one whose thought about the outcome could only be that of victory. This was an inspiring philosophy, to be sure, and one that was frequently emulated by the young people around him, as well as his older associates. His great, heartfelt sympathy for others,

his habit of belittling his own trials, particularly in later life, became an obsession, and he maintained, to the last, that he was only a servant of God and of the people, and that other folks' trials and difficulties were his first concern.

Humour in such a life as Marion Lawrance's acted as a shock-absorber, a correcter of evil, an illuminant, an equilibrizer. It was never applied to sacred things or humanly unfortunate conditions. In reality it was a "laugh on life with a tear behind it." But no one can estimate the courage and strength of heart and will to embody such a philosophy at all the crises and cross-roads of life.

XIV

SPENT ARROWS FROM A KNIGHT OF THE ROAD

"All of us are travellers in the wilderness of this world, and the best that we find in our travels is an honest friend."

—R. L. Stevenson.

"It is a truism, and not a hobby, that the true life of a man is in his letters."—Cardinal Newman.

BECAUSE of his early experience as a travelling business man, and the extended trips required of him in the Ohio and International work, Marion Lawrance sometimes humorously spoke of himself as a "Knight of the Road"—"A Sunday School Tramp." At the Toledo Sunday School, he built up a class of "drop-ins"—travelling men—chiefly through this appellation.

A Passion for Travelling

True it is that one of the great passions of Marion Lawrance's life was travelling. He delighted in planning trips, looking up railroad and steamship connections, viewing the country from a car-window, visiting widely-separated cities, meeting varieties of human types, feeling the exhilaration of new scenes and the charm of the unfamiliar. In the latter years, he often said, his trips kept him young, buoyant, hopeful, and in touch with progress. Easily and quickly did he learn to adjust himself to strange environments and to the inconveniences of travel. He was, as Mr. Excell often said, "One of the very best of travellers and travelling companions." He never worried, and met each situation with experienced imperturbability.

The extent of Marion Lawrance's travelling in the half-century spent in Sunday school work is almost beyond belief. Eighteen ocean trips, several score transcontinental tours, besides countless shorter journeys made his total mileage a little less than a million and a quarter miles! The marvellous fact, however, is that

during this long period and over this vast distance, he was never in an accident of any kind nor lost anything of value by theft, fire or carelessness on the part of railroad officials or himself. (One of the Western Railway Passenger Associations is now using this record, by permission, as a tribute to the efficiency of its lines.) He always knew much about the railroad or steamship line upon which he was travelling, as well as the character of the service that was rightfully his. He never demanded more, seldom as much, as he was entitled to from the employees of the company,—but he received every act of service with courtesy. It was a revelation to his friends and even to experienced travellers, to see how the porters, stewards or waiters rushed to do his bidding, and the respect with which they regarded him. It was not the customary tip which he gave that brought this about, but a glowing geniality of manner, a spirit of good feeling, courtesy, and dignity which radiated from both manner and words.

On one occasion, his train was stalled in the Rockies by a big snow-storm and snow-drifts for two days. Many passengers were frantic, besieging the conductor with a score of questions every hour. The supplies gave out in the dining-car, and on all sides were heard threats against the railroad, severe criticism of the management, and strong disapproval of the conductor and his associates. When the snow-plough came, and the train was released, Marion Lawrance approached the conductor and congratulated him on the fine way in which he had handled the situation. The conductor seemed much moved, and said that he was the only man on the train who had not had something unkind and unjust to say about him or his train.

The first great Sunday school transcontinental tour of which he was a part took place in 1900, when, with five other speakers, he travelled eighty-seven hundred miles into thirteen Northwestern states and provinces in sixty-two days, during which time he gave 117 addresses. Since that day he has averaged more than thirty-five thousand miles a year. The last long trip taken was a Pacific Coast tour which ended with his passing at Portland, Oregon.

A passion for the sea claimed him throughout life. Travelling

over any body of water was always restful and highly enjoyable to him, while nothing pleased him more than to go to sleep with the metronomic beat of the waves in his ears. Dyke Rock Cottage—the summer home of his friend William N. Hartshorn, on the Massachusetts coast—had a great fascination for him because of the " rhythmic vesper-song and evening lullaby " sung by the waves on the rocks. Sixteen trips across the Atlantic, and two across the Pacific merely increased his fondness for water travel and his deep interest in the mystery of the sea. He was a good sailor, only once becoming real seasick, when a " heavy sea was on." The lights and tints and shadows of the opalescent ocean made an absorbing study. He not only " looked for the crimson," as the Apostle advised, but for countless other phenomena as well which brought joy to his heart.

A Travelling Sunday School Salesman

Marion Lawrance was a travelling man all his life. When he gave up travelling salesmanship of material things, he became a travelling salesman of spiritual things, but he was always a salesman. He was constantly trying to " sell the Sunday school "—to give it a higher rating, to place it more firmly upon the market. That which he was selling was his very life purpose, through the great company which he represented—that of God and His Kingdom—Whom it was his very great desire to please and satisfy. Because of his earnestness and sincerity, he made friends for Christ among all his fellow-travellers.

On all his long trips, he kept faithful diaries recording his observations, the friends he met, interesting and vital statements about his work, and his own religious feeling toward the achievements of his life. These pages show his logical mind, his great heart, his interest in folk, his love for Jesus Christ, his overwhelming passion to follow Him and the ruling motive of his life—the Sunday school. These diaries were interesting, well-kept and illustrated, containing not only a pen-written comment of things done, but also pictures of the ships on which he sailed, lists of the members of his party, the itinerary, coloured flags of the various countries through which he travelled, telegrams,

cables, pictures of foreign landscapes, maps, menu cards, small souvenirs, and all the odds and ends of travel literature. Following are extracts from a dozen such records:

The sea is so grand, so full of life, so full of reminders of the One who holds it and us in His hand. It has been wonderful all day. How the mighty deep speaks of God, so full of power and beauty. It has no end. It is full of motion. Its bosom is full of life that is precious in His sight. His children are as safe on the sea as on the land. I love the sea more and more.

. . . . . .

New York—the dear girl and others will be disappointed, but it is a clear case of deciding between love and duty. Unless I put God first, I cannot hope for success or blessing—special conference in New York delayed me. Speer is the greatest statesman in the mission part of our work. He is a giant. Conference with Dr. Bailey very satisfactory.

. . . . . .

Wednesday, March 5—This is my mother's birthday. She was born March 5, 1810. She died at my house in Toledo, March 5, 1885, or twenty-four years ago.

He had an observant eye and many items gave concise analyses and characterizations of his various experiences.

Rome—a city of 400,000. Fine, modern city. Clean, with fine buildings. Six hundred miles of Catacombs. Went to the Vatican and saw them making mosaics. The material is made by a secret process. Sixty-five thousand shades of colouring.

At the end of each diary there were usually statistical summaries giving complete figures about the enrollment of delegates, their classification, miles travelled, denominations represented, number of people on ships, on tour, suggested places for next convention, record of contributions made on the trip, maps and facts concerning the entire series of programme. A history in detail of each of these trips could be written from these carefully kept records.

Civility and Gallantry of a Wayfaring Pilgrim

Cheerful, optimistic, unselfish, charitable, Marion Lawrance needed no other passwords or countersigns to obtain the best to be had on his trips. But he persistently made way for others, looked to the comfort and happiness of his fellow travellers, and gained thereby the greater happiness from the soul. Mary Metzger, a family companion on the Rome trip, recalls how the younger members of the party used to rush into the European trains so as to procure a good seat and that Marion Lawrance had said to them one day that in all his twenty-six years of travelling he had never found it necessary to crowd ahead of any one else to obtain satisfactory accommodations. An interesting incident is related by Mrs. K. S. Townsend about the Tokyo trip:

We were travelling to Peking, she relates, and several army officers were aboard the same train, which meant that the delegates were given second-class coaches, and the military men the first-class. Lest we should have to take the most undesirable quarters, American-like, we rushed and crowded into compartments, each thinking of himself. The next morning, to our amazement and humiliation, we found our brother, Marion Lawrance, and his beloved daughter had been seeing that everybody else was made comfortable and, finding no room for themselves, had quietly withdrawn, unobserved, into the Chinese sleeper, where they slept upon the floor. Here, without any division between them they were in close contact with many families of Chinese, with their bundles and their food, their smoking and drinking. No mention did the two make of their night quarters, the next morning, but word travelled quickly.

Marion Lawrance's regard for the feeling of others is shown in an incident related of him in Cuba. As the Sunday school party, consisting of three missionaries, a Sunday school leader, as well as the speakers from the States started back up the Island to Camagney, they found that the railroads carried only two classes of passengers—first and third. While first-class travel was comfortable, the third-class was crude and inconvenient. However, the missionaries always travelled the cheaper way, so

Marion Lawrance insisted the entire party also travel third-class, although nearly all held passes for the better coaches.

Quickly touched by kindnesses shown him, he was quick to respond. At Funchal, Madeira, a small party had arranged to meet his steamer and to receive him and his associates with quantities of flowers. So pleased was he that he insisted all of the group stay to breakfast and, arranging with the chief steward, he placed them at different tables and introduced them to all those in the dining-room, telling of the beautiful flowers.

A. E. Crawford says he spent a never-to-be-forgotten day with Marion Lawrance and another friend at the Giant's Causeway. "He seemed charmed with all he saw." James G. Turner of Wales and he spent a very happy day in the Wye Valley years ago where Marion Lawrance was much inspired with the romance and beauty of Tintern Abbey. Missionaries at Wuchang, China, "hold precious memories" of his character and service there. William Iverach of Manitoba asserts he created in Canada an atmosphere in which many still live. "Men like him did more to bind the English speaking world together than all the professional politicians that ever were born. He was a tower of strength on this side of the line and was another testimony to the fact that all boundary lines are artificial in the Kingdom of God." The General Secretary of the French Sunday School Union of Paris was struck by his simple and open cordiality and his genial qualities of leadership manifested at the Zurich Convention meetings. A close travelling companion from Alabama likens him to Paul, an honorable, upright scholar, and a Christian gentleman who was above reproach. "He was no compromise man; he realized that the purpose of the Sunday school was to win souls to Christ. His smile was as bright as a sunburst from a cloud, and his voice as sweet as a meadow-lark's song. Like Ezra, he was an incomparable leader of the people. Like Abraham of old, he believed in looking upward and forward. In thought and language, he was always lofty and dignified, stamping his work with the highest mark of literary excellence."

It will be seen that, everywhere he went, Marion Lawrance strove to carry Christian courtesy, tact, and tolerance, patience,

good humour, cheerfulness, and passion for friendship. Ever alert to the winds of God, he did not forget the purpose of his journey, nor his God-committed life. As a Christian Knight of the Road, faith was the note of his thought and action. The following poem was found in one of his last diaries:

FAITH

A traveller crossed a frozen stream
In trembling fear one day.
Later a teamster drove across,
And whistled all the way.

Great faith and little faith alike
Were granted safe convoy
But one had pangs of needless fear,
The other ALL THE JOY!

SPENT ARROWS

This true Knight of the Road, a *preux chevalier,* sped his bright shafts of light and love and healing not only among those whom he met or travelled with or addressed at thousands of gatherings, but also among those far distant whom he loved or whom he served because of their need and of his. "No man brought more joy to the world through his spoken words than did Marion Lawrance," declares a Sunday school veteran. Yet, in spite of extensive journeyings where the personal and routine demands upon his day and vitality were endless, he found time, nay he took time, to carry on a voluminous correspondence. Even when he returned from months of touring, to find great piles of letters to be answered, committee meetings to be called and problems demanding solution, he stole hours from his sleep or meals or recreation to write letters to loved ones; to friends, thanking, encouraging, sympathizing; or to acquaintances enthusiastically heartening them in their work and infusing them with his own courage and optimism. Thousands of letters—like "arrows of the chase" (to use Ruskin's expression)—winged their way from this master-bowman, always finding their mark in the heart. But unlike Diana's missiles, Love's arrows gave life

rather than cut it off. So full was every hour of his time that many of these letters were hurriedly written, yet intimate—often with a whimsical point of view, colloquial parlance and flashes of geniality and humour. They were natural expressions of his personality and, like his conversations, were helpful, loving and sincere.

Cordial Missives Here and There

The first group include letters to friends met on his pilgrimages:

Mr. John O. Spencer:

I do not know how I am ever to get "even" with you for the splendid letters you write. They warm my heart and make me glad I have the "likes of you" for a friend. I do not know what occasioned all this outburst of eloquence, unless it was the receipt of my birthday greeting. At any rate, it touches the spot and I thank you with all my heart. Your confidence and friendship have been a great inspiration to me all these years.

Mr. H. R. Clissold:

I have never forgotten the pleasant acquaintance of past years nor our first meeting when we were entertained in Louisville in 1884. Think of it! That is a third of a century ago and we have been friends ever since. With all my heart, my good friend, I thank you for your brotherly letter and only hope that I may measure up to your good wishes.

October 2, 1923.

Mr. S. H. Atwater:

It is like a breath from the seashore to get your kind letter brimming over with good spirit and brotherliness. James Whitcomb Riley, speaking of one of his characters, says, "No man ever worked into my affections more." I can say the same thing of my good friend Atwater.

On Train—March 30, 1924.

My dear Mr. Dawson:

I have been so touched by your self-sacrificing kindness yesterday and to-day in Phœnix, and before I came, that I cannot go to bed in my berth to-night until I tell you once again how deeply I appreciate it all. I could easily see that at times you were suffering. You have won a larger place in my heart than ever and

you had a big place before. The only legal tender I know of with which to discharge my debt is just to keep on loving you *harder than ever.* That's easy and quite to my liking. I pray the good Father to grant, if it be His will, that we may meet again and be unhurried so I can have time to tell you *what I think of you.* Do drop me a line occasionally when it can be done at not too great expenditure of your strength. It will comfort me to know you did not go beyond your strength. Forgive me for this scribble. I shall sleep better for having lifted the curtain a bit to let you see what's going on in my heart.

January 7, 1923.

Mr. Franklin L. Hyndman,
My dear Travelling Companion:

Well, that is some cane you have sent me! I believe of all my large collection of a hundred or more, it is the sweetest I have. Unfortunately it got broken in the box. Now when you send a fellow a cane, why not send a good one—one that will not break the first time it is used—but a regular one that will hold him up? My daughter and I had a good laugh over it last night and while I could not use it as a walking stick, I have devoured part of it.

It reminded me of the happy days we spent together. I think we shall never forget that trip. The thing that stands out most vividly, I believe, is that enormous bedroom thirty feet long and twenty feet wide, with a private bathroom as big as a barn where you, Dr. Clark, Mr. Langford and myself domiciled while we were in Peking. I would have no objection to repeating that trip, though there are some things I would omit and others I would put in.

September 17, 1923.

Mr. Lewis C. Riebel:

You have already learned from your sister Cora that Lois and I had the pleasure of her company for part of the time we were at Mackinac Island, Michigan. We had many a good walk together around the Island and that sister of yours is some walker. You will have to watch her or she will be entering the Marathon Race yet.

I understand that you are not quite up to the standard physically and I thought I would drop you a line to urge you to keep in good courage and keep your face to the front. How well I re-

member in my earlier days in Toledo when I was anything but a well man, those who did me the most good were those who cheered me up. I should have been "out of the running" altogether if I had not had good friends like your father to give me good cheer along the way. With the brisk fall weather I hope you will soon be entirely restored again where you can "tackle" the hardest jobs that come your way.

November 10, 1907.

To a Sunday School Teacher of Toledo:

In this work, to be faithful and do one's best, is to be successful. Don't be discouraged, you are doing a greater work for the King than you imagine. The little wayside services which seem nothing often turn out to be the best things we do. Isn't that a beautiful thought? You need more confidence in yourself.

Brotherly Letters to Associates

He made all his correspondence "personal." Even letters more or less official to his associates in the work always contained the spiritual atmosphere of his presence, as the following excerpts attest:

My dear Brother, Dr. Price:

No, sir! This is not a request for anything. I have just laid down the last issue of *The Sunday School Times*, and have noted with admiration and wonder the large amount of work you have done for that issue. It is remarkable, that capacity of yours, for turning out work in such volume and of such good quality.

I guess I know something of what it costs to get up a convention and the detail part that falls to you. I've been there as you know. Especially in the absence of Mr. Landes, I know the load is heavy, and, "says I to myself," I'll just tell him so and let him know some of us not so closely identified with the inner machinery as formerly see what's going on and appreciate it. As some one has said, and truly said in classic language, "You done noble."

Prof. Walter S. Athearn:

You have been one of those personal, sincere, open-and-above-board friends whom I could always trust, and I love you

like a brother. I have been hearing some things about you lately, however, that make me not a little anxious, namely, that you have not been holding up physically in recent weeks. I am wondering if it is the result of the great shock you received in connection with the railroad accident.

May the good Lord give you strength and vigour and add many, many years to your useful life.

HON. JOHN WANAMAKER:

While I send you a birthday greeting every year, and have for a long time, I nevertheless wish to join with your many friends, as you pass your eighty-third milestone, in wishing you all of the joy and happiness that comes with the memory of a profitable and well-spent life, and the appreciation of your great circle of good friends, in which class I trust I may be counted. You have always been good to me, and I appreciate it more than I can tell.

Few men in all this world have made such a marvellous record and have been of so great inspiration to the Christian forces as your good self, and I trust that there are yet a good many years of happiness and joy in store for you—the more years, the better, so far as the rest of us are concerned, for we need you more and more.

MR. MEL TROTTER:

You want to go a little slow, my brother. It was a pretty hard pull for you at Winona Lake this summer, and I think you showed it before you got through. You should get all the rest possible and live just as long as you can. You are doing a great work. May God bless you richly.

MR. FRED A. WELLS:

I do not believe you can realize how lonesome I get for some of the Old Guard. Mr. Warren, I believe, was the best friend I ever had on earth. He was one of the men who believed in me and visits in the office were very frequent and always full of encouragement. I seldom see any of the International officials in the office because you are the only member of our Committee residing in Chicago and you are such a busy man. I want you to know that I covet your confidence and friendship and wish we might have more opportunities of visiting together.

MRS. C. D. MEIGS:

I want to express my very deep sympathy with you in your sorrow. I know that you are familiar with the great burden-bearer, and that He has helped you to bear your load of grief. You have a wonderful heritage, my sister, in the memory of such a dear man as Mr. Meigs. He was one of the godliest men I ever knew, and a continual blessing and inspiration to me. It has been my regret that I have not been thrown into his fellowship and companionship more frequently. My last visit with him was in August at the Michigan Convention, at Flint. We were in the same hotel and spoke from the same platform.

MR. R. M. JOHNSON:

You are a perfect surprise to me that you maintain your youthful vigour and spirit at eighty-one years of age, and you are the best presiding officer for such a position that I have ever seen. I just write now to extend my hearty good wishes.

July 12, 1921.

TAKESHI UKAI, D. D.:

Just a line to let you know I am thinking about you and recalling with intense pleasure the days that we spent together in Tokyo during the convention, and also your many kindnesses to my daughter and myself. I see the Sunday school work is moving forward with very great vigour, and that Dr. Ibuka is now the president.

I hope you are coming over one of these times. It would be very fine if you would come at the time of our International Convention at Kansas City, which will be held June 21–27, 1922. I have no doubt it will be the largest and strongest Sunday school convention ever held in the world. We are looking for seven thousand delegates. It would be fine to see some of you good brethren over here as fraternal visitors.

MR. ARTHUR BLACK:

Your letter is like a number I have gotten from Great Britain, all indicating the same thing, and originating from the same source, namely the statement in the *Sunday School Chronicle* which is technically true. I have laid down my office of General Secretary and am relieved of all executive and financial responsibility. I was elected, however, as Consulting General Sec-

retary for life—a position that gives me all I want to do along the lines I love. I shall do as much travelling and platform work probably as I have been doing in the past.

Because my correspondence is pretty heavy at times I am to have a secretary and stenographer (in one person) and am to keep my same office room, being regarded as a regular member of the staff. I have written to my good friend Johnson, to make an additional statement, so that my friends over there would understand that I am not turned out into the pasture like an old useless horse to die, but I am as busy as I want to be. I am hoping to do a bit of writing and have a number of books already in the "incubator."

I cannot tell you how I appreciate your messages of kindness and brotherly affection. You have a mighty big place in my heart. Please do not cut me off your correspondence list. I shall need your letters more than ever.

E. Morris Fergusson:

I prize your favourable commendation beyond words. Just think of it, it was thirty-four years ago that you and I met upon the *Bothnia*. During all these years I have found your friendship genuine and true, and I have needed it a whole lot.

I regret exceedingly to hear that you are not likely to go to Glasgow. I presume that in all probability this will be the last convention I can attend overseas and, of course, there is nothing certain about this one. Nevertheless, my interests in the World's Association is unabated. Our good friend Landes has invited me to take charge of the service in which we seek to do honour to the officials who have passed on since the Tokyo Convention. We have sustained a heavy loss.

I note your determination to keep on your quiet way. You have always been a great blessing to me, dear Morris, and I want you to know that I prize your friendship.

Historic Letters of the International Office

August 25, 1920.

Mr. William H. Stockham, *Chairman,*
Board of Trustees of the International Association:

At the last meeting of the Executive Committee held in Birmingham, February of this year, our Chairman, F. A. Wells,

closed his report with the following paragraph: "Some of us are growing old in the work though still young in heart. Those of us who have been somewhat selfish and have given only part of our lives to God's work will have a competence to care for our declining years. Our General Secretary, years ago, gave up a commercial life to devote himself to the Sunday school work. Because he has unselfishly served these many years for less than half the salary paid for similar positions in commercial life, I recommend that at the proper time we elect Mr. Lawrance Consulting General Secretary for life at his present salary."

Acting upon the above recommendation, the Executive Committee unanimously took the following action: "Voted: That the report (of Chairman Wells) be accepted, and that we particularly approve the last clause recommending that Mr. Lawrance be made Consulting General Secretary for life at his present salary, to take effect at such time as he deems best."

I cannot express in words my deep appreciation and gratitude to the Executive Committee for this expression of their confidence and affection, and I desire to do everything in my power to enable the Committee to carry out in spirit and in letter the purpose of their action.

While no definite action was taken in regard to who should choose the new General Secretary, it was freely mentioned that I should seek to find the right person for that position. I recommend that a committee be appointed for that task. If desired, I am willing to confer with that Committee, but I do not wish to assume the responsibility of nominating the man who is eventually to become the General Secretary of our Association. Great care should be taken in the selection of this person. I have very definite ideas regarding the type of man we need.

He should be well qualified for the position. He should be a man of strong religious convictions, who can be depended upon to keep the warm, vital message of Evangelism in the foreground in future years, as we have sought to keep it so in the past history of our Association. He should also be a man who is abreast of the times in the field of general and religious education, with special training along this line. He must be a man who has proven executive ability and the qualifications for true leadership. This will require a fine comprehension of the possibilities of our work, a large vision for the future, ability to secure the coöpera-

tion of leaders, and a man who can command the respect and fullest loyalty of associates.

To find such a man will not be a small task, and it should engage our most careful attention. Whoever he may be, if he proves to be the right person, will undoubtedly be our leader for a good many years to come. The Committee appointed to make this nomination should be very carefully selected, and the selection should be made, in my judgment, after conference with our various departmental and divisional chairmen, superintendents and leaders. We cannot afford to make any mistake.

By the action taken at the Birmingham meeting the new arrangement was "to take effect at such time as your General Secretary deemed best." I have been giving the matter a great deal of prayerful consideration and have reached a conclusion in my own mind. I shall be very glad indeed if the Committee referred to is appointed at this meeting of the Board of Trustees to find a man to take the place at once, or at least by the time of the meeting in February. When he is is appointed I shall be very glad formally to turn over the office to him as General Secretary and enter upon my duties as Consulting General Secretary. There is no reason why this transfer cannot be made while I am abroad, if it seems best. Though the action of the committee at Birmingham was a complete surprise to me, I have been convinced that perhaps during the remaining years of my life I can render a larger service as Consulting General Secretary than I can in my present capacity, in which I am necessarily so deeply engrossed by the executive responsibility of the Association.

I thank the Committee for their many kindnesses to me, including those connected with my long sickness, and solicit continuation of your prayers.

To the International Office.

Dear Friends:

I should have written you earlier about our fire and matters generally, but we have been under such pressure that it has not been possible. I have sent some newspapers which may reach the Office before this does.

On the afternoon of the 5th, the Executive Committee of the World's Association was meeting in this hotel. It was four o'clock—only three hours before the time set for the opening of

the convention when Mrs. Frank Brown rushed into the room announcing that the Convention Hall was on fire. We rushed to the near-by windows and saw the whole structure was afire with no hope of saving it.

The hall was a beautiful building, four stories in height, finished in light yellow stucco, standing by itself in the immense open space in front of this hotel. It was of a very light construction and in less than thirty minutes was a heap of ashes level with the ground. I never saw a building melt away so quickly.

The Chairman of the Committee, Mr. H. Magao, was present and almost collapsed—so great was the shock and disappointment. He is a devout Christian—a director of the Imperial Government Railway and has been mentioned as Ambassador to the United States. The architect of the building, Mr. R. Furuhashi, came in and wept like a child. Soon Viscount Shibusawa and Baron Sakatani and Mr. Asano—three very influential men—came in. We held a season of prayer and sang, " How Firm a Foundation," and then the Japanese friends who were with us, and others, in less than half an hour, arranged for the night meetings at the Y. M. C. A. Hall and the Salvation Army Hall, and for the morning meetings in the " Imperial Theatre "—the most beautiful building of its kind I ever saw, and admirably adapted to our use. It was pathetic to see how the Japanese suffered over the loss. They had put much of thought and money into the building.

Professor H. Augustine Smith was training his immense chorus of nearly one thousand people in the building when the fire started from crossed wires directly above their heads. Professor Smith got the chorus out quickly and in perfect order. Although there were thirteen hundred people in the building, it was emptied in five minutes. No life was lost and no one was hurt. The thing has put into the convention an enthusiasm that is remarkable.

The Japanese Christians are tremendously interested and are expecting much benefit to their work. The officials of the Nation are showing us many courtesies. The Imperial Gardens have been opened for a reception. The City has given a wonderful reception, the Mayor—a very frail man—shaking hands with over a thousand people—until he collapsed and had to be carried away. The Japanese Christian pastors are in ecstasy over the great

meeting while most of their civic courtesies are extended by men who are Buddhists, yet there is no "soft pedalling" the claims of Christianity in the convention. I never have heard stronger messages from the Christian standpoint. The members of the Executive present are few. How we miss Mr. Warren and Mr. Heinz and other standbys. Of the eighty-three members on the Executive Committee, only twelve are here, including six from North America, viz.: Justice Maclaren, Frank Brown, W. G. Landes, Rev. E. E. Lempe, Rev. W. E. Chalmers and myself. Three oil portraits have been presented, viz.: H. J. Heinz, Dr. George W. Bailey and Rev. H. Kozaki, D. D., President Japanese Association and pastor of a Congregational Church. (I am to speak in his church next Sunday.) The attendance of foreign delegates is much smaller than at the last few conventions but still is large considering the expense. I presume the total foreign delegation will not exceed five hundred.

The most important thing before our Committee is the withdrawal of the British section from all executive responsibility. They wish to be an Auxiliary but say there should be one Office and one Secretary and they should be in America. There is no ill feeling about it. The British delegates number only about a dozen, and some of them say that since the death of Sir Francis Belsey and Sir Robert Laidlaw there is very little interest in the World's work so far as Great Britain is concerned. This means added responsibility upon America and the working out of the proper basis for coöperation between the World's and International Association will take some good statesmanship. May God lead us to wise conclusions. If this relationship can be properly adjusted, we will enter North America upon an era of unprecedented advance in Sunday school work.

But I must close. I am improving—but not rapidly. I do not attend many sessions. Have spoken four times and must speak twice more, and have presided at two sessions of the main convention. I feel fit for most anything except the football team. I have tried to work in a reception to all the missionaries in the name of the International Association but there are so many "functions" that it is impossible. Frank Brown, dear man, is not at all strong. He is greatly beloved by all and deserves it, too—a prince and a leader. Justice Maclaren, the only vice-president in attendance, is presiding, as the President is absent. The

Justice is over eighty years of age. He made a beautiful speech this morning upon the presentation of a gavel by one of the native princes. So far as I know all of the delegates are well and certainly they are happy. I am more grateful than words can express that this great privilege has come to me. Am sure the convention will do much good. About twenty-five countries are represented but very few from each country except the United States and Canada.

Love to all the International Family in the Headquarters Office and out of it. As Tiny Tim says, "God bless us, every one."

December 20, 1923.

DR. HUGH S. MAGILL:

As we approach the holiday season and the end of the first calendar year we have been permitted to have you with us, I find it in my heart to say to you in this way how greatly I value your fellowship and prize your friendship. The thought uppermost in my mind many, many times and of which I have often spoken to my daughter and likewise in public, is the goodness of the Heavenly Father in permitting you to take up the work which I laid down. Your generous and brotherly attitude has made me very happy. If you were disposed as some men are, the position I occupy would be anything but pleasant, but it has seemed to me that you have always gone out of your way to be kind, to speak encouraging words, and to show yourself the big brother you are to me. You have a hard place to fill and many trying experiences, but through it all you have maintained your Christian dignity and fairness, and those qualities will win—they are bound to win. I just thank God that a man of your strength of purpose and large vision has been sent to lead us in the years ahead.

When I took up the International work twenty-four years ago, the office was in my vest pocket, figuratively speaking. I had one stenographer. I have seen it grow and develop to the present day. I have had much to endure and many a heartache, but these are relatively few after all, compared with the great joy that has been mine of seeing this wonderful field develop until to-day we are looking forward to a future whose promise no one can measure. I am not an educator—I never claimed to be one. All I have done is to be a promoter, and not a very good one at that. But by the confidence and help of my associates, some results

have been accomplished to His glory. I have been, in a way, a sub-soiler, preparing the field for the great work you are doing and are yet to do. I do not mean, my dear Dr. Magill, to be fulsome in my words. I am not given to that at all, but I so want to show my gratitude and I am taking this way to do it lest I should not be able to say it to your face and get through to the end because of the great love I have in my heart for you and the appreciation for your kindness, both to me and to my precious daughter who is my joy and inspiration.

May the Lord bless you, my dear brother, and show me how I can help you in the best way. I really want to help and not be a hindrance. If sometimes, in my enthusiasm, I step over the bounds and write a letter or do anything that is properly the function of yourself or another, just tell me about it plainly and I shall be grateful. These State secretaries seem like sons of mine and the committeemen like brothers. They have all honoured me far and away beyond anything I deserve, and yet I am glad of their confidence and want to capitalize it to the glory of our Heavenly Father and the advancement of the cause.

May this be a very happy holiday season for you and your good wife.

Affectionate Letters to the Ones at Home

Unless duties or ill health greatly interfered, Marion Lawrance wrote a letter home every day—not notes or a page or two of drab nothings, but many pages of himself and his experiences, homely, wordy and disorderly perhaps, but vibrant with life, mellow with good humour, and dignified with the Christ-old philosophy of life. The only note or letter extant written to his mother is given first.

July 3, 1880.

My dear Mother:

May your declining years be full of peace.

Time indeed leaves its mark upon our bodies but the heart that is filled with heavenly love is not made old by years. Its youth and vigour are ever renewed by the sweet assuring thought of what is to be.

Your loving son,

Marion.

"The Selwyn,"
Monday, Jan. 15, 1923.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

Your good letters have come, and I am powerful glad to get them. My work is going well on this trip. I spoke three times yesterday to large audiences each time. Charlotte is the largest city in the state, though it has but fifty thousand people, but it has two more rare distinctions. It is said to be next to the best church-going city in the world, one city in Scotland surpassing it. The folks surely do go to church here, and the churches, as a rule, are full to the doors every Sunday. Can't say that of any of the Chicago churches, so far as I know. Then a Declaration of Independence was drawn up and signed here in May, 1775, over a year before the one in Philadelphia. It is called the "Mecklenberg Declaration of Independence." In the court-house square is a fine, tall shaft commemorating the event. Giving the date, the names of the signers (twenty-eight of them) and the name of the man who drew the document. Then on one side, cut into marble, is a big hornets' nest, a foot or more in diameter. Lord Cornwallis referred to this place as a hornets' nest of independent sentiment, and the monument refers to that.

England.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

We reached here at 3:00 P. M. and it is now six. This is my lightest day of the week and I am glad. Yesterday I had a public luncheon with 140 people present. That was followed by a conference with five hundred present when I spoke for half an hour and had a conference an hour longer at the end of the meeting. Two other men spoke between my talk and my conference, one of them being Sir Oliver Lodge, head of the University, and the great scientist. At night I had a fine audience of two thousand in the town hall. There were two other speakers. A delegation which had come sixty miles presented me with an elegant bouquet as I arose to speak. There was a storm of applause.

The hall itself is historic. It was something of an inspiration to stand where John Bright, William Gladstone, the Earl of Shaftesbury and others had often stood to speak. I did not forget we were together there in Birmingham in 1907. We shall

be in Glasgow in half an hour. For the first time in my life I saw myself advertised by a "sandwich man" in the streets,—a man carrying a big board in front of him and another behind him. The boards were 3 x 4 feet and my name in red in letters six inches high. It was surely a new experience to me.

My dear Lois and Harold:

It is Friday afternoon, September 15, and we are in the middle of the ocean. This is my first attempt at letter-writing, though I have kept up my diary each day. It is a disagreeable day to leave deck, so I am staying pretty close. It is not so pleasant on deck as when we all went together. I am getting a lot of rest, spending fully half of my time in bed. Am reading all I can. Mr. Wanamaker sent four volumes to the ship for me to read. 1. A History of the United States. 2. "The Life of William Penn." 3. "The Story Life of Lincoln." 4. A story book. I am reading the "Life of Lincoln" and like it very much. Mr. Revell gave me three books to read. After reading them I sent two of them home by Andrew Stevenson. Well, the sand-man is here and I'll go to my D47 room and take a nap. Am starting this letter early so as not to be withheld the last minute. Have been thinking of my boy and girl a lot since leaving home. Am glad you will have at least one more Sunday together before you separate. I have enjoyed your ship letters. Harold did his all up in an illustrated edition. Have had lots of fun over it. Lois' messages keep coming each morning and are a big help too. I got ship letters from a score of people. Many of the letters are fine. Well, I must close. Am lonesome for my boy and girl to-day. It is not an easy thing to be separated. We are in good hands and "He will take care of us."

Monday morning, February 28, 1921.

My dear Lois, Harold and Inez:

First of all, just to remind you that this is Mother's birth-day. I presume you are thinking of it, too. In order to save writing, Lois may send this letter on West after reading it.

Have had a most interesting visit to Toledo and feel sorry that I did not take Lois, though it would have been a very short visit and an expensive one. My train pulled into Toledo on time at 3:35 P. M., Saturday. Drs. Brigham and Reed and Mr. Crandell were there to meet me. I gave Mr. Crandell a letter to mail to

you, Lois. Went with the doctor to their beautiful home. Mrs. Brigham and Reed were there to meet me and as fine as ever. They were so sorry I did not bring the girl. Ellsworth Beard and his wife were invited into supper with us. They asked in a few friends to meet me from 8 to 9, including Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, Mr. Brown (the flute player), his wife, Pauline—two of their sons, Sybil and Stella Johnson. Had a fine visit with them and was in bed before ten o'clock. On Sunday morning we had a breakfast of sausage and buckwheat cakes. The doctor took me to church in his car. Automobiles were lined up on all sides and we had to go round on Dover Street to find a place to park. Upon going in the trouble (?) began and I was whisked this way and that, pulled every which way. Met very many old friends. At church I sat with the Brighams on the chairs back where Mr. Boardman's class sits. Mr. and Mrs. Boardman are in California. The house was packed to the limit—certainly not less than a thousand to eleven hundred. All of the living ex-pastors were present. They all marched in and took seats on the platform—Dr. Jenkins, eighty-five years old, tall and straight as a gun-barrel—good strong voice; Dr. Fisher, very white, thin hair; Dr. Burgess, fine as ever and full of good humour; Dr. Allen, as usual, and the pastor, Mr. Arnold. They have a large vested choir that marched in singing. They sang well.

Mr. Arnold in his announcements said I was present, but he had not seen me yet. Between church and school—with the school coming in, there was a perfect jam. Am sure I shook hands a thousand times yesterday, and my hand is lame from it a bit. All the old pastors took part in the communion service. Wish you could have heard the orchestra. Will Cummings was there and led. Pauline was there, too. They had twenty-one instruments, including Mr. Ed. Armstrong with his French horn. The music was great. Mrs. Green sang well. The children's parts were good. The pastor's talk was interesting. The house was well filled—901 present. Offering, $54.97. After the school another period of handshaking. Forgot to say I turned my talk into a Decision-Day service, and about seventy-five young folks came up and shook my hand and Mr. Arnold's indicating their purpose to begin the Christian life. Mr. Arnold was much moved by it all—as were the other pastors. Before we left the building

a picture was taken, on the steps on the Washington Street side, of Revs. Arnold, Jenkins, Fisher, Allen, Burgess and myself. Hope it turns out well. The Brighams took Dr. Burgess, Dr. and Mrs. Van Ark home and we all had dinner together and a very good time. We visited after dinner and all seemed happy.

About 3:30 Mrs. Brigham informed me that she was going to exercise Lois' prerogatives and send me to bed. Dr. Burgess also—he in another room. Had a fine rest. At 5:30 we all went out to Arnold's for a lap-tea. All the pastors, Mrs. Allen, too, and several others of the church officers, including the superintendent of the school, whom I like very much. We were then taken to the church. The final C. E. meeting was on. Charlie Robinson was speaking. He was the first president that C. E. had and he told them I put him into the place. The house was packed again at night. The meeting did not close until 10:30. Mr. Arnold conducted the "Thanksgiving Service" which consisted in raising a deficit of $2,265. They raised $2,500. Another reception or handshaking bee followed the meeting.

Dr. Allen is just as fine as ever. They were all more than good to me. Every pastor gave me enough praise to turn my head if there had been anything in it to turn. It was really embarrassing. One would have thought that I had done it all. Of course I had to put in a "disclaimer" when I got up. It seemed to me nearly every one asked most kindly about you both. Lois, I don't know whether I dare go back again without you. You surely fastened them all to you in your visit there a year and a half ago. Will Roemer and family were all out. I told them what you said about his kindness in inviting you out "as Sarone's friend" to take lunch in Chicago. "Nothing doing," he said, "I invited her out to lunch on my own account because I wanted to." My, the friends I met. I stood the strain better than I feared I should. A funny thing happened as to Dr. Brigham and my baggage. I had written them that I could not carry my baggage. He picked up both pieces and marched off. Later I learned that he has a double hernia and is far worse off than I am.

My dear Harold and Inez:

Sunday afternoon finds me at the same old game writing to the Western youngsters,—a game that never grows tiresome. Have just returned from Toledo, where I spent the week attend-

ing the Masonic Reunion which is held each May and December. I meet many friends, indeed, more than at almost any other time and place. Hundreds of them, it seems to me. The folk at the Temple are good to me and give me a good, reserved seat, where I can both see and hear. They generally call on me to speak.

Well, it is good to be at home with the dear girl who grows sweeter all the time. What would I do without her!

In June, I have two conventions—Indiana and Ohio—and my escapade at Yellow Springs on the 23rd, when I take on some more of the alphabet and get the LL. D. Some class for a man who has no good reason for receiving such an honour! All these honorary degrees, while appreciated, seem inappropriate, because I do not deserve them and have not measured up to what they stand for.

As to Winona, we have no plans as yet. I want to spend a couple of weeks at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, again this summer. They have written me, urging me to come again, and I enjoy the good rides over the Berkshire Hills every fair day, for they do me much good. Lois and I hope to go up to Mackinac for a couple of weeks. I want another inning on that big, fine porch at Winona when you are there. I am very easily fatigued and want to " coal up " this summer as much as I can.

Your publicity stuff is *great.* Never saw better. Only, I wonder how you stand up under it.

Am enclosing a reprint from *The Christian Herald.* They are sending out 100,000 of these as an advertisement.

Well, my eyes are heavy, and I will close.

One day at Toledo, I visited the Crippled Children's School, something like a hundred. The Rotarians are doing much for them, and a committee of a dozen Rotarians visit them once a week for half an hour. It is wonderful what they do. The happiest youngsters I ever saw, and the things they perform are marvellous. Crippled boys turning handsprings, etc. Deaf and dumb children are taught lip-reading. I spoke to the assembled group. Their singing was most enthusiastic. Of course, only a few are deaf and dumb. Ella Frey, of our Washington Street Sunday School, is one of their enthusiastic teachers.

Well, I must put a twist in the rope and let myself down to earth or we will neither of us get anything done. Good-bye. God bless you both.

My dear Children:

Your good letters came to-day, two from each of you. My it is good to hear from you. This is one of my busiest days. I went to a luncheon at 1:30 and spoke. Then at the afternoon meeting I spoke and had a conference, one on to-night and will have a big audience. I have noted all you have said about everything. Your Bethany work, Lois, is surely going in good shape. I am so glad to know that my little girl is doing her part well. I like the tone of your letters about it. Am glad to have our home used for God's work. Well, Harold, you are getting some of the seamy side of things. But it is all right—smooth seas never made a sailor. You will mount over your difficulties and not run away from them. You have too much to do, I think, but stick to it. I know you can do it. Difficulties are to be overcome. Am anxious to see "The Toy Shop." I shall be so interested to learn how that case of discipline comes out. I am so proud of my boy and girl and it is one of the things that keeps me up when I am inclined to be discouraged. That is why I have two such good representatives. I long to make some impression for good on this old world. I want my children to help to do it, too, and to keep it up when I am gone for God's sake and Father's sake.

Good-bye, precious Lois and Harold. I love you with an everlasting love.

October 2, 1921.

My dear Chilluns in the Fur West:

As this is my birthday—my 71st—I'll celebrate by writing to the dear chilluns.

Lois remained at home yesterday and helped get the place ready for a birthday feast. The pastor and his wife were here and we had a good dinner. Lois had the table and home beautifully decorated and our friends seemed to enjoy themselves. I guess everything in the house that will hold flowers is full, the most beautiful American Beauties and other roses, and carnations. Lois gave me a framed picture of herself enlarged from a kodak picture taken at Winona by one of the girls. It is a better likeness than any I have. She also gave me a beautiful tie. Mrs. and Miss Curtiss sent me a nice birthday cake. Flowers came from Bethany, Leslie Dodds, Mr. Sharp, pastor and wife, Mrs. Rawson, Mr. Crandell, etc. Also a fine bouquet of

roses presented at the church in public, from the school, by the pastor. Am getting a perfect shower of telegrams, letters and cards. I presume you got a copy of the *Sunday School Worker* of Philadelphia for October, in which they have given me a three-page write-up.

Oh, yes, Inez, I have a compliment for you. Mrs. Williams was talking about you last night, and said she wished her Sunday school class was made up of such young women as you. Now wasn't that pretty nice? And we sided in with her.

Well, Lois will be dropping in from Bethany in a few minutes, and I'll close. I got a special delivery letter just a few minutes ago from Myra Hazard with congratulations. She is a fine girl. Good-bye. Love till it runs over.

Thanksgiving Day, 1923.

MY DEAR HAROLD AND INEZ:

Thanksgiving Day should be a Thanksgiving day and I am sure it is with all of us. Thankfulness is a good atmosphere to grow strong in and in which to develop the best that we are capable of. This particular day is to be a pretty busy one with us. Lois is at "Bethany" for a few hours this morning. At noon, we go out to Packards', on the south-side, for dinner. He is one of the cashiers of the State Bank of Chicago, where I do business, and is also an officer at South Church. Then, at night, another Thanksgiving dinner across the street at "Bethany." We have a good day, so far as the weather goes—cool and snappy, though a bit gray.

We have much to make us glad. The year has left no breaks in our little family circle. No severe sickness has overtaken us. We have been able to do our work, and there has been plenty of it to keep us busy. How glad and thankful we should be!

Did I tell you of the family reunion Cousin Horace Read of Tipton, Indiana, got up for me? Last Saturday night (24th), I went to Anderson, Indiana, to speak on Sunday for the Y. M. C. A. of that city. Dr. Read (whose grandfather was my Uncle John) drove over to Anderson from Tipton, his home, and took me home with him, and I spoke in Tipton that night to twelve hundred people. In the audence was Jay Batchelor, of Sharpsville, near Tipton. He was an old schoolmate of mine in Yellow Springs. I had not expected to see him there, but when

he came up, I said, "Why, Jay Batchelor!" *I had not seen him for fifty-two years.* I should have said it was at Anderson I saw him, and I did not expect to see him till reaching Tipton. But I recognized him. Next day, Cousin Read took me by auto forty-five miles to Albany, Indiana, twelve miles north of Muncie and there, unknown to me, he had gathered about fifty relatives, mostly on his side of the house. They were farmers. We had a great dinner—cafeteria style—and a number of speeches, largely reminiscences. It was a wonderful meeting, and I was glad to be there. After the meeting, they drove me to Muncie, where I took the train for home.

That day, Tuesday, was ROTARY Day. A Thanksgiving programme, and I was on the committee of arrangements and sat at the speakers' table. Sang hymns. Prayer was to be by a Catholic priest, but he was sick, so the Salvation Army man—a Rotarian—prayed. A Baptist preacher introduced the speaker, who was our Jewish Rabbi—all members of our club. He made a fine talk.

Next Monday, December 3, I start to Toledo, to attend the Scottish Rite Reunion, spending Monday at Fostoria, where I am to speak twice and will get enough $s to pay for the trip.

Home, December 8, and that ends my travel for 1923.

Well, I have surely written enough, and you will need the rest-cure if you survive to the end. Lois will write, but may not get her installment in this envelope. I hope she may. We are well, as usual. Hope you are, and that you will escape colds, etc. We have a lot of typhoid here now. We are warned to let oysters alone and boil the water we drink. We shall hope to escape.

With tender love to both of you, in which the girl joins,

Lovingly,

April 18, 1923.

DEAR HAROLD AND INEZ:

Brother William and I were at Yellow Springs all day yesterday and had a good tramp over the old town. We went to the college and had a good visit with the Dean lunching with him and other members of the faculty. Visited our old house, now owned by negroes. It still looks natural, though very small. Everything that used to look so big now looks very small.

On Monday, we went to Gratis, in Preble County, where we were born. We went all over the little village of four hundred. Saw the store where Father kept store. Each bought a necktie. Went into the house where we were born; into the old building where Brother Martin learned the carriage trade. The village schools were dismissed, and superintendent, teachers, and scholars, over two hundred strong, assembled in the church, with a lot of town people, and we both spoke to them. My picture is framed and hung in the church.

William had never been there. I had been there several times. Once Lois was with me, Annie also. At Yellow Springs, we visited the old cemetery, and have decided to arrange for the permanent upkeep of our lot.

The town is prospering and looks far more enterprising than it used to.

I leave for home at nine to-night, breakfasting with the girl. William went East this morning. We have had a fine time—two and a half days together.

Saturday, April 5, 1924.

My dear Lois:

My first day's work here is done. Mr. Gibson of Southern California came with me and we got in at ten o'clock yesterday morning. Mr. Fisher has a good convention, but the attendance is reduced by the epidemic of foot and mouth disease among the cattle. It does not affect people, but all kinds of animals can carry it.

Yesterday, when Dr. Bulla introduced me, he put it on awfully thick. Some months ago, he had borrowed some of my pictures, to make slides from. Yesterday he produced a reprint of my picture at six years of age. It was about five by six inches in size and framed. He presented it to me, to take away when the convention is over. It hangs in the front of the pulpit till that time.

They have all been good to me. I spoke twice yesterday. Will speak but once to-day, twice to-morrow (Sunday). My plans for this California part of the trip are considerably upset. Several meetings have had to be cancelled on account of quarantine. They do not allow the people to congregate, nor to leave the county, nor others to come in.

There was a good audience last night. Martha Fisher, ten years old, Charlie's little girl, played the harp before the audience. She is a wonder. She has been offered $150 a week to play at vaudeville shows, but they are not allowing her to do it. So far, she is the same, sweet little girl she always was. She looks on me as a sort of grandfather and rushed up to me in a meeting last night and gave me a hug and a kiss.

I am feeling well. My teeth are doing pretty well and my enunciation is apparently as good as ever, and I am not troubled while speaking.

It beats anything how many people I meet along the way, whom I have known in Toledo or Chicago, or have met at World's Conventions. The pastor of the church where I spoke in Riverside the other night, Dr. Gardner, was pastor of the New England Church in Chicago. I knew him there, but met him first in 1911 at Hull, England. After my address, he told the audience of that first meeting. Met also Miss Alice Holliday, formerly General Secretary of Wyoming. She had to leave Wyoming for her health and is now a healthy, stout girl. Same with many others, so far as seeing old acquaintances is concerned. "I was with the party on the Jerusalem trip," said a Congregational preacher to me last night.

I am told that I am to give a "broadcast" talk, and that Martha Fisher is to play for me on the occasion. Don't know just when.

Well, I'd better stop.

Now, Loisy dear, I've been intending to write to Harold and Inez this morning, but I have been interrupted and will ask you to send this on to them and will ask them to accept it as also for them. I have to get off a considerable number of business letters through a stenographer, and must get at it now. Am glad to be able to do my work and keep up. All the secretaries are good to me and are trying not to overwork me. Am enjoying the work, and it seems to be acceptable.

My chief concern is being away from home. I hope all is going well with you, and that you are happy and contented. No one can tell—only God knows, how much more of this sort of work I shall be able to do, but I want to make it count just as long as I can.

My chief joy is in my children. I carry them on my heart

continually. Of course, at present, Inez is more than ever in mind. I hope and pray all may go well with the dear girl and I feel sure it will.

Am ashamed to write so poorly, but maybe when I grow up, my writing will improve.

Brief Extracts from Letters to His Children

It is an ideal day to travel. Lois would not say so, for it is raining and cloudy. I don't fancy this sort of a day, but would rather be on a train than anywhere else. This is especially true in a big thunder-storm. Lois always wonders at it, but it is true.

. . . . . .

I am now starting in on my seventy-second year! Your father is not in his "adolescence" any more, even if Strickland Gillilan did say so. Sometimes I think my life has been very short, and yet when I think of the varied experiences through which I have passed, reflecting on the days of my boyhood, etc., it seems a very long time ago. I have much to be grateful for—chiefly my children. In the new adjustment in our Sunday school work, I feel somewhat lost because so many new elements have entered in and so many new men have taken hold who "don't know Joseph" and I sometimes feel a little bit depressed over it all. Still I have had a good "inning" and nothing to complain of. God has been good. Few men have had the opportunities I have had to serve, though I am sure many have made better use of theirs than I have of mine. But I shall not worry.

. . . . . .

I am sitting in the big leather chair with both feet up on stools and pillows, and am feeling very much depressed because Lois has just walloped me at two games of Parchesi. I usually have a little the best of her at that game, and she just puts it all over me at Halma. We play some most every day. I am sitting up about five hours each day now.

. . . . . .

I got the article on the Sunday school and it is a mean scurrilous thing. I know (I think) where it came from. It is meant as a death blow to our Association, but I guess it will not die yet. God is able, if we only do our work to please Him. Well, good-night, my precious children. What wouldn't I give to be at home

to-night with both of you there. Well, this is the first day of the last half of my tour. May God bless you both.

. . . . . .

Mr. Williams is an unusual preacher. I like the man very much.

. . . . . .

Lois gave me a beautiful picture of a cottage with hollyhocks about it. You know that is my favourite garden flower. You know I have always wanted a home where we could have a fine bank of stately hollyhocks by the back fence to set off the scene. When we get such a home, if we ever do, it is to be known as "The Hollyhocks."

Am enclosing a letter from Dr. Burgess. He asks to be remembered to you and Lois. He introduced me at Providence, October 12, and it was good to see him again. He is a choice character. Also enclosing a letter from the World Traveller and Newspaper Correspondent, William T. Ellis.

. . . . . .

I like to hear you say good things, Harold, about Dr. McAfee; he is a prince of a man.

. . . . . .

Personally, I shall miss Mr. Brown very much, for he was a choice spirit and a strong man, every way except physically. At Mr. Brown's funeral there were over five thousand people present, but only half of them could get in the house. He started a little Sunday school with eighty-three members and it has now grown to nearly three thousand. A great church has grown out of the school, one of the greatest in New York. They have had eight pastors, all of whom are living and all of whom were present at the funeral and had a part in the service. I also had a part. It was one of the greatest funerals I ever saw.

. . . . . .

Well, this old world of ours is in a dreadful mess. I am not so confident as to the outcome as I should like to be. Some way it looks bad—still I can't lose my faith in the steadying influence of the great average of human kind. Everybody has his horns locked with everybody else. Only a rebaptism of the Spirit of the Master of Men can set things right again. May this day come soon!

. . . . . .

Am interested in your letter. I have done nothing about the book but to think. Am just closing up the one I am at and it goes to the publishers in August or September. Should be out before Christmas. I wish you, if you get time, would give the general outline some thought. I am dull at that part of it—your idea as to just what it should include and leave out will help me to work to a plan. When you are in Chicago, have Lois show you my scrap-books. I think we can get a good deal of help from them. And yet we must not go into detail too much, especially such personal matters as would not interest others. Sometimes I feel as though there is nothing worth preserving or passing on. I never felt that simple "Memoirs" had much interest to the public. And yet my friends by the hundred have urged me to try to leave something of this sort behind. I shall prize a good, unhurried confab with you about the whole matter. Wish you could make out a rough outline—sore of guide-post to work to.

. . . . . .

"Daddy" is O. K., but dozens of folks call me that. "*Father*" is the only word that touches the spot from my very own —that means just *three* people who nestle in the centre of my heart.

March 14, 1923.

My dear Harold:

Have been thinking a lot about that book about myself and my work. I think it should be done, but do not feel that I should do it myself, nor do I feel competent to do it. Some things should be said that I can't say. I have come to the conclusion that the only one to write it is my son *Harold*. It would carry with it far more weight and authority than if written by an outsider, and be more accurate, for I could review the MSS. and catch any inaccuracies, etc.

Marion Lawrance
And His Life-Work

By His Son,
Prof. Harold G. Lawrance

would, at once, command attention. I can supply much data, and could write up many sections of the book for you to revamp or rewrite. Many of my friends are urging me to get out such a book, but I cannot bring myself to write and issue it as from myself. I shrink from that. It should be in print at least by my seventy-fifth birthday, which will be October 2, 1925.

You can write such a book better than any man living. I have some ideas to pass along when the final decision is arrived at to proceed. Let us think about it. I can give you all needed historical data, and go over proof for any errors. Let us think seriously about it. *I want to live after I am gone.*

Lovingly,

FATHER.

Thus the last silver arrow has sung its way through time and space. There remain only to cherish the shafts that have been found and to contemplate thereby the courageous arm, keen eye, noble heart of the Gentle Knight who sent them—a spirit that will surely live.

XV

HIS CREATIVE GENIUS AS AUTHOR, ORGANIZER AND STATESMAN

"To have ideas is to gather flowers—to think is to weave them into garlands."—ANON.

"Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful and in honour clear;
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend."

—POPE.

"MAKING books seems to be an old business, for I read the other day that there had been recently dug up an ancient hieroglyphic tablet bearing the date of 2800 B. C., and when translated it read as follows: 'The world must be coming to an end, for children no longer obey their parents, and every man wants to write a book.'" This is taken from a letter of Marion Lawrance in which he speaks very modestly of one of his own volumes. The genial charm of his talks, the delightful intimacy of his letters was necessarily absent in his publications on the Sunday school. Instead there was such clearness and facility, directness and force as almost to "stab the reader wide awake." In addition, graphic illustration, logical order, and the same hopeful, uncritical spirit that featured his life played an important rôle. For the most part, Marion Lawrance wrote as he spoke. His words were transparent Anglo-Saxon. He seldom constructed a sentence longer than the thought it contained. He was a master of simplicity. While he lacked the climactic element, he was proficient in the use of simile, metaphor, analogy and contrast.

Cold type can scarcely present, however, the geniality and kind-heartedness of the author—his magnetic personality, sympathetic voice, kindling eye and forceful gesture. But the printed form gains in force and directness what it lacks in warmth of per-

sonality. There is expressed in both forms sincere love for God and one's fellow men.

Printed Records of Achievement

The Fleming H. Revell Company published the first of his Sunday school works, *How to Conduct a Sunday School,* which attained, so it has been reported, the largest sale of any work on Sunday school administration on the market—over thirty-three thousand copies being now in circulation. This book has been used to build up Sunday schools in nearly every country in the world and has been translated into a dozen languages. Mr. H. J. Heinz provided for its translation into Japanese and its circulation in that country.

The following story was told by Prof. Walter S. Athearn of Boston University, at a chapel service years ago. He was illustrating answer to prayer. A young Armenian who had been drafted for the Turkish army found he was more hungry for reading than for food, so spent a penny for a pound of the books which the Turks had confiscated and were selling at a near-by stall. One of these books proved to be Marion Lawrance's *How to Conduct a Sunday School* and the other Laura Cragin's *Kindergarten Bible Stories.* This boy had long been praying that his life might be useful and these books determined him to devote himself to the children of the town. When he was finally released from the Turkish army, he went to his home, rented a room, had the book translated into Armenian and started the Sunday school, organizing it in the way outlined. This Sunday school grew to have over eight hundred members. When telling this story Prof. Athearn saw in his audience the author of one of these books, Laura H. Cragin, and across the aisle the young Armenian, Levin Boshgezenian, who had made a most remarkable success of his early venture.

Charles F. Brown, a Sunday school worker of Beaconsfield, West Australia, wrote to Marion Lawrance in 1923 thanking him for the great help his splendid book *How to Conduct a Sunday School* had been. This book, he said, had given him a vision of the Greater Sunday School which was slowly but surely coming

in Australia. This young man, at the age of twenty-four, was appointed to the superintendency of a large Congregational Sunday School. Not having any special training or knowledge of the field, he found himself beset with difficulties. "But," he said, "your book, with God's help, showed me the way out and is still doing so."

It was this volume that led to the starting of the Marion Lawrance Foundation Fund at Lake Geneva. It was this manual also that revealed to Dr. A. A. Brown of the University of Chattanooga, and likewise to many others, something of the "magnetic personality—resourceful, energetic, even daring in a new field"—of its author. Every preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church South for years has been required to read this book—*How to Conduct a Sunday School*—as part of his regular preparation for the ministry.

A son of an official of the World Wide Baraca Union procured a copy for his Tabernacle Baptist Sunday School and following closely its instruction increased attendance nearly two hundred per cent. within a year and doubled the interest and activity. From California and Hawaii, from Louisiana and Mexico, from England, Canada, and the Atlantic seaboard came such expressions, "I have all the books he has written," "I find solutions for all Sunday school problems in his book," "The book *How to Conduct a Sunday School* started me on the right road," "I have followed his Sunday school leadership through his books with the result that our Sunday school has grown numerically, as an organized unit, and in both spirit and power."

Another book that "blazed a trail" was *Housing the Sunday School.* Little had been written on this subject before, particularly from the viewpoint of Sunday school architecture. Building committees at St. Paul, Guthrie, Los Angeles, Columbus, Indianapolis, Toledo, Chicago and abroad, have purchased the book as an aid in working out their plans.

Other volumes followed his first literary ventures until the list numbered eight, with a combined circulation of almost a hundred thousand all in the space of two decades. Thus he crystallized his rare and rich experience. The list of his works follows:

How to Conduct a Sunday School. Fleming H. Revell Company. 1905–1915.

The Working Manual of a Successful Sunday School. Fleming H. Revell Company. 1908.

Housing the Sunday School. Westminster Press. 1911.

The Sunday School Organized for Service. Pilgrim Press. 1914.

Special Days in the Sunday School. Fleming H. Revell Company. 1916.

Training the Teacher. Sunday School Times Company. 1918.

The Sunday School Blue-Print (Revision of *The Sunday School Organized for Service*). Standard Publishing Company. 1924.

My Message to Sunday School Workers. George H. Doran Co. 1924.

Ask Marion Lawrance. Sunday School Times Company. (In course of publication.)

But some years before these publications, he had been an occasional contributor to *The Sunday School Times.* In 1899 he wrote an article, *Stimulating the School's Offerings.* This was followed a year later by an article on Decision Day in Philadelphia. Several other contributions appeared until on October 25, 1902, he began his famous department called then the *Marion Lawrance Question Box,* but three years later given its more familiar caption, *Ask Marion Lawrance.* Thousands of Sunday school folk the world over, for nearly twenty years, sent in questions and read with profit his answers. In this way the practical experience and mature wisdom of this Sunday school Nestor influenced countless numbers and multiplied like the talents of old.

The demands upon a leader who travelled 25,000 miles a year, gave on the average five hundred addresses in that time, organized and directed an office and field force of scores of associates, were obviously too heavy to permit of much writing. Yet we find his name in such magazines as the *Ladies' Home Journal* for April, 1913, at the end of an article entitled *What the Sunday School Does During the Week,* and attached to quarterly articles

in *The Sunday School Chronicle*, of London, for a period of several years.

When, as Consulting General Secretary, he was relieved of the chief direction of the International work, he found more time to devote to satisfying the requests of the magazine publishers. He promptly (1922) began a series of monthly articles in *The Bible-School Worker* which included some of his best thought and most forceful style. These monthly articles later became the department *The Sunday School Trestleboard*. Here he stressed Religious Education Directorship as a new vocation, the romance of Sunday school history, and Sunday school evangelism and leadership, and the teacher with the shepherd heart. In the fall of 1923, he began a series of twelve monthly articles on "Building the Sunday School," in *The Christian Herald*. These articles dealt with Easter celebration, honouring Mother in the Sunday school, Sunday school recreation and patriotism, Rally Day, Christian Spirit, teacher training and organization. They presented a wealth of detail and possessed a popular appeal. In addition he wrote *A Sunday School Half Century, Rise and Development of the Sunday School Movement*, and *The Church School Blue-Print* (the latter appeared later as a book) for various periodicals. A striking coincidence was the publication in *The Physical Culture Magazine* of an article by him on "A Weakling When a Boy, I Am Going Strong at 74," on May 1, 1924 —the day of his death! For all the publications to which he was a contributor Marion Lawrance had prepared articles months in advance, so that even at the time of writing his biography, the influence of his zealous, tireless pen is still directly felt.

Not only a large number of books and magazine articles carry the authority of his name, but also many Sunday school supplies. It was the *Robert Raikes Diplomas* and *Helper Leaflets* that spread his influence. Since these pieces of printed matter were all used successfully at the Washington Sunday School, they were published at the request of numerous fellow superintendents who had either visited the Toledo school or who had heard of its unique and successful administration. In addition, there were Absent Excuse Cards, Lesson Study Slips, Daily Class Reports,

Marion Lawrance Record Books, Messenger Cadet Supplies, Private and Quarterly Class Cards, Secretary's Daily Reports, and most valuable of all, a set of attractive opening and closing exercises, consisting of themes carried out with classical and religious music, Scripture passages, exercises and responsive reading. These supplies, even when Marion Lawrance lived in Toledo, were sent as orders to all countries, states and provinces.

James Russell Lowell has said, "No man can produce great things who is not thoroughly sincere in dealing with himself." Perhaps the compelling, thoroughgoing sincerity of the man was the chief lever that brought his writings so favourably before the public.

His written style was forceful and free, sometimes the staccato note, and sometimes the mosaic form of composition. The defects were a sort of diffuseness and redundancy, and "lack of grace" as he sometimes said. To be sure, one would not look for æsthetic pleasure in the form and content of his writings, but would expect help and would receive it. But the form, too, fitted the matter ideally, in that it was chaste, simple, and direct. All his work was based on his own full and varied experience. It showed intense sympathy. It was practical, pointed, and full of good sense, for he never launched into a sea of theory. An example of his written style is given herewith:

The Greatest Thing in the World

Henry Drummond tells us that the greatest thing in the world is love, but there is something greater than love; something without which love would be a dead letter, and that something is Life. Life is the greatest thing in the world. The greatest thing in Life is love. The greatest thing in love is joy.

In their sober, thoughtful moments, we are sure that all our readers will agree with us that Life is indeed the greatest thing in the world. If this be true, there is a vast difference between making a life and making a living. One is the heart and the other is the mechanics of our existence.

But what shall we say of the agency that gathers together more people in the growing years of their lives than any other, for the exclusive purpose of teaching the value of life? The Sunday

school is coming to its own and the day is right upon us when the great discerning minds and hearts of the world recognize that the Sunday school, next to the home, is the greatest power in existence for the development of clean, strong, pure lives. "I have no interest in bricks and mortar," said a prominent millionaire the other day when asked for a contribution for the physical equipment of a really worthy institution, "but I am interested in life and for life; I am willing to contribute my money," and he does pour out money lavishly through the Sunday school.

I am sorry for the man, who, professing intelligence and insight, thinks little of the Sunday school. He has come too late.

Cordial Associations with Editors

A business man by endowment and natural inclination himself, Marion Lawrance found it particularly pleasant to maintain cordial relations with the business world. His attitude toward the publishers of his books and magazine articles was such as to make of all of them ardent friends. He succeeded admirably in transforming the traditional nature of business relationships from cold metallic contacts to a warm atmosphere of friendly human beings.

The veteran head of the company of Fleming H. Revell Company, Mr. Revell himself, was a great admirer of the accomplishments of Marion Lawrance and of the wonderful heritage that he left to the Sunday school world. His letters to him, and—since his death—about him, breathe a rare friendship and fine Christian sympathy.

Charles M. Roe, of the George H. Doran Company, regarded Marion Lawrance as an ideal Christian gentleman—the very soul of considerate kindness to every one. He significantly says, "He was a perfect example of what the business man should be in his every-day relations with people, a type which is all too uncommon." Mr. Roe expressed a wish that this phase of his character may be emphasized in his biography so that coming young business men may read and be influenced to cultivate that same graciousness and Christian consideration. George H. Doran, head of the company that bears his name, has often ex-

pressed his deepest respect and regard for the departed leader, claiming that he was one of his closest friends.

Marion Lawrance at one time discussed, with some of his editor friends, the advisability of getting out a book of reminiscences—a book of incidents and concrete facts connected with the organized Sunday school work—reminiscences, too, bringing out the high points in the various International and World's Conventions held, and many important, and not a few amusing, incidents along the way. "This, I want to make the crowning effort of my life, if I can, but I am tied hand and foot with this convention (Kansas City, 1922). The men who are able to bring these facts together are rapidly passing away, and I question if there is another man living who can do it. The book would be entitled something like 'Sunday School Facts, Incidents, and Reminiscences.' If I can strike the trail that I have in mind, it will be the best selling book I have written." They replied, urging him to begin on the book immediately, saying that his great service and legacy to the Sunday school work of the world would be this very book which he had in contemplation, and hoping that he would not permit pressure of any sort whatever to divert him from the transcription of this really valuable record. "To my mind," one editor said, "no other work you have is comparable in its importance."

What dramatic interest, wealth of incident, humour, disappointment, pettinesses, sacrifices, generous acts, and revealing flashes of character, this book would have shown can only be imagined. In a pigeon-hole in his desk was found a booklet containing two hundred and seventeen items—labelled "Reminiscences"—in preparation of this volume. Even his intimate friends could explain only a few. Several of them will illustrate the scope and delightful intimacy contemplated:

What's Going on in There? Hurlbut—Jacobs.
Joseph Parker—1889—City Temple.
Lessons No One Can Find Any Fault with. 1883.
Excell—4,500 at Denver.
Act of Congress—1910.
My Bicycle—Toledo.

My Life Membership—by Excell.
When the Bed Broke Down with Trumbull and Myself.
High Priest—Converted Jew.
Potts—"Nice Gentleman, Just Like My Father."
False Teeth—Bothnia, 1889.
Warren's Ten Steers.
My Letter—"Keep Still."
Blocking Work of the Lesson Committee—Roof Garden of "Adelphia."
Brown—"Composite God."
New York Threatens to Secede.
Sham-pain—Real-pain.
Auctioning off gods at San Francisco.

A few weeks after his death, at a meeting of the publishers and editors of the Methodist Book Concern in New York City, a special and unanimous vote was made to express the profound sorrow felt by all persons connected with the Concern. "He was one of our dear friends," ran the resolution, "known throughout the entire nation and in all churches and, wherever he was known, much beloved. His service to the cause of the Sunday school was so great that he has a permanent place in its history. He was esteemed, not less for the genial fellowship, than for his eminent service."

With *The Sunday School Times* Marion Lawrance held a most interesting and lengthy connection. Its editors and publishers were his friends and fellow-travellers to many a convention. The editor, C. G. Trumbull, writes enthusiastically of the Question Box Meetings, conducted by the subject of this biography, and of the wise, ripe counsel he promptly gave in answer. "He seemed always able to capitalize his wide and practical experience for the benefit of others. Although questions would be asked him of a most detailed and practical sort, his answer was instantly ready and was no mere commonplace platitude or 'Glittering generality.' I listened with wonder and admiration at the sources of wealth that he could command so promptly." A personal characteristic which Mr. Trumbull thinks particularly endeared him to his friends was his equable temper under all kinds of try-

ing conditions, which made him easy, not hard to work with, something which editors know cannot be said of all writers. "If the Sunday schools of the world could get up and embody all the best that was in Marion Lawrance, what an Institution the Sunday school would be."

Between David C. Cook and Marion Lawrance, it was understood there was to be no business relationship whatsoever, but merely a personal and friendly contact. In personal files are letters showing that each gave the other great encouragement when trying circumstances surrounded him. In an article in *The Sunday School Executive,* Mr. Cook speaks of his friend as one of God's great gentlemen in whom the spiritual shone out in pure light through the simple sweetness of his humanity; in whom a tremendous energy to push forward was tempered by patience that bade him wait; in whom the wisdom of the seer was humanized with a humour that made people laugh with him.

Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, of *The Christian Herald,* enlarges upon his most gracious and lovable personality, so entirely unselfish and broadly humanitarian, while the managing editor of the same paper, Rae D. Henkle, summarizes his life and work by stating that "Where he sits, there is the head of the table." Some mention his long period of stressful service, others were impressed by his practical common sense. "He was one of the most effective platform men of his generation." "He did more to emphasize the duty of missions as a feature of church work than any other American." "Not many loved and served so many different kinds of people in all parts of the world as he." Many a vividly interesting chapter could be written about his association with William H. Dietz, Leslie C. Lawrance, R. G. Miller, L. B. Lake, Louis Klopsch, W. J. Semelroth, Homer Rodeheaver, F. M. Barton, Sidney A. Weston, Alva M. Kerr and many other publishers and editors. In fact every denominational publishing house in the United States and every publisher of Sunday school supplies, with a few exceptions, the editor and publisher of every religious periodical as well as the religious editor of each of the general publishing houses, have placed themselves on record as friends or admirers of the one whose

" cheery personality, Christian courtesy, fairness, and sound practical business sense inspired and won officials of many a publishing house."

The Talents of a Business Man

" Don't give me a title—introduce me simply as a layman, a Christian business man devoting his whole time to the Lord's work," whispered Marion Lawrance to a chairman of a large gathering. He gloried in being a business man. He enjoyed the tangents, the give and take, the shoulder to shoulder contacts, the competition, initiative, and imagination of the business world. His own executive manner, air of businesslike decisiveness, conscience for orderliness, regularity, promptness, marked a subtle commercial sense. With years of business experience, and a personality and a mind palpably toward the practical, it is not surprising that great business leaders like Wanamaker, Heinz, Wilde and prominent financiers and insurance companies should have placed very attractive business positions before him. He would have become wealthy as a business man, as his friend E. K. Warren often said, but he chose to bring his business talents into a field where they might help build up God's Kingdom rather than his own material success.

Marion Lawrance's business principles may be summed up: 1. He was incorrigibly systematic and methodical. 2. He looked ahead, and prepared accordingly—not three months, or a year, but a decade, a generation. 3. He was always prompt in meeting business obligations of every kind. He recognized that no religious organization deserves much support from business men unless it is managed on a business basis. It was remarked in Toledo when he was Secretary of the Ohio Sunday School Association and later when Secretary of the International Association, that his business was run like a bank. 4. He was thorough. He believed in completing each task carefully and fully. 5. He showed initiative, imagination, and energy. In addition to these, there were also, as parts of his character, the unflagging courtesy and reciprocal friendliness which made it a pleasure for business men to serve him. Whether buying files for office correspond-

ence, negotiating for furniture, or enclosing a check to pay a bill, his words were kindly and courteous beyond mere convention. As one man expressed it, "When he paid a bill the other person frequently felt as though he had been doing him a favour in letting him pay it." In consequence of this spirit, publishers in New York and Chicago, insurance officials, bankers, manufacturers, retailers, wholesalers, and many other classes of business men were attracted to the great organization of the Sunday school, of which Marion Lawrance was the executive head. Won to the man through his radiating friendliness, they came to recognize his strong Christian worth, and saw the sound business principles which he constantly applied, and were frequently led to contribute money to this great cause. (It must not be understood that he alone was responsible for all the gifts that came to the "International," but, from the volume of correspondence that has been searched, it is readily seen that a large number of givers were attracted into this form of benevolence by this outstanding official of the organization.)

Perhaps the least of the qualities of a good business man to be mentioned is the one that most people would place first, that is, an inherent and habitual honesty—honesty of motive, honesty of actions and honesty of result. He was not known to have consciously misrepresented anything to anybody, for his own sake or for the Cause. While he endeavoured to see the good in every one, he recognized that there were some workers more fitted than others in various capacities. Seldom did he undervalue an individual. He was honest with his associates in the office, with his correspondents, and with himself. He could never see the value of deception of any kind, whether it related to money or to matters of a moral and religious nature. When his views were not understood so that he might be in an equivocal position, even for a short time, he made haste to make himself very clear. When he happened to be a member of a board of an organization, where those members were required to contribute or collect money, he stated frequently the fact that he should not be on the board, since he could not do these things.

In meetings many times, when harsh criticisms and undeserv-

ing attacks were made upon his administration, he kept quiet. He believed in giving every man a square deal, even if this man happened to be one who was bitterly opposed to his viewpoint. Then he would calmly make his position known, and modestly say he was willing to do what seemed best. This attitude was a part of his business honesty.

Not only were business men impressed by the cordial relationship that he persistently maintained between himself and those who were serving him in one capacity or another, but also by his individuality, his ingenuity, his ability to project an idea before the world. He inspired confidence in the work that he represented because of the confidence that he inspired in himself. Moreover, he was insistent that all business obligations be met promptly, that every letter be answered on the day it was received if possible, and that a willingness to go half-way and even beyond be shown toward those with whom he had any business dealings. Here was a shrewd, keen, calculating business man who knew how to push an idea to a successful outcome, but who also knew how to maintain the most friendly and cordial and reciprocal relations between himself and the public generally.

Marks of a Judicious Organizer

But a rare business ability was merely the foundations for greater skills and services. A college president one day stepped into the office of Marion Lawrance, in the Mallers Building. He asked to see the General Secretary and was shown into his private office. He looked around at the few but quiet and neatly hung pictures on the wall, at the soft carpet and few pieces of comfortable furniture. Then his eye turned to the great, glass-covered desk on which could not be seen a piece of paper, a pen, or a book. Behind this desk sat Marion Lawrance, who was poring over a map underneath the glass and tracing routes with his pencil, from state to state. The college president spent an hour or two in the office, asking rapid questions, taking in the various offices and their close-knit organization, studying, in some detail, the system of multigraphing, filing, correlation of various departments. A few days after his visit, he said to an

instructor in another institution, "I have seldom seen such a perfect organization. Every bit of machinery is out of sight. I never saw a better organizer than Marion Lawrance. He did not need a roll-top desk in which to keep his litter of papers out of sight. Everything was neatly filed and classified and organized. He had a place for everything and a time for every type of work."

This organizing ability—both of things and men—was deeply grounded in his nature. He was never so distressed as when papers were littered about, unclassified, or when even for a short time his note-books, letters or papers were in other than the most proper and systematic order. This high sense of system and organization he carried with him in all his habits and throughout his waking hours. In his own room, at his apartment, every picture, book, article of wearing apparel must be in its right place. The drawers of his chiffonier were organized as completely as to their contents as was his desk at his office.

He standardized everything. The leaves in his note-book must be a certain size and colour. His printed matter, office supplies and furniture, even the articles in his private wardrobe, such as collars and neckties must be the same from year to year. His stationery and office equipment were always of a consistent uniformity.

His reports for the Ohio work and for the International work were always minutely statistical, comprehensive, in their conclusions, and were always clear and pointed, showing success or failure in the way the goal was reached or not reached. He showed sanity in his straightforward business directness, yet did not lose sight of idealism in purpose. He discerned the smallest details but also swept to prophetic generalizations which were far reaching in their significance.

In his organizing brain, there was the true logic of order, associating things that were alike or contiguous in time or space. In his speeches, this sense of organization was also present. In fact, he was criticized, one time, by a prominent English divine, for having his points too sharply presented to the audience, although this categorical style helped even the little children in his audiences to remember his messages.

The many conventions that Marion Lawrance planned, and the many programmes that he built, had given him a wonderful experience. As an organizer his ability is shown nowhere quite as brightly as in programme building. The last convention at Kansas City was the climax of them all. Mr. Lawrance wrote, some time ago, a little paper on the *Art of Programme Building*:

Writing, as a Sunday school man, he says, it will be supposed that the title refers to building programmes for Sunday school meetings. This is true, yet the principles involved are universal in their application. My only fitness for undertaking to give counsel is the third of a century spent in building conventions and special Sunday school meetings without number. I have been victimized so many times that I speak with feeling. It is exceedingly easy to make of a programme a convenient opportunity to show courtesy to this, that, or the other speaker, or to use some local celebrities (the Jones twins, for example) so that the main purpose for which the meeting is called is lost sight of.

The foundation principle in building a programme is simply this: decide carefully and definitely upon the dominant note to be emphasized and then make everything else in the programme prepare the way for this outstanding purpose. Perhaps I may be permitted to swing a few red lanterns of danger for the benefit of the General Secretaries, Sunday school Superintendents, or others who are responsible for such meetings.

1. Avoid the selection of a presiding officer who does not understand his business. Never appoint anybody simply to honour him, but select the one who can make the best contribution to the success of the programme. He should be plainly told that he is not to make a long address, that he should actually preside and run the meeting on time. He should introduce the speakers intelligently, and should not have to fumble in his pocket for a card when he gets ready to present them. A good presiding officer runs the machinery smoothly, keeps everybody happy, and begins and ends on time.

2. Avoid long musical numbers, and songs that have no bearing on the purpose of the meeting. I have attended many a meeting where I was to be the speaker, and listened to a solo that somebody's "darling" was to sing where the whole thing was a "performance" put on more to show off the singer than to help

the cause. Such things are wrong and a stigma upon a religious service. A choice solo, appropriately chosen and well rendered by a singer who puts his heart into it, is a blessing, but the music should always fit the occasion.

3. Avoid long devotional or opening services. It is not always necessary to read a whole chapter from the Bible, for ordinarily a brief, tender, appropriate devotional service makes the best preparation for the programme.

4. Avoid long prayers. Nothing can prepare the hearts of the people gathered in a convention or religious meeting like a short prayer, emphasizing the purpose of the meeting. But the man who prays all around the world, starting at New York and landing in San Francisco, stopping at all the way-stations and enlarging upon all his hobbies, may get home safely but he does not carry anybody with him. Yet it is not easy for everybody to offer a prayer in public that is really helpful, intelligent, and heart-warming.

5. The speaker or speakers who are to give the real message should be given a prominent place in the programme, with a set time for beginning and closing. They should not be put so early in the programme as to be obliged to speak without the preparation and mellow influence of an appropriate opening service; nor should they be placed so near the end of a programme as to be obliged to speak to a tired audience.

6. All participants in a programme, and particularly the speakers who bring the message, should be thoroughly prepared. Even if they are giving an address, the substance of which they have given before, they should endeavour to fit it to that particular occasion. It is unfair to any audience for speakers not to be prepared.

7. Do not allow business matters, like the reading of reports, taking of an offering, election of officers, to come at the close of a meeting, following an inspirational address. Do not take the time of the entire gathering to transact business that can be done better by a small committee. It is an anti-climax and always has a chilling effect. Thousands of meetings are spoiled in the last fifteen minutes.

8. Do not undertake to hold a meeting in a poorly-heated or ventilated room. Preparation should be made in advance. When people gather for a special service and have to wait for the

arranging of chairs, passing of song-books, selection of an accompanist, they realize at once that those in charge do not understand their responsibility.

9. Do not neglect the social features of a meeting of this sort. No persons can do more to create a genial atmosphere than ushers who really understand their business. They should be pleasant, courteous, accommodating, not gathering in groups for gossip but welcoming people as they arrive. Nothing dampens the ardour like entering unwelcomed and being obliged to find seats as best one can.

10. Wherever possible, have a programme printed or typed and placed in the hands of every one who comes. This programme should be well studied in advance by those who are responsible for its success. They should make sure that ample time has been allowed for each item and that everybody who is on the programme is informed of what he is to do and his limitation of time. One of the commonest mistakes in programmes generally is crowding. It seems difficult for programme-makers to learn that it is impossible to put three twenty-minute talks into an hour; it cannot be done. With many speakers, consciences are off duty for that occasion and they sometimes fall into the wicked habit of stealing time that belongs to another speaker. This should be guarded against in advance.

Finally, it should be remembered that a programme of any kind of a meeting should be a complete, systematic, harmonious whole, with a suitable introduction preparatory to the main address or addresses, proper presentation of each item at the right time, and an appropriate, fitting short closing that will not distract the minds from the theme that has been under consideration.

As an organizer and programme builder Marion Lawrance never showed to better advantage, according to friends of the International, than he did in the last great programme he built, that of the Kansas City Convention in 1922. With his ear to the ground and directed always, as he was, by the democratic sense and possessed with that great meed of patience which so characterized his leadership, he was enabled to overcome obstacles of a very discouraging sort, to cut his way through red-tape of a most voluminous kind, and finally emerge triumphant, with his

eye still upon the wonderful ideal that he had held throughout his life.

Few of those who attended this wonderful convention—the largest, in attendance and enrollment, of any of the International, can realize the hours of feverish toil, the days of planning and replanning and unplanning, and the weeks of incessant but always kindly, courteous contact with his co-labourers in committee-meetings and correspondence. Few can really estimate what it meant to a man who had led the Sunday school forces of America for three decades, to be so far-minded and so fair-minded as to be able to coördinate the opposing forces and out of it all to secure a harmony that was a triumphant ending to a long period of conventions which he had planned.

Every letter that he wrote, even to his British brethren, who did not understand all that was going on—even to the various denominations who were claiming certain privileges, even to the "Old Guard" who were fearing a disastrous outcome—revealed the diplomatic statesman, the Christian gentleman, the courteous friend, and the educated leader. Letters on file show that, time and time again, he was obliged to coincide, as best he could, with the views of friends of his who looked at things in diametrically opposite directions. Some of these letters were bitter with blame and sharp with criticism of him, but his answers were unfailingly courteous and infallibly kind.

Looking over the programme, one is struck first by the absolute comprehensiveness of the entire plan. No one was omitted. Every organization that sent supplies and exhibits was mentioned. The ushers and local committee were given a place. Denominations and religious forces who were represented were all recognized in their due importance. The speakers proved to be outstanding and representative. Conferences of various aspects of religious education and of Sunday school work were carefully organized and carried through.

In planning the programme, he had in mind what every great leader must have in mind, who is to bridge a chasm or to bring two factions together—that is, compromise. He endeavoured to appeal to all those who were interested in the work of Christian

education of the child, by means of a programme so varied, so broad, and so deeply religious that no one element could complain. Without compromising principle, he brought about a coordination of interests and a focusing of attention upon the central theme of any religious education programme that it might be said truly that the merger was accomplished in the heart of a child.

The Wisdom and Prophetic Vision of a Statesman

It was not as an author making permanent contribution to the Sunday school movement through his books, nor as a Christian business man and executive, dispatching business with the minimum of time and friction; nor even as an organizer with a passion for method, system and the complete coördination of details —outstanding as these gifts were—that made Marion Lawrance appear in heroic size before the religious hosts of the world. It was rather his conduct of the largest religious affairs and in the treatment of the greatest national questions connected with the spiritual training of American youth for a third of a century that his reputation as a great Christian statesman was made. While mankind may be slow to credit the same person with greatness in many fields, with Marion Lawrance these were simply phases of his leadership and expressions of his great ruling passion. As an author, he never stood in his own light as an organizer; as a speaker, he was never overshadowed as a man. But all culminated in an unusual ability to conduct diplomatic intercourse in very delicate situations, to govern, not by authority or by power, but by ideas and methods; and to direct with calm deliberation, a keen sense of justice and tolerance and with the forward look of great responsibility.

Moreover, he guaranteed the safety and truth of his course with his very life, feeling sure of the divine leading of Providence. His was the greatest statesmanship in the world because, like that of Moses, it was based upon the teachings of God. Leaders like Dr. Robert L. Kelly, of the Church Board of Education, Dr. Robert E. Speer, Bishop MacDowell, Dr. Robert R. Moton, Hon. William Jennings Bryan have called his quiet but positive

Sunday school statesmanship that which has won him the admiration and appreciation of the entire nation. In his own words he gives a hint of his own conception of statesmanship:

A statesman, he says, according to the big book, is one who is versed in the principles and art of government, and understands how to deal with all matters having to do with the welfare, prosperity and permanency of the community and the state.

My purpose in these few words of greeting to the Sunday school constituency of the Methodist Protestant Church, is to call attention to the strategic place occupied by the Sunday school. No great reform nor great advance along any line having to do with world betterment has ever been made without the backing of the Church. The distressing conditions in the world will never be settled until they are settled right. They cannot be settled right except as they are settled according to the programme laid down by Jesus Christ.

Roger W. Babson is right when he says that what the world needs to-day is not more politics, nor more business, but more religion. In the final analysis we are driven to the conclusion, which is now coming to be recognized by hard-headed business men, that religion is vital to the very life of the state, and unless the world leaders come to recognize this, we are facing catastrophe. Without the Church and its influence we are doomed to failure. Without the Sunday school, the Church is doomed to failure. It is therefore plain that the Sunday school of to-day holds the solution of the world problems of to-morrow.

The Sunday school is vital to the prosperity of the world. Not only religiously, but civically as well. This ought to be a challenge that would drive every one to his very best efforts to make all of our Sunday schools more effective in the years ahead than they have ever been in the past.

To enumerate even the successes he won by his judicious statecraft would be to give a detailed history of the Sunday school work. A few general instances will suffice:—organizing Ohio county by county with loyal leaders and a definite programme; reconciling International leaders who were bringing criticisms upon the work; settling perplexing difficulties in scores of states; recognizing the rights of the denominations and planning for

their complete representation; giving prompt and hearty endorsement to the Graded Lessons; accomplishing the "merger"; directing, in a harmonious manner, great International and World conventions where many diverse factors strove together; graciously yielding, when politic, on matters of method, but remaining quietly steadfast on matters of principle; adopting a sincerely friendly and charitable manner and never becoming antagonistic even to willful maligners and harsh critics; submerging his own personality in the Cause and refusing to be incensed, baffled, or turned back for a moment from his goal; and maintaining a cheerful optimism at all times. He was indeed

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break.

A lifelong friend has written, "When Rufus Choate stood on the deck of a liner leaving for Europe, one of his friends said, 'Well, Mr. Choate, you will be back here a year hence.' He replied, with great dignity and fire, 'Yes, I will be here a year hence; I will be here a hundred years hence; I will be here a thousand years hence.' So Marion Lawrance, through his matchless leadership, and Christian statesmanship, will live in the history of the Sunday school as long as churches last."

XVI

AS HIS PRIVATE SECRETARIES KNEW HIM

"He did not have the Jeremiah-like habit of pointing out defects."—ONE OF THEM.

"Nature never sends a great man into the planet without confiding the secret to another soul."—EMERSON.

CAN a man be a hero to his private secretary? Yes, if the latter is more than a private secretary. This chapter is devoted to what several private secretaries and office assistants of Marion Lawrance actually thought of him. Each was with him for a long period of years and observed him in the close, personal, business relationship of an office secretary and writes from that point of view.

All of them were entrusted with peculiar responsibilities, with official and personal secrets, and became, in a sense, not only buffers between him and the public, but also his trusted confidants. Any secretary sees the man for whom he works in his worst moments and, by the same token, when he rises above the ordinary temptations of bitterness and retaliation, in his best moments.

Fred A. Starr was the private secretary of Marion Lawrance in Toledo, Ohio, when the latter was beginning to lay the great foundation for the structure, nation-wide, eternity-long, and Christian-service deep, known as the International Sunday School Association.

It was my privilege to be associated with Mr. Lawrance for twelve years (1895 to 1907), says Mr. Starr, the first four years in connection with the Ohio Sunday School Association and the last eight years with the International Association. I had the opportunity of seeing the work grow, under his wise leadership, from a small beginning to magnificent proportions.

When I first came the office was located in two small rooms about which the only thing I can remember was a small motto

Marion Lawrance had on his desk: "Keeping everlastingly at it always brings success." How true this motto has proven in his life! These rooms served as the headquarters of the Ohio Association, until the office was removed to Columbus in 1899 and Mr. Lawrance entered the International work. Here was also the publishing office of a mail order business in Sunday school supplies which Mr. Lawrance conducted for the use of other Sunday schools, shipping such helps as Robert Raikes Diplomas, Marion Lawrance Sunday School Secretary's Records, Review Questions, Lesson Leaflets, and Helper Leaflets—all of them proven in his own Sunday school—to all sections of the country. These original Sunday school aids are still being sent in large quantities by the company that took over his business. The *Ohio Sunday School Worker* and the *Helper*, the official organs of the State and Washington Street Sunday School work respectively, were also published in these crowded offices.

In 1899, an office of twice the space was required for headquarters of the International Association. The volume of mail, heavy correspondence, quantity of printed matter, increased tremendously during these years, many times requiring extra office help. At this period, Mr. Lawrance laid the foundation for the International work which has grown to such great dimensions. The printed matter, forms, leaflets, circulars, had all to be planned, since nothing previously had been published along this line, Mr. Lawrance being the first General Secretary. During this time, also, he wrote his first book *How to Conduct a Sunday School* and made innumerable trips throughout the United States and Canada, also to Jerusalem, Rome, Glasgow and London. The International office was removed to Chicago in 1907.

I am glad to give my personal testimony of Mr. Lawrance as a man, a friend, and a servant of the Lord for I can truly say I have never met a man of such splendid personality, such loving disposition, such uniform patience and kindness as Mr. Lawrance possessed. In all my twelve years of service with him, I never heard an unkind statement, unjust criticism, or word of impatience from him. He was just the same, day in and day out. He seemed more like a father to me than an employer. In the office, in his home, on the road, at conventions, he was always the same loving friend.

He was at his best and seemingly the happiest, when he could

be present in his own Sunday school. His great reviews of the lessons, calling for memory verses, conducting the singing, relating interesting incidents of his journeys, leading hundreds of young people to publicly confess Christ, will long be remembered by those who were privileged to be associated with him in the work. "He that doeth the will of God abideth forever."

Harriet E. Fredenburg came with Mr. Lawrance from the Toledo office to the Chicago headquarters:

One of the sweetest memories I have of the International work and of Marion Lawrance, is Miss Fredenburg's testimony, is that of the prayer meetings in his private office each day. All were invited in, except one to keep the outer office, and each took his turn at this duty. Any one happening to come into the office at noon was privileged to come into this meeting. I can close my eyes now and see many of the workers in this group, even placing the different ones who were present. This little service ironed out everything for the day, and rested us; at least, it did me. When Mr. Lawrance was going on a long trip, he would mention each one of us especially to the Father. It was wonderful inspiration. Sometimes the workers of the State office and County office would come in and share the meeting. I believe that little service each day was a big factor in the successfulness of the great work.

When Mr. Lawrance came back from a long trip, he always came to each of us, with his cordial smile and warm handshake, asking how everything had been going, and giving always that same little personal touch to every one with whom he came in contact. His was a wonderful, magnetic personality which no one could ever forget. I think I am qualified to speak in very strong terms, since I worked with Mr. Lawrance seven years in the office, besides a number of years in the Toledo Sunday school and church. He was the only person I have ever seen who could interest all ages—young and old, rich and poor, in the same address.

Another private secretary in Chicago was Robert Cashman. It was not long before this stalwart son of God had made of Mr. Cashman an admirer and a great friend, as he did of all his secretaries. Marion Lawrance's keen business sense found in

Mr. Cashman's personality a ready response, and, as with others, he gave him a business training which led to later advancement.

Certain little things stood out in my relationship with Mr. Lawrance, writes Mr. Cashman: First, he read his Bible every day. I have been with him on shipboard and on railroad trains, when there was every excuse for neglecting this privilege, but he always took the time to read at least a chapter. This was an inspiration to me.

Second, he tried to see the good in people when he might have seen the evil. I do not believe he ever spoke an unkind thing to a single person. One day, while riding on the train, I became offended for some seeming error on his part, whereupon he took out his fountain pen and made an ink blot on a white sheet of paper. He asked me what I saw. I told him a spot. He said, "Look again." I did. He said, "What do you see?" I answered, "A spot." He said, "Do you not see the white around the spot?" It has been a lesson which I have never forgotten.

Third, he planned ahead. He is the only man with whom I have ever been closely associated who planned in periods of years ahead. He never looked backward. He was thinking always in terms of the future.

Fourth, he was observing. He remembered the names of his Pullman cars—the number of his berth—the number of the car. He could tell the number of steps from the street to the house. In travelling with him, he often saw the details which I never saw at all, until he pointed them out to me. He taught me that the accumulation of such observations—small though they might be—brought wisdom.

Fifth, he trusted his associates. He never checked up on details and seemed to trust people so fully that they produced the results he wanted. He was not a promoter, but a master executive. I remember, as a young man of twenty-four, he trusted me with running a tour, involving a special train to Mexico City. I almost shudder now, with all my experience, to think of carrying the responsibilities which were involved. I knew nothing about railroads, customs, or travel, yet he trusted me so fully in the enterprise that it was successful. This is only one of a multitude of examples. In a tribute to him which I wrote in the *International Searchlight,* I tried to show that he put so much

glory upon others, rather than upon himself, that their glory reflected, made his life shine the more.

One office assistant wrote him these words: "Day by day you seem to grow upon me, and I am realizing more and more that I can never repay you for the patience you had in teaching me so many things that will be of help to me throughout life. It was fine of your college to remember you (Honorary 'LL. D.') but they can never give you a title that will be worthy of what you deserve. You have given your very life to the world, and anything the world can do in return is little enough."

Ada Rose Demerest, a Chicago office secretary, writes:

The outstanding thing that comes to my mind in all those twelve years was that I never saw Mr. Lawrance angry. I have seen him anxious, hurt, worried, and sometimes almost at his wit's end, but never did I see him lose his temper.

When he came to California on his last trip, to speak at the Sacramento Convention, I could not go because I was not well, when one day I was called to the telephone and a voice said, "Since you would not come to see me, I have come to see you. Why didn't you come to Sacramento?" Then I knew who it was and said, "I am coming to see you at once." I took the street-car to within two blocks of Mr. Fisher's home. Because of my affected heart, I was much spent and walked with difficulty but Mr. Lawrance saw me coming, and, although he did not know of my physical condition, helped me up the steps. He was far from well himself but when I entered the house he asked me why in the world I had attempted to come, saying that he never would have let me had he known my condition.

One of the things he talked of especially was the way Dr. Magill treated him in his position as consulting secretary. I remember he said, "If Dr. Magill were my own son he could not be more considerate of me in the positions we occupy."

The next day he came to Oakland for an evening meeting. Miss Anna Owens, who twelve years ago worked in the International office, went with me. When I saw Mr. Lawrance on the platform I was deeply worried for he had failed in those few days. He looked tired and worn. Taking out his notebook, he started to speak, but pushed it aside. Unable to give

the formal address he had prepared, he followed his fancy, speaking informally along inspirational lines. I was startled at his voice, for instead of the clear ringing tone I was accustomed to, there was only a weak note, though I know every one heard him. Something in his talk went to the hearts of all, although I think people were unconscious that he was not speaking on his subject. When I spoke to him after the meeting, he said he was very tired, and that his head hurt. He seemed deeply touched and pleased that we should have gone so far to hear him. When I reached home, I told my mother I was glad I had made the effort to go, for I knew I had seen and heard Mr. Lawrance for the last time. All who heard him that last night will long remember his heart-to-heart talk.

One of Marion Lawrance's frequent utterances made to those who assisted him in the office was that they, the faithful secretaries and office workers, were giving themselves just as generously and unselfishly to the Christian cause as he or any of the speakers and leaders who went to conventions and planned big things. To him, every one connected with the work in any way —whether the office boy tying up packages, or the private secretary and assistant—was a very important cog in the machine,—or, to put it as he would, every one was an important member of one big family, each with an important part in the tremendous task. Many there were in the Toledo, and in the Chicago days, who gave rich service to aid him in his world-wide plans. Some of these, by virtue of changes in organization, were with him but for a few months or a few years. Others, like the private secretaries whose statements are given in this chapter, were with him for much longer periods.

No original record such as this would be complete if some mention were not made of the devoted service and fine, cooperative spirit rendered by the last International Office Assistant to Marion Lawrance, Lena Waughtel. During his last illness, particularly, she showed an interest, faithfulness and sympathetic attitude that was indeed gratifying. Keeping faithful account of the details of the office, maintaining constant connections with the home, and later, doing much in organizing affairs that were

left unfinished and in bringing to a satisfactory close the business matters he usually handled himself, she rendered a service to Mr. Lawrance and the family that was distinctively unselfish and Christian.

In the later years of his life, Marion Lawrance was fortunate to have for his private secretary Nellie A. Waggener, who had been, for about ten years, in the International office and was thoroughly acquainted with the work. With her unusually quick and sympathetic intuition and her keen perception of moods, tastes and sensibilities, Miss Waggener appealed to him strongly, not only because of efficient and intelligent service, but also because of loyalty to the work and to him, and a very decided religious attitude. He was quick to recognize her friendly and loyal personality, particularly the last ten years of his life, when he felt that his active day was drawing to a setting. More and more he depended upon her judgment, faithfulness, good-will, unswerving allegiance to his private and public interests. She writes:

"Miss Waggener, the clock has struck! Your time has come!" With assumed solemnity of countenance, through which the smiles struggled to appear, did Marion Lawrance sometimes summon me to a morning or afternoon of dictation. With a well thought out plan of action as to what those hours must accomplish, he would take up the work in hand. Sometimes, he would sit quietly and thoughtfully at his desk while dictating, occasionally running his fingers through his whitening hair, rumpling it out of its usual neatness, as he pondered some question upon which he was passing judgment. Again, at times, he would rise from his chair, and, pacing back and forth within the confines of his office, would seem entirely to forget that it was simply dictation which he was giving. Indeed, I would well-nigh forget that I was writing merely shorthand notes, but would almost imagine myself the one to whom the letter was written, or of the audience to which the lecture was being addressed, with so much expression did Mr. Lawrance enunciate his words.

One time, in the midst of his walk about the office, he stopped abruptly and, turning to me, said, in a characteristic way, "I'm glad my walking about the room in this manner doesn't make

you nervous. Someway, my thoughts seem to flow more freely if my body is in action, too." Often, on such occasions when, perhaps a bit weary, he would suddenly realize that his figure was not as erect as it might be, he would thrust his shoulders back, take a deep breath, and peer out the window for a moment, with a far-seeing gaze that seemed nearly to penetrate the distant blue of the sky.

Sometimes, at the close of a period of dictation, Mr. Lawrance, endeavouring to exhibit a forbidding sternness which he really did not feel, would playfully glower at me and say, "Now, I expect you to have all that work finished *day before yesterday!*" Then when, inspired by my superior's trust and faith that I would carry out his wishes, without further urge from him, I would present the completed quota of letters, or lecture outlines, or manuscript, Mr. Lawrance would encourage me with some such commendation as "Fine! that's the way I like to have my work turned out!" The natural effect of this characteristically-expressed appreciation, although I might be weary in body and brain, after a day of strenuous work, was to make me forget that I was tired and to bring about in my heart only a feeling of gratitude to God for the privilege of serving, in this capacity, a man like Marion Lawrance.

There was nothing petty about Mr. Lawrance's character and disposition. Although he was extremely neat and painstaking about his personal appearance and his desk, although he believed in system to the point of the minutest detail, yet he had no capacity for petty criticisms or demands of an exacting nature. He was fair and just in his attitude, always.

Although, as has been stated, Mr. Lawrance was careful about the details of his work, yet—with all the gigantic plans and world problems which he must carry in his mind—he could not take time to familiarize himself with the filing of all papers, correspondence and other routine that his office contained. That part of the responsibility he usually delegated to me. An amusing incident in that connection might be related. One day he had need of a certain paper which had been placed in one of the drawers of his desk. He asked me where the paper was. I told him that it was among the papers in that drawer. "No," he said, "I have looked all through the papers in that drawer, and do not find it." I said, "Would you mind my looking for it,

too?" "Oh," he said, "if it will make you any happier go ahead and look." I opened the drawer, found the paper, and handed it to him. He accepted the paper, then said, with twinkling eyes and twitching lips, "Now you get out of this office just as fast as you can."

Mr. Lawrance had a way of making those who assisted him in his office feel that they were working, not *for* him, but *with* him. When he would leave for one of his convention trips, he would assure us, in a fatherly manner, that we were making just as great a contribution to the world-wide cause of the Sunday school as if we were actually in the field. Moreover, he did not forget us when on these trips, but would keep in constant touch with us, through letters and post-cards, the latter often carrying some such message as the following: "Love to the whole International Family, from M. L."

During the twelve years of my secretaryship with Mr. Lawrance, he allowed me to share with him many of the perplexing problems which he must solve, many of the trying situations which he must meet. On none of these occasions did he ever manifest the slightest degree of impatience or unkind criticism toward those who differed with him, perhaps to the point of creating an extremely unpleasant situation. When, through loyalty to him, I would grow a bit indignant and utter some caustic remark, he would look reproachfully at me and say, "Now, Miss Nellie!" then offset what I had said by something kind or complimentary about the one in question. Indeed, whenever he received a letter which expressed a difference with his views, or possibly contained some sharp criticism, invariably Mr. Lawrance would write a courteous reply of thanks to the author of the letter, saying he wished that some time the two might have a good talk together, so that he could look at things more clearly from the angle of the writer, thereby perhaps acquiring the viewpoint of the other. Moreover, although I occupied a very confidential position toward Mr. Lawrance and his work, he never discussed, even with me, the contents of a letter which he might, of necessity, be dictating to me, but which was purely confidential between him and the one to whom the letter was being addressed. Mr. Lawrance always displayed the finest sense of honour in this regard, and, in all my years of service with him, I have never known him to betray a confidence in the slightest degree.

It was my great privilege to be in close touch with Mr. Lawrance during the later years of his life, when shadows were beginning to lengthen and he was nearing the end of his journey which was to bring him home to his Father's House, the Home of the Father whom he loved so intensely and served so faithfully. Often in making plans for some bit of writing or other work which he had in mind, he would say, "You know, Miss Nellie, my time here is growing short; I must work fast." Just a few weeks before he left for his last convention trip, he asked me to prepare a list of certain things which he wanted to accomplish before the great Call should come. He said to me, one day, "Miss Nellie, I should like to prove that, by living a careful, clean, Christian life, a man may continue in his usual activities until he is eighty. Then I should like to have five years of quiet and retirement, and after that I shall be content to go." However, the Great Commander had other plans for him, but because of his consecration and his complete faith in an all-wise Providence that is always right and just, we know that Mr. Lawrance unhesitatingly obeyed the call to "Come up higher."

Mr. Lawrance has set, for all who knew him, a noble example of Christian fortitude, unswerving faith, charitable judgments, and gentleness of character, equalled by few. I shall always be grateful to God for the years which He permitted me to spend in secretarial service for our beloved Marion Lawrance.

The verdict stands. Perhaps in the final estimate of a man such voices should be as readily listened to as those of the world's leaders.

XVII

TIDES OF THE MIND

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."—SHAKESPEARE.

"There is no great man on this earth except the man who conquers self."—BARRIE.

MAN'S character and life may be likened to the sea with its furious tempests and sunset calms, its hidden mysterious strengths, and its noisy, foaming shallows, its derelicts of wrecked hopes, and the flotsam and jetsam of dead ambition's ghost. There are also, much as in life, flashing colours, rhythmic surgings, wild songs of loosed winds, gray mists of doubt, and the crying, white scavengers of the sea as they fly and dip over the glistening sea foam—all facets of beauty —that form the dignity and poetry of the ocean. But the true life and mind of the sea are found in the tides that ebb and flow twice in twenty-four hours with the regularity of the march of a planet or the beating of a human heart. They correspond to the physical and mental pulse of man and their ebb and flow represent the hidden force of character and the measure of mortal greatness.

It has been said that life is governed by the two great laws—centripetal and centrifugal—the ebb and flow of the mental tides. The centripetal or principle of egoism is the law upon the person, giving him a sense of order and duty. The centrifugal is the law of altruism within the person, acting outwardly in a way that gives him impulse and emotion. The first is the law of self-necessity, the second is the law of self-opportunity. One is concerned with method and obligation; the other with the dreams of unrealized possibilities. But these two laws modify and compensate each other, and have to do with the same volume of consciousness, functioning now as attitudes, traits, and static conditions and now as actions, interests, and dynamic forces.

In any biography, there should be presented the inner aspira-

tion, faults and hidden virtues of its hero, the animating and compulsive forces behind his public work, the truth—without veneer or burlesque—about his aims, moods and affections. The knowledge of these is what draws one to a celebrity and helps to make him immortal. The hidden tides of the mind of Marion Lawrance, as in those of any other individual, are clearly revealed, if sought, in the record of his life and works and words. And the solidity and unity of character thus evolved wins respect and admiration.

The Ebb-Tide of Self-Improvement

The mind of Marion Lawrance was self-centered to this degree: he was ever alert to improve his mind and manners and morals through reading. But as Holmes says: "One cannot gather some of the best fruits of life without climbing out to the end of the slender branches of the ego." In the best sense of the term, he was a self-made man. Obliged to leave college because of illness, he felt himself greatly handicapped. The courage and adaptability of the Anglo-Saxon were in his blood, however, and he moved forward reading whenever and wherever he could of the best books, developing a keen observation of men and nature and determined to win by his own efforts that of which circumstances had deprived him.

At an early age, Marion Lawrance wrote in an essay: "No person should consider his or her education complete, in fact none can consider himself educated, unless his unoccupied moments have been devoted to useful reading, for reading is the polishing stone of every accomplishment." Following his own advice he became an active reader throughout life and devoted much time and judgment in later years to building up a private library. This collection of several thousand volumes, as it may be supposed, consisted largely of books on Sunday school and religious work, including the oldest and the newest thought obtainable on the subject. Many widely-varying viewpoints were represented on his bookshelves showing his open-mindedness and fresh-mindedness to new ideas, and methods, by means of which principles could be made more plain and capable of being adapted.

It is interesting to discover in this library a small book of great influence—*The Ideal Sunday School* (1876), on the fly-leaf of which appear these words in its owner's own handwriting: "Marion Lawrance—1877. It was the reading of this little book in the seventies that first opened my eyes to the importance and scope of the Sunday school work." One passage in it (which was heavily marked) is a striking picture of Marion Lawrance himself in his own Sunday school at Toledo:

The ideal superintendent must not be merely an executive, not simply an engineer to run the school, nor a bellman, speaking only with his starting bell—not simply a disciplinarian, but rather a sympathetic educator, not stagnant and monotonous in his spirit or methods, not sensational in his work, but a prompt executive, a firm disciplinarian with freedom and tenderness in his discipline, progressive, with a wise conservation, and one who knew four things: 1. Christ, 2. The Bible, 3. Human nature, 4. What to teach. (H. C. Trumbull.) He did not simply lead the flock; he also fed and shepherded it.

Later, books representing the modern religious education movement in its various phases appeared on his bookshelves. Many of these were marked with marginal notes, cross-references and comments. In latter years also there appeared a number of especially valuable books on psychology, child-study, boy-life, adolescence, Sunday school teaching, Bible study, and the organization and administration of the Sunday school—the latter subject on which he had written what has been called "the most authentic and illuminating work of its kind ever published."

Marion Lawrance was catholic in his reading tastes. He was fond of humour and read Mark Twain, Artemas Ward and all the American humourists through with much interest. Of an evening, he occasionally read poetry, travel or biography, but always from a very definite point of view. He delighted also in books about nature, such as Burbank's investigations, ornithology and botany; as well as narrative history and literature. The modern short-story also appealed to him and Kipling, Hawthorne and other story-writers were read and discussed. Of course the Bible

in its different versions held first place and chapters were read regularly several times a day. While he was not a fast reader, few were so consistent, persevering and careful as he. He remembered for indefinite periods portions of every book he read. But he could not weave into his lectures or books the thoughts which he had mastered from other writers until they became part of his own broad experience. He tested books and people, not by fiction or theory, but by his original classifications from first-hand knowledge.

Nearly all his reading time had to be snatched from other work or sleep. For four decades he carried a larger burden of responsibility and accomplished more administrative and executive detail than is usually required of one man. But his reading was never neglected and was often done on trains and street-cars, in the few minutes' wait for dinner and in the tag-ends of time often wasted by others.

The Flood-Tide of Friendship

One of the " purple patches " marked by Marion Lawrance and which he must have especially liked is the following, in an essay on *Friendship* by Jeremy Taylor: " By friendship, I mean the greatest love and the greatest usefulness and the most open communications, and the noblest sufferings, and the severest truth, and the heartiest counsel, and the greatest union of mind, of which brave men and women are capable." Friendship in Marion Lawrance's character was the spontaneous and pungent expression of a great overflowing heart and mind filled with love and good-will, sympathy and encouragement. An author once wrote, " The spirit of delight comes often on small wings." The " small wings " that brought to Marion Lawrance such a great surge of joy were the little courtesies, kindly acts, and the warmth of a glowing personality in his gentle relationships with men—transforming chance acquaintanceships to staunch friendships and indifferent coldness to ardent love.

It was not what he did or the substance of what he said, nor what he gave nor what he received, nor a common membership in church or society that established these friendships. Nor was

it because of a similarity of views or emotions. Although these may have served, they alone did not kindle that sacred spark of friendship. There was something of an inner vision, a kind of pervasive and persuasive gift of intimacy, simple and direct, that takes delight in being with one, when there is no business on to transact, and no entertainment or social pleasure to be enjoyed. Each friendship was in itself an adventure, a search for true happiness—a quest for the Holy Grail. He tried to express this feeling, not only in his birthday and New Year's greetings and in his spontaneous willingness to serve, but also in a natural cordiality of manner, a palpably sincere attitude, and in the giving of himself.

It was in the affirmations of friendship that he was especially interested, however, and his day was often filled with the subtle pencilling of lines of courage and hope, noble ambition and cheer upon the faces and lives of men through his genius for encouragement and his burning love for humanity and humanity's Saviour. Encouragement was given in countless ways—a word or a letter, a smile or handshake, public commendation or friendly intercession, thoughtful deed or stirring eloquence in public addresses, or the detailed beauty of knowledge experienced, organized, and applied as revealed in his manuals. One instance only need be cited. On the fly-leaf of the book entitled *Church and Sunday School Publicity*, by Herbert Smith, Associate Director, Department of Publicity, Presbyterian Church, are these words: "Marion Lawrance. By your enthusiastic interest in the idea of this book you did much to stimulate its conception. I hope this will be only the forerunner of many books on Sunday School Publicity."

He believed that friendship was more freely secured by lenity toward failings than by adherences to excellencies. Yet he always saw the good in men and helped them, like his Master, Jesus Christ, in their defeats as well as victories. Sympathy with them both heightened his own enjoyment and diminished their distress. There was a heavy cost to some of his friendships, but the gain far outweighed the sacrifice. One time he withdrew from the Board of Directors of Winona Assembly be-

cause of the will and wish of his best friend. He realized that his course would be misunderstood, but loyalty to a true friend must not be compromised. Not only did he believe that "no distance of place or lapse of time can lessen the friendship of those who are thoroughly persuaded of each other's worth," but also that "the duration of a man's friendship is one of the best measures of his worth." His friendships endured—some of them from early childhood—stubbornly standing all the tests like the rigorous evergreen trees on the hillside keeping their perennial freshness in all weathers. In the highest sense, he put friendship on the plane of love, and saw to it, so far as in him lay, that there could be no lowering of his aim or living unto himself in an egotistical way or writing anew the tragedy of the "unlit lamp" and the "ungirt loin." And his love poured itself out freely at a sacrifice often of his own energy and time, in order that his friends might know his purpose and his passion in life. It has been well said by our modern philosophers, that all great human relationships are, in a sense, partnerships, when two souls flow into one, each with a common cause and interest in the other. Marion Lawrance took all his friends into partnership with him. He looked upon them as being perhaps not always equally responsible, but at least equally interested in the great work that he was carrying on. There was a oneness and mutuality in this relationship that kept it from being broken.

But his friendship with children and youth was even more illuminating and creative than that with those older. Many are the letters he has received, written perhaps in a childish scrawl, but conveying, as best words can, the sincere and wholesome love of the writers. Frequently these friendships continued until the boy or girl went to college and into careers. In these cases, he was sometimes asked to attend their commencement exercises, which he endeavoured to do whenever possible. His letter files show that he remembered these boys and girls on their birthdays and at Christmas time with regularity. These friends, as well as the others among their parents, represented great riches to him. He revelled in the possibilities in their lives and was never content to let the days go by without enriching them in so far as

he knew how. The following is one verse of a poem by Stauffer which he often quoted in his addresses:

WHAT WILL THEY SAY OF ME?

If they will say that little children came,
And showed me all their playthings, without fear;
That folks with burdens spoke about the same,
With open hearts, believing I would hear,
Perhaps the Lord will count my record clear.

THE CENTRIPETAL LAW OF SELF-COMMAND

Books, after all, are not dead things and do contain a great potency of life. Although Marion Lawrance found this true, a large proportion of his Sunday school information and life inspiration came through another channel. "Ninety per cent. of what I know about the Sunday school has come to me at conventions," was one of his often repeated public statements. Through contact with people he "caught" the vision of his life-work and also the radiance of the character which lit up that career. But strong personalities are seldom divorced from principles—in fact they usually point directly toward them. This principle was the principle of personal rhythm—personal happiness, of being friends with himself.

How did he incarnate this principle? By acquiring a due and rational sense of proportion between persons and things, between himself and the world outside, and by early gaining command of the inner forces of his being and never losing completely his control of them. While it is usually true that friends and family cannot always fathom the elements of character in a public man, nevertheless every one who knew Marion Lawrance realized that the splendid discipline in his life was the best illustration of his own precept about the discipline of a Sunday school: "He governs best who appears not to govern at all." He was his own most severe critic but his quiet demeanour did not suggest the fires of passion that were laid nor the imps of the perverse that were subdued.

His will not only leashed certain impulses but released others. It carried him through great mental and physical suffering, gave

his voice tremendous energy and earnestness and his message almost unlimited scope and power, filled his life with a succession of unique and positive achievements. He learned by long struggle and harsh experiences to be patient, and cautious, to speak low and calmly, to act deliberately, to suspend judgment of movements and men, to keep his windows ever open to the sunrise. He was an "incorrigible optimist," but added to that attitude, great initiative and activity. Never waiting for occasions and frequently challenging and inducing them, he believed that events do not make character—but rather character moulds events.

The average man lives in close conformity with habits, instincts, conventions, and is unhappy when led away from the beaten path. The superior man breaks down the fences of professionalism and custom and roams into vast untrodden fields of possibilities. He is an explorer, a pioneer, who is intent on carrying some message to the ends of the earth and to every mortal creature. He feels a call to go and find that something that is lost "behind the ranges."

But this volition in Marion Lawrance had its origin in that inner sense, that vision or imagination that gives a personal value to all things and a proportionate ranking and rating to people and events in the cycle of experience. Small details were not viewed in the same perspective as great movements, and the essentials and fundamentals loomed large against a background of shams and shadows.

Because of his balanced critical sense, vanity and hypocrisy—however concealed—were viewed as glaring defects. He saw clearly many of his own weaknesses and follies and therefore was not cast down or stopped by the insult or lack of approbation of the world. Average men trust to public opinion for an estimate of their worth, but he from boyhood felt that life was more than surfaces.

This keen sense of proportion and the eternal fitness of things gave rise to that subtle but contagious sense of humour. His yesterdays were cheerful because of his intuitive sense, and his to-morrows confident because of his philosophy. Burdens were

to be placed in a short-time span, joys in a longer period. The legend on his office drinking cup expresses this thought: "Do not burden to-day's strength with to-morrow's load." The great silent forces of growth and development—physical, mental and spiritual—he clung to so tenaciously that the lesser influences could be laughed at.

A sense of humour and the play-spirit are inseparably linked and faith in mankind beats in the blood of one who knows when to laugh and play with his fellows. His buoyant heart, ready smile, cordial greeting, and prophetic wisdom on most occasions made others see and feel a kind of splendour in the commonplace. His poise and balance and sanity drew people out of their selfish retreats into the daily beauty of all life. Contrary to the general rule, even as he grew older in years, he formed new opinions and made intimate friends after fifty. Neither lassitude nor prejudice, very common in old age, prevented him from giving a fair consideration to any new doctrines or point of view. As James Bryce says of Gladstone, he allowed both old and new views to "lie on the table together, and while declaring his mind open to conviction, felt it safer to speak and act on the old lines till the process of conviction had been completed." Like youth, he firmly believed that matters finally adjust themselves correctly and for good, when allowed to work out themselves. Like manhood, "he learned from passing events." But like both youth and manhood, he correlated the two precepts, "Great faith in God —great faith in men."

But Marion Lawrance's youthful spirit was of an educated kind. It had to do with purity of purpose and of life, with absorption in the world's needs rather than in the world's attractions. His youthfulness came as a deliberate following—(not of a will-o'-the-wisp called pleasure)—but of that finer, inner sense of intuition which looks beneath the surface of things and measures men by what they really are. The freshness, curiosity and enthusiasms of youth ever remained with him and showed in the elasticity and modifiability of his mind. After all, the highest type of genius is the ability to keep eternally young.

When a man knows sharply his own vulnerable point, it is not

easy to steadily hold prejudices against others. Marion Lawrance learned to rejoice in the prosperity of another and by so doing to partake of it. He learned also that more difficult lesson, to rejoice sincerely in the superior success of a friend or associate. Because he could see the proper values and could free them in himself, he became transparently sincere in mind and manner—a sincerity that was unimpeachable and irresistible, that cuts like a Damascus blade, through opposition, doubt or hesitancy, or burns its way into the emotions and hearts of people like a ray of summer sunshine.

It was never the part of Marion Lawrance to play a rôle. He was too much himself to be accused of hypocrisy. He had such complete self-control that his better self was his real self. The vision of what he wanted to accomplish was so linked up with valour that he was constantly writing an accurate and candid autobiography. It has been said that really sincere men cannot adapt themselves to their environment, but with him he adapted himself to his environment by mastering it and dominating it. For he did not have any wrapping about him of other interests, or of other selves. There were no media between him and himself. Moreover, yesterday did not contradict to-morrow in his life.

With sincerity there is associated an important characteristic of any man's inner conscience, namely a just but high opinion of one's self. By this is not meant a conceited or egotistical attitude, but a complete sense of one's inherent ability to accomplish things worth while. This, too, is a dominant trait in the life history of Marion Lawrance. He knew he was a speaker of magnetic power. He was acquainted clearly with the fact that there were some things he could do a little more perfectly, a little better than many of his fellows.

To an outsider the presence of this strong, tall, erect, clean-cut man of dignified bearing, kindly eye and courteous manner was indicative of a tremendous self-control of these hidden instincts and robust emotions which when allowed free rein bring any man to ruin. But with the subject of this book there was always a complete and perfect poise of mind and body and a genuine com-

mand of all those particular qualities whose presence is needed but whose domination spells disaster.

After all, man's opinion of a man amounts to more than any one's else. Among men this son of Ohio was always rather generally liked. There was something in the masculinity, the tremendous control of the life forces that appealed to men. Here was great strength and yet a splendid restraint. He was considered one of the most magnanimous of men. He was looked upon as being one of those rare spirits who combine courtesy with forcefulness and gentleness with strength. To him every man he met was a divine spirit whose personality should be recognized and whose friendship was worth while.

His life of vision and action was not dogmatic nor spasmodic. It was the kind of personality that constantly pours itself out into the lives of those around, and melts into the environment like the glowing fringe of the sky melts into the horizon.

"The Grand Old Name of Gentleman"

Sincerity in one's character usually expresses itself as honesty to one's countrymen. There are many kinds of honesty and the following incidents will illustrate phases of that outstanding characteristic of Marion Lawrance—a "gentleman of the old school." One spring day when he had to make quick connections at the Union Station at Washington, D. C., and purchase a ticket in addition, he found on counting his change in the Pullman that he had been given over fifteen dollars too much. He immediately made out a check and sent it back to the ticket agent with explanations. He received a reply soon after thanking him for his unusual act and stating that in over twenty years as ticket agent when hundreds of dollars had been accidentally given out in this way—that his letter with the return of the money had been the only evidence of honesty among the number.

To a publisher who somewhat objected to his use of a certain title for a book, because it was similar to one of his supplies, he wrote: "All right, dear friend, I shall treat you just as I would want to be treated under the same circumstances. We will not use the name, of course. Thank you for all your kindness."

At one time a secretary wrote a number of articles on Sunday school work which he desired to have appear under the name of Marion Lawrance, who was too busy travelling to prepare them. This, however, he consistently refused to do, declaring that it was not just to the writer not to have his name attached to something which he wrote.

To a neighbour grocer he wrote, "I do not let such bills as this run and am sorry you have been under the misapprehension during all these months that this account remained unpaid, when it was paid by a check immediately upon presentation and bears the bank date of September 30. However, I do not lay it against you. *I made a mistake once myself* and it is all right. I do appreciate all the courtesies you have shown me in a thousand ways."

Honesty and honorableness were current coin in his daily life. They are the foundation stones of gentlemanliness. Charity and magnanimity are a bit more showy virtues but equally necessary for a manly character. The following incident has been widely quoted: At a convention at Louisville, somebody asked Marion Lawrance if it was right to get a man who was not a Christian to teach a Sunday school class. He arose and told the story of a drunken, fiddling hatter who was asked to take a class in a Sunday school in a small village where teachers were scarce. Mr. Lawrance described the condition of this hatter and the whole Sunday school situation. When the hatter began teaching the class he got a revelation and was converted. Afterward he became a great Sunday school missionary and established Sunday schools up into the hundreds. He concluded by stating that there were situations under which, in the providence of God, it was proper to get an unconverted man to perform this office.

When he sat down a tall young man arose and asked if he could make a remark. "I want to state," said the man, "that the individual whom you have been describing as the drunken hatter was my father and he was not a drunkard and never touched liquor in his life!"

Marion Lawrance at once sprang to his feet and cried, "My dear sir, if what you say is true I want, in the humblest way

and with deep mortification and sorrow, to beg your pardon ten thousand times. I have been telling this story in one way or another all over the United States for years and I assure you, sir, that I will never tell it again." "Here stood a man," said a spectator, "who was great enough to publicly humiliate himself by an apology in order to make amends." To him, fair-mindedness outweighed prestige.

Encouragement of the downhearted or vexed and puzzled seemed to be a part of his joy of living. In writing to a debtor of his who had told him that he could not pay, and who seemed to feel quite blue at the financial situation and that "God was dead," Marion Lawrance replied, "Don't get discouraged—just keep your face to the sunshine and go straight ahead. One of these days when you are able to straighten up your account with me, you can do it. You will never have any trouble from this source. I am a borrower at the bank myself, but I do not mean to worry about anything. There are some lessons we all learn under trying circumstances that we are either too dull or too indifferent to learn under other circumstances."

At the time when the first Provinces of Canada were reorganizing on a basis different from formerly, Mr. Lawrance was present. He did not wholly see the drift of their efforts, nor did he entirely approve, yet when asked for his opinion, he gave, without dogmatism, his blessing in doing the thing that they believed to be the best, remarking that ultimately "results would be right."

Marion Lawrance was not a politician, but a gentleman. He did not indulge in any secret plans behind closed doors. He did not "perpetrate any plans." Everything was aboveboard. He had few, if any, official secrets. His plans were freely discussed with associates everywhere he went. The office force in the field knew about the plans in the office. The whole official career of Marion Lawrance was a transparent one, and any one could look through it and see the mighty purpose that swayed it. If he had aught against any of the associates, or considered that they were following an unwise course, he promptly held an interview with them, telling them frankly what was on his mind, but withal in a

friendly and kindly manner, although he never failed to be direct and emphatic about the needs of the work.

He was frank with his associates. When they asked his opinions, he gave them—honestly, even though they might not always be complimentary. But the manner in which he spoke or wrote seemed to take the sting out of his criticism, which was always constructive and for the best interests of the work.

One of the characteristics of Marion Lawrance, the gentleman, was his habit of giving every man the benefit of the doubt, if such should arise in connection with either character or actions. Too modest to push himself ahead of his fellows and not realizing that he perhaps was in many situations a stronger deciding factor, he was inclined to see the strengths more quickly than the weaknesses of those around him. A long time colleague says that Mr. Lawrance was never ruffled. "I have been with him in intimate business conferences both in his office and on the field, and remember that he never said a harsh word about any of his fellow-workers, nor did he give himself the luxury of indulging in imprecations upon those who sometimes failed to do what they had promised." Marion Lawrance was no fighter. Nearly all his associates and friends say this. His method of attack was a much more quiet and subtle one. It was that of the Christian knight whose lance is courtesy and whose shield is honour.

Thoughtfulness and appreciation go hand in hand. Not always are they crystallized into the beautiful acts they might be. The following are significant in the life of one who dreamed that life was more than duty.

SURFACE CAR LINES,
Chicago, Illinois.

GENTLEMEN:

Not knowing the officer to address, I am writing this note to the Company. I presume you get a lot of "kicks," as all great organizations do, but perhaps not so many of the other kind.

I use your No. 1 route very often, living on Wellington Avenue, north side, and have my office as indicated above. Riding down this morning, the conductor whose cap number was 7,098, seemed

to me to be especially thoughtful and efficient, and particularly so with old people. He called the streets so we could understand what he said. One quite old man, who was nervous and anxious to get off, started too soon. The conductor said, "Just sit still—don't be in a hurry." When he did get off, a man driving by with a wagon violated the rules, and the conductor reproved him and saw that the old gentleman got out without any trouble. Being in the class myself, I could not refrain from saying to him as I passed out later, "You are a good conductor, and men with white hair like mine appreciate it."

I don't know who this conductor is and he knows nothing of this letter, but if I were in his place, I would not object to having somebody say a good word for me.

To a colleague, Hugh Cork, he wrote in 1923:

MY DEAR HUGH:

You will never know, until the great books are opened, up Yonder, what a fine contribution you have made to the cause we both love. You are enshrined in the hearts of hundreds of thousands of people who have seen you and know the warmth of your heart. This is just my Christmas greeting to you.

Such letters could easily be multiplied. Such thoughtfulness was shown toward the janitor in the apartment buildings where he lived, whose name he always knew and to whom he was uniformly courteous; to the washerwoman who came to the apartment; to bell-boys in hotels; or to taxi-drivers. He liked to remember these people, whom he did not consider beneath him in any way, on Christmas, or on other occasions. It was a cardinal virtue with him that, even if they were not courteous and gentlemanly or ladylike, he must keep his rôle of a true gentleman.

The following letter indicates something of both his gentlemanly spirit and business sense in giving the other fellow the benefit of the doubt: "I do not understand your bill nor your bookkeeping, but *we desire to be on the right side* and I am enclosing a check herewith for six dollars and sixteen cents ($6.16) in full payment of account."

The thousands of eulogies and friendly appraisals of Marion

Lawrance which have been made really resolve themselves into one great, outstanding characteristic, unselfishness or altruism. After all, this is one of the hall-marks of any man who wins the favourable attention of the multitude. The altruism of Marion Lawrance, like the altruism of any one else, showed itself, in the first place, in the kindly manner which he maintained toward every one he met. There was in this manner something more than mere surface polish. Behind it, there were keenness of perception, a finesse of general temperament and an earnest desire to elevate those about him, letting himself drop out of consideration in act and voice and general attitude toward another, but with him, his ever genial, generous courtesy and kindly use of power, instinctively made one label him a gentleman.

The Greatness of Self-Surrender

Ambition and friendship, the inner sense and the qualities of a gentleman are not enough. How else is a man to be measured? By his deeds and achievements—the books he writes, the lectures he gives, inventions he fashions, the bridges he builds? Partly so. The world always gives popular acclaim to the man who does things that are visible, but perhaps the invisible structures, that are fashioned through the touch of a great mind or a great character, are more lasting and give stronger proof of the greatness of the individual. Marion Lawrance wrote a dozen books, gave thousands of lectures and addresses, touched hundreds of thousands of lives through correspondence, shook hands with countless admirers and friends, but these are merely the surface evidences of greatness of the man. They are the effects but not the cause. We must seek the cause in another way. Not only in the rare personality and always human touch that he had upon the life about him but the direction in which the great purpose moved him must also be considered. No matter how great a structure a man may build, if it is for the idle purpose of a single day, it cannot be recognized as the achievement of a great man. And no matter how slight a structure it may be, if it is for a noble purpose and for all time, it should be considered the achievement of a great man. Not deeds or achievements, but

purposes and ideals for which the work was done will show the real soul.

This was the life of Jesus Christ Himself, who built no great earthly structure, who wrote no books or painted no canvases, but whose touch upon the world has been indelible and everlasting, because He dealt with those mysterious forces that are unseen and unheard, but which endure. Just so far as Marion Lawrance endeavoured to follow the ideal of the great Christ—the model man of the ages—just so far did he succeed in reaching that perfection of character which made him loved and revered and his memory one long joy.

His love for Jesus Christ was his passion. It was the only emotion in his life that he could not control. As the movement of the tides is produced by the attraction of sun and moon so this great mastering love was created in him by the higher power that swept him away in its overwhelming grasp. He was but an agent, a representative of this great personality throughout life. When he first surrendered his will and consecrated his life to Christian service he had no thought of ever changing his career. Later, when his business talents and force as a Christian leader were proved to the world and when big business firms offered large salaries for his services, with the privilege of being at home with his family, he says he could not for a moment leave his Sunday school work. "A Higher Power was controlling my will, and no other business in the world could induce me to leave home and loved ones, except the love of the Lord Jesus Christ. It means sacrifice and consecration to serve one's fellow men."

A faithful follower of his Master, ever seeking to do His will, he became an interpreter of the Scriptures and Christ's teachings. The lessons of modesty and humility, of tenderness and gentleness, of unselfishness and love, he was studying and learning throughout life. Others might criticize or annoy, but if his cause was one he thought Christ approved, he was content. His chief anxiety was that the light of Jesus Christ might not shine through him as clearly as it should because of his imperfections and inadequate discipleship. Yet nothing offended him more than an imputation on his honour and reputation as a straight-

forward and honest man of God. The slightest suggestion that seemed to impinge on this reputation and character caused him great anxiety. Occasionally acquaintances unwittingly have conveyed such a suggestion in their conversation. It would wound him, be remembered for days, but finally be submerged in that great sweep of fellow-feeling and love of mankind which made Marion Lawrance the great, steady, onward-moving, and forward-looking Christian leader.

A Christian man he tried to be. Common are the expressions heard, or read in letters: "I was a better Christian for knowing him," "When with him, some of my own acts looked despicably little." The housekeeper and daughter's companion for ten years, Amanda Rolander, says, "When Mr. Lawrance was home I felt I wanted to lead a better life, come closer to Christ because he led such a Christlike life."

In his addresses he often said, "*The heart of religion is religion of the heart.*" He emphasized patience with those who do not agree with us. He spoke of influence, power and leadership as shown by humility. The strongest power is silent power, and the great powers of the earth were silent. The sun goes down in silence; the buds burst in silence. He frequently gave little glimpses of his life, letting his auditors see the beauty and the strength of his faith and consistent Christian life of service. He thanked God for friends, and opportunities to serve.

If there was a weakness at all in Marion Lawrance, it was a weakness that came from an exaggeration of certain virtues. Because of his extraordinarily sympathetic and acutely sensitive nature—which permitted him to glide into the affections of thousands of people and to know them, even as they knew themselves—it sometimes happened that he suffered unduly because of their sorrows and trials. Bitter tears would be shed because a young couple had just lost a little child; an old grandmother had gone, leaving behind her a radiant memory; the father of a family must move to Arizona, at once, because of tuberculosis; a young man—clean, straightforward, and honest—had failed in business—such misfortunes struck home deeply to the great sensitive heart, and caused him to suffer greatly. Sometimes he

too keenly felt the indifference of people to his messages, or took to heart too readily unthinking criticism which he translated in terms of failure in his own Christian life. Then the thought would come that any apostle of such a master as his must be optimistic. It was impiety to be sad.

He seldom lost faith in mankind or the Church. He believed the "Church of God is all that she claims to be and infinitely more—also prophecy, priesthood and worship." The Christian life, he thought, was cumulative in power and sweetness. "Christians like coins grow dearer and more valuable as they grow old." Moreover true greatness, as he precociously wrote in his boyhood essays, consisted in a true Christian life and a cheerful disposition. While he admired scholarship, always keenly feeling his lack, still he would have echoed the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table in his statement that "The world's great men have not commonly been great scholars, nor its great scholars great men." The only great man is the one who, in personal character and public service, measures up to the Matchless Life.

The Flood-Tide of Service

Motivated by his sublime passion, Marion Lawrance created anew each day his great love by means of the great service he rendered God's children. It has been said that a poet dies in every one in his youth, but if the poet died in Marion Lawrance, a servant was born in his place—a world servant who knew no fatigue, or discouragement, who endured the mental and physical stress and strain of his position of leadership with its extensive travelling, its endless speaking, its multiplicity of details without a murmur, but rather a song of praise that the opportunity was his.

He could not be nobly content with his own joy in Christ, with his own peace and victory unless he could do something for the world that would make this grace manifest. No one, he firmly held, can succeed at all, unless he takes upon himself a world burden—worthy of himself and the hope of God that is within him. His burden was the establishing of the spiritual kingdom of childhood here on earth through the Sunday school. What

did he accomplish in this great field of his own choosing? Look around you! No biography can fully tell the story, no movement or organization can fruitfully portray even its outstanding triumphs. His public life service, beginning with a tiny rivulet, curving, widening, deepening, winding through broad meadows, under great hills, beneath the wide sky—now clear and rapid, now turbulent and foaming, soon spreads out before one as a broad river which runs swiftly to the sea, carrying many craft of souls and merchandise upon its broad bosom. There it mingles with the ocean waves and falls and rises with the tides until the shores of all the continents are laved by its Christian influence. "Every man's work shall be made manifest," yet the test of greatness after all is motive. The tides of thought ebbing around the individual Marion Lawrance as self-improvement, self-command, and self-surrender, turned back upon the shores of the world's life in a great flood of friendship, of Christian gentleness and service. His conception of life was that voiced by Isaac Watts:

Were I so tall to reach the pole
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul,
The mind's the standard of the man.

XVIII

"MY DAUGHTER-CHUM, LOIS"

"A daughter I had, in whose sweet communion I could drop all my cares and troubles."—ANON.

"And He led them out as far as Bethany and lifted up His hands and blessed them."—LUKE 24: 50.

OF latter years, when cloud shadows began to appear upon the horizon, Marion Lawrance found more and more, in his daughter Lois, that happiness and peace which no one else could so well give. Upon Lois, his homemaker when the family was reduced to two, he poured out his confidences and plans, his love and hopes and disappointments. The two lives were interlinked. She might well have said, "I would rather not live than not to be the daughter of such a father," while he might have answered, "Few have ever enjoyed such love, such happiness, such trustfulness, as I from such a daughter."

Because of her modest disposition and sheltered life, the great love and guiding hand of Lois is little known. But, in the home, she was both the "Mary" and the "Martha." She loved to anticipate her father's needs, and surround him with every kind of loving attention. For years, Lois had nursed her mother through a long and serious illness, managing the household at the same time, and had shown herself a splendid general and wise executive. But when the mother was taken, there was a great void—aching and insistent. Men demand action, women demand emotion, and where else could she lavish the treasure of her love than upon her father when her mother had slipped away?

More and more interest did she manifest in his constructive plans for the Sunday school and in his conventions and tours. Almost a mother's interest did she show in his health and physical well-being. After a long trip, she knew what to do to make the welcome to the apartment seem a welcome "home." Soon, she felt that she was needed on these trips to take care of him.

So it was that the two travelled many thousands of miles together. They journeyed to the Washington Convention, to Kansas City, to the World's Convention at Rome, and, a few years ago, to Japan. They planned their vacations together and enjoyed trips to the Pacific Coast and Alaska, and many delightful summer times at Mackinac Island. Their interests wound themselves together quite naturally. Study of birds, and flowers, the reading of poetry, the study of a great range of religious and devotional literature, brought them almost to the same mind and point of view. She lived for him, and his chief concern was for her. Their letters to each other were full of strong affection, hers with a deft, feminine, subtle touch, his—the strong and vibrant pulse of a father's heart.

The Glad Service of Love

Just as she had sacrificed many of her girlhood privileges and opportunities to minister to her invalid mother the last ten years of the latter's life, so in the last years of her father's life she had given up, one by one, many earlier interests for the sake of the larger interest that possessed her. Music was the first to go. Because of a partial, and later, complete deafness in one ear, he could not endure to hear music for any length of time. Before this it had been his delight to be played to sleep with soft pieces by Schubert and McDowell; but now, with the touch of her sympathetic hand upon his forehead, and the sound of her cheerful voice, as she read a bit of poetry, a Bible chapter and gave a prayer, he would bid her good-night.

More and more he came to realize that he was usurping too much of her time. He recognized her talent in music, in writing, and her need of the social life of younger persons than himself. Many times would he send her away from the apartment on the south side to go with friends to a symphony concert, to a travelogue, or to a Bethany meeting, although her presence and companionship could not be spared without great loneliness and mental pain. She would go—often unwillingly—for his life was hers.

A deep love of literature and of literary composition had

taken hold of her when she was a high school student. She loved to write,—a love she expressed in beautiful letters to her relatives, in articles for church papers, and in countless other ways. The fine heart and æsthetic value in poetry was of tremendous appeal. She loved Tennyson and Wordsworth particularly. Longfellow, among American writers, was perhaps her favourite, although Whittier appealed, because of his deep seriousness and strong, religious faith. All this she was willing to surrender for the ministry in the home.

Yet there were numerous compensations, for many were the happy, jolly evenings the two spent together at the Lake Park and Wellington Avenue Apartments. The friendly rivalry in games, the interest in good literature read aloud, the pleasure in working at their respective tasks side by side, the rare delight in a mutual sense of companionship and love, made these times very sacred.

There was a constant struggle as to which could do the more for the other. At Christmas time, on birthdays, and anniversaries, gifts were exchanged with the heartiest of good-will and good humour. Moreover, when away on a trip, he never failed to write regularly—usually every day—such letters as revealed best his great heart of affection. He would deluge her with postcards, humorous clippings, illustrated material about the towns through which he passed. Sometimes he would send a rosebud or early violets whose fragrance scented the letter with his thoughtfulness.

"Real Happiness Was Born a Twin"

When the curtains of the human soul are drawn, it will be found, very likely, that vague content, dim satisfaction, or brave resignation have been very often mistaken for true happiness. But is not real happiness that warm scintillating holy thing, so radiant that the possessor excites the same glowing feeling in another, even though at the time he may be much distressed? And surely to obtain happiness, it cannot be sought—or refused, must be achieved through a creative sense of humour, an unbounded faith in mankind, and a pervading sense of God and the

Infinite. Joy and peace are always found at Love's high feasts —those "two cups, one of which never can be drained, the other which fills itself."

Those who knew the unusually close tie which bound father and daughter in indissoluble bonds, realize that this duplicate happiness was beyond accident, even beyond analysis. It was an expression of the art of the inner life which was the result of wise and godly cultivation. Many times in this home, pain and trouble were finally dissolved into peace, and always did the personal merge into the Universal, the individual sorrow into the plan of God.

For fifteen years this friendship-love grew, until she was a pal, a friend, as well as a daughter, and he, to her, was not only a father but a confidant and an always interesting and loving companion. The poetic, contemplative, subtle, trustful devotion of the one, and the positive, buoyant, steadfast love of the other, mingled very much as would the sweet wandering notes of harp-strings with the firm tones of a great organ. There seemed to be complete community of character, of purpose, and later on, of experience, for there always seemed to be intelligent sympathy, one for the other, and a brave contentment that lived in the intensity of the moment and refused to look very far ahead. The two gave proof of the thought that the more we love, the better we are. While Marion Lawrance always showed a generous nature and love unsurpassed for his fellow man, yet it was in the last years of his life that the mellowness of his living and character were best expressed. It became much easier for him to ignore trifling irritations, to overlook disturbing incidents, to see beneath the surface of things those tides of the mind which reveal purpose. Even when misunderstanding people and impatient leaders failed to recognize those eternal principles for which he fought, he could smile and serenely pass by. The cause of this poise, that was without pose, this serenity of mind, that was not shallowness, and this mental attitude that looked at motives as well as results, was largely due to the peace and joy that reigned in his home. Love begets love, and every one is a part of those with whom he speaks.

From Halifax he wrote:

My precious Lois: Here I am at last, and November 1 is here, which means I am just so much nearer the end of my trip. It will be a happy day when I can turn my face toward my home and my sweetheart.

As I was sitting in the big Centenary M. E. Church last night, during the opening song service, your special delivery letter was placed in my hands. I had time only to glance at it, but that glance was as good as a photograph of my Lois.

I know what it means for you to take the position you do. It is like you and I am proud of you for it. All the more must we try to adjust matters, so it will not upset your work and destroy your happiness. You are so good to give up your own pleasures always, that it makes you all the more deserving of the best that can come your way.

On his seventieth birthday, Lois was asked to add her statement to many others that were reprinted in a Sunday school magazine. This was her reply:

My father lives his religion at home. God has first place, always, others second, and self last. He is loving and gentle, courteous and considerate, full of charity, forgiving. The "fruits of the spirit" are manifested constantly. He is always happy, always busy, but never too busy to listen—interested in the affairs of the household, great and small. In his well-ordered life his Bible reading and prayer are given first place and the family altar never neglected. He is a constant inspiration because he is so like the Christ he loves and serves. What more can his daughter say?

The life of the two was something gentle, something holy, something sweet, always hopeful, never critical. Their souls were closely knit, and their love an embodiment of the never-ending life.

The Perennial Inspiration of Bethany

There were two controlling influences in Lois' later life—her father and "Bethany"—both very closely joined. The latter is a Christian movement—the outcome of a girls' Bible class

at Winona Lake, Indiana, which was conducted by Carrie Stewart Besserer in 1898. Its growth through the years was marked. From its inception, Marion Lawrance was deeply interested, and in its early years contributed much wise counsel from his executive experience and leadership.

Because the movement was built around the girl herself, every phase of the work is planned to contribute toward that all-around development that makes for strong, efficient, winsome Christian young womanhood. To change the depths in life to heights, to win the silent contests from within, to constantly seek the culture of the finer emotions,—these form the complex yet simple goal of Bethany. The prayer habit, the bridling-the-tongue habit, the faithfulness habit, and the habit of truth-seeking in the life and works of God and of godlike men and women, these are formed constituting the bulwark of safety upon which the individual rests. But throughout, one increasing purpose runs, which is to awaken the thousands of girls enrolled under Bethany banners, not only to a sense of their own mental and spiritual strength, but also to a realization of their responsibility as leaders. So the tiny candle that was lit twenty-six years ago has thrown out its beams around the world, and is ever increasing its circle of light.

Not only did Marion Lawrance contribute of his time to a movement that he deemed thus eminently worthy and pre-eminently harmonious with his own ideals of life and service, but also of his financial means. In addition, he contributed the dearest treasure of his heart—his daughter, regarding it one of the greatest avenues for development along spiritual, social, and business lines for any young woman. Lois became the secretary of the movement. As such she came more and more in touch with the varied needs of girls and realized the greatness of her privilege and responsibility. Marion Lawrance felt great satisfaction that such development could take place, and that such a worthy project could be furthered in the person of his own daughter. It enlarged her sphere of usefulness and created in her more of that fine spirit of altruism which he himself had made the basis for the chief motives of his life.

Step by step the work grew and friends arose from all sides.

It was during the most critical period in the financial history that Mr. and Mrs. William A. Peterson and Madam Peterson became interested. They, too, were captivated with the Bethany programme and its possibilities, and adopted it into their hearts as part of their service to God. The work grew to such an extent that more commodious quarters were necessary to carry on the diversified interests. Feeling it their privilege to aid this movement, they procured permanent headquarters at 510 Wellington Avenue, Chicago. In addition, a fine Bethany Girls' Camp at Winona Lake was built and is maintained from June fifteenth to September fifteenth—a beautiful thirteen-acre wooded park with a lodge, bungalows, gymnasium, chapel, tennis courts, in fact everything that contributes to the building up of Christian character, may be found there.

The foundation for this successful movement is the Aim and Covenant, exemplified by the Bethany pin worn by the eighteen thousand members.

AIM

Every girl a spiritual centre, radiating the Master's Presence in her home, daily life and church.

COVENANT

Trusting in Jesus Christ for help

I will not have eyes for that error in another, which I would long to have go unnoted in myself.

I will not have ears for that evil report about another, which I would grieve to have another hearken to about myself.

I will not have a tongue for that frailty of another, which, if my own, I would crave to have sheltered in kindly silence—for Jesus said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

I will make Jesus Christ the King of my life and try always to do unto others as I would have others do unto me.

Marion Lawrance, as Secretary of the Board of Directors of the Bethany Girls Movement, rejoiced in all this growth made possible through the ministry of loving service of these God-given friends, who not only made the present large programme

possible, but the material future secure, with the promise of untold achievement in the spiritual, educational and physical programme of the next fifty or a hundred years.

At the various special meetings at Bethany, Marion Lawrance was often invited to speak. The girls give vivid testimony of his subtle, yet enduring messages and personal influence. "Although his talk lasted only a few minutes, he had us smiling and kept us so for a long time." "He not only loved his own, but other children, and how great his love!" "The way Marion Lawrance interpreted the twenty-third Psalm, I can never forget." "The story 'Why the Chimes Rang' will never die as long as I live." "'Georgia, the little girl who scoured the knives,' helped me over many a rough place." But as one girl has expressed it, "It wasn't what he said or did, but his spirit that uplifted one so that you were helped, refreshed, and encouraged whenever you came near him. I am teaching a Sunday school class now and always will—very largely because he made me realize that the call to teach was truly a call from God."

Nearly all of these girls knew of the "wonderfully beautiful comradeship" between Lois and her father. Sometimes some of them stayed with her at the apartment across the way, delighted to visit his room filled with pictures, mottoes, books, curios. "Some way, even his treasures radiated the Christ as he himself always did!" exclaimed one girl.

One of the phases of the work that appealed most deeply to Mr. Lawrance was the stress always laid upon the great need for consecrated young womanhood in the churches and Sunday schools. He felt that the Sunday School Movement and Bethany, in this regard, had the same objective.

The last autumn of his life, Marion Lawrance attended with his daughter some of the evening study periods at Bethany. He was greatly interested in the splendid programme that was being offered in Religious Education. At the close of one of the last classes, he arose and said—"Every church should have a Director of Religious Education but every church will not have a Director of Religious Education because every Christian church cannot afford it. Consequently it is very necessary and important

that Bethany assume the obligation of training young women to become 'supervisors' and leaders in this field. I am convinced that this is one of the biggest things that Bethany can do."

As the years began to cast their shadows backward, Lois' faith grew until it came to be the crowning characteristic of her life. This was caused partly by her later close relationship with her father, and partly by her deepening experience in church and in Bethany activities. Her faith can only be described in the statement: "Every experience in her life was interpreted from the one point of view, 'Is this what God would have me do? Is this act one of Christian charity? Am I representing truly my own faith and my own God in this attitude or act of mine?'"

Not only did her faith buoy her up in time of sorrow, but also the coming of her young niece and namesake, Lois Lavina, who was born within two months after her grandfather's going, and was to her a messenger of cheer from Heaven. To lavish upon this small child the wealth of her love and attention was but natural. Already she has planned to aid in her niece's education and musical training, and already has she enrolled her as a member of "Bethany Girls," the youngest member of nearly twenty thousand.

She writes tenderly of scenes of the past:

One day the home circle was broken. God called, and our little mother went away with a smile and wave of the hand, leaving us grieving and lonely. It was in those Gethsemane days that I began really to know the sweet unselfishness of Father's nature and the depth of his tenderness. How safely and surely he led me out of the blackness of my despair into the light of submission. So like the Great Father he was, that as my train sped on through the darkness to what, I did not know—the thought of those other days brought courage, and the strength to face anything. I knew that the Heavenly Father's promise was sure when He said—"As one whom his mother comforteth, so comfort I you." "As a father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth them that love Him." My earthly father had been teaching me through the years the great lesson of abiding trust.

I saw Father standing before that crowded room in the old

Washington Street Church, where the richest years of his life had been given, saying good-bye to the men and women, the boys and the girls—the tendrils of whose hearts bled to have their beloved leader go. But his voice rang out in such a note of challenge that the parting was lost sight of, and Christ and His service were lifted up. Many other scenes crowd in. I saw him sitting with his head in his hands on the ledge of the big bookcase—the only remaining piece of furniture in our dismantled home—ours no longer, for it had just been sold. We were going to Chicago to live. Heavy-hearted as he was, he looked up with a smile and a joke that helped us all to see the bright side.

Then the scenes connected with the beginning days of Bethany! His deep interest in every forward move, his joy in its development, his wise counsel and suggestions and his ready help. What a glad day it was when his daughter had her own part in the work and how delighted he was to see it filling a great need in her life. In these later days when he felt he was soon to leave, the thought that was of greatest comfort was that Bethany would fill the loneliness—as service always does—and that it would be home.

The day came when Father and I were left alone in the home. My brother went into a home of his own. The new daughter was drawn into his heart with a father's great love and welcomed into the innermost recesses of the family circle. He loved her as his own. The last four years of his life were his best—he was getting "ripe" for Heaven. The great joy was mine of noting the fine lines of character that are seen only in the intimacy of such a companionship, such a comradeship as ours. Those lines cannot be put into the picture by any human touch—only by the Master Painter. In some pictures, retouching is needed—not in his. I see the lines of patience in suffering, both mental and physical, lines of deep humility at the thought of his Master's greatness and his own unworthiness. Lines of unselfish service, writing his birthday greetings with such happiness, but often in greatest weariness, calling up a sick friend, writing a note with fingers that often trembled. There were lines of triumphant victory when, after hours alone with his Master, he could say with a smile, "It's all right." Then those good-byes, when he went out alone on the trips he loved—because they were opportunities for the One he loved most.

I see him again in our little home across from Bethany—our last little home. I think of his happiness that Christmas when the Bethany girls surprised us with their early morning carol singing. I see him sitting in his big chair with the light falling on his hair, so soft and silvery, and a radiance on his face that was not of earth, as he joined his voice in praise to the new-born King. And how delighted he was with the surprise on his birthday. Will any one there forget the jokes, and the songs he taught them?

I linger tenderly over our morning prayers at the table, and our good-night talks and prayers—so very precious. I hear again his cheery voice on his arrival home: "Somebody's breaking in!" Often he would come out into the kitchen and say: "What can I do to help you?" These words were the secret of some of the most beautiful lines of his character.

Home was one of the sweetest words in his vocabulary. As my brother and I held hands in the shadow time of that May Day, he slipped through the Gates. We could almost hear him say, as he always did either silently or audibly, when entering the home door—"Praise the Lord, I'm home."

There is an Oriental superstition that on the Last Day every artist will be called upon to endow each of his creations with a soul. The Christian, however, believes that every Christ-filled individual in this life helps to awaken the slumbering soul of others. Countless were the men and women and little children Marion Lawrance warmed and cheered, infusing them with his own radiant life. Many were the noble characters and careers of Christian service he helped to endow with beauty, through his Master—Jesus Christ. But the supreme masterpiece of his whole life effort was found in his own home, in the winsome personality and outstanding life achievements of his own daughter—she on whose tongue was the law of kindness and in whose deeds was the fear of Jehovah. "Many daughters have done worthily, but thou excellest them all." She came to embody so perfectly and steadfastly his very thought and spirit that his passing takes away only Joy, leaving behind Peace—"Peace that passeth understanding."

XIX

AN EDUCATED LEADERSHIP

"It is not the cry, but the rising of the wild duck that makes the flock follow him."—CHINESE PROVERB.

"To simplify men's moral actions, to clear their vision for the sight of the eternal, and to win hearts for loyalty."
—A FAMOUS GOAL OF A FAMOUS LEADER.

"MARION LAWRANCE gave the world an educated leadership, which even most advanced apostles of religious education were glad to acknowledge." This is the expression of a religious leader who had watched the career of the General Secretary of the "International" for many years. Although a man without a college education himself, Marion Lawrance self-taught has been called an "educator" of the highest type. He said of his successor, Dr. Magill, "He is an educated leader, I have been only a promoter." While such a statement does great credit to his modesty and humility, it shows a distorted judgment, for both men are educated leaders, but in very different ways. Marion Lawrance was always a student, learning something of value every day. In his daily life and daily thought, he showed a strong belief in an orderly, systematic universe, at the centre of which he placed morality. So large was this term in his cosmic thinking, that it included practically every other term. Its inception, growth and practice in the world coincided with its development in the child through the home and church.

Education he conceived to be the conscious influencing of one will and personality by another in such a way that a type of individual is unfolded that shapes itself to an ideal of life—an intimate, yet well-balanced pattern of home, community, country, universe, private conduct, public life, character, service and God. At the very centre of general education, Marion Lawrance placed education in spiritual values and its chief agency the Sunday

school. He linked the Sunday school with citizenship, in an earthly as well as in a heavenly kingdom. He made one of its greatest responsibilities, loyalty to the cause, as fulfilment of the moral law.

A popular hero may never become a leader, but a real leader is usually something of a hero to his followers. The strongest life is likely to be—not the most anti-social, but the most socialized of natures, for the true leader never loses thought of the great masses of men whose service buoys him up. But we are what our most cherished thoughts make us. And if our thoughts are fervently concentrated on the leader Jesus Christ, if our daily life is made as close a replica of His as is humanly possible, it is not surprising that His type of leadership should result. The fire of God filled Marion Lawrance as he followed the leadership of the Nazarene. In consequence he attained a leadership gentle and gracious, true and natural and beautiful.

The Character of Leadership

Marion Lawrance was recently much interested in a popular statement made by Minisino:

If you would be a leader
Cultivate the habit of doing things
Instead of everlastingly debating how they should be done.
The usual way—call a committee meeting, turn it into a debating society.
A better way—Get to the heart of things quickly and quit that habit of everlasting debating. Act!
Try it for a week!

The ideal of leadership which Marion Lawrance conceived was one perhaps that might be used to judge his own leadership in the work that he had chosen. In several speeches on leadership (at Winona Lake and elsewhere) he has given the following outline:

The leader must *know something new, or everything old, about his field;* he must possess *poise and confidence,* and that silence of the soul which betokens reserve. *There must be no jealousy*

or envy, for such emotions poison the blood and paralyze the will. There must be a *transparent sincerity* that creates its own atmosphere of trust and friendship. To be sure, there must be always *high ideals of life and service*—that remote ideal of final results in the years ahead, and that immediate ideal of the work to be done to-day.

Hard work is another way of spelling "genius"; organization is simply the way of making work economical, progressive and interesting. *Humility* is one of the outstanding characteristics of a great leader. But humility must be genuine and supported by *vision, sanity, energy* and *achievement.* A leader must recognize the fact that the "world's great" in nearly every case means simply the "world's servants." With knowledge and ability, there must be *love,*—love of mankind, that a more perfect order may come.

All these points well coincide with his own life of leadership. In his lectures he shows the difference between leader and follower and then, quoting to some extent from Bishop Brent, emphasizes the fact that the greatest weapon a leader uses is his humility. This was Christ's great weapon. In addition, he must have absolute *confidence* in his mission and in himself. The silent force of personality is the greatest authority. A leader must be very patient, after having made a complete surrender of himself to his cause. He should be obedient to the vision of his conscience and in addition lead a blameless life.

The Leadership of Character

These were the essentials of leadership conceived by Mr. Lawrance. Did he embody them in his own life? Two of the factors he gives are modesty and humility. Thousands testify that he possessed these essentials to a high degree. He never kept a scrap-book or file of highly commendative clippings and comments on his speeches or books, yet they existed in great numbers. He never launched himself forth as a bit of personal advertising. Any propaganda for himself was decidedly distasteful to him. He seldom uttered a word of praise, or even of self-commendation, in public and very seldom in private about himself or his achievements.

He was human, however, and enjoyed to the full the fine meed of praise that he received from friends across the water and from associates in the field. He spoke of these messages in a glowing way and flushed with pride as he read them. But nearly every time he followed with a statement: "I am not worthy"; "He exaggerates me and my work"; "He lays it on a little too thick"—all of which were genuine expressions of his own feelings.

At conventions where he planned the programme, it was characteristic of him to ignore himself as a speaker—so much so, that many times a great cry was raised. If he placed himself on the programme at all, it was merely to give a report or to produce a summary. His constitutional modesty shrank from self-exploitation, but he showed no "modesty" at all in the exploitation of the Sunday school, which he conceived to be, for him, the Master's work.

His modesty and earnestness are whimsically but forcefully stated by Strickland Gillilan:

Marion Lawrance was one of the best advertisements Christianity ever wrote. And it was—this living advertisement—the finest possible exemplification of "Truth in Advertising." I was a poor man for a long time. Now, with no more money, I am rich. For I met Marion Lawrance, and his fathering and brothering made to my life the difference between comparative poverty and the wealth of a whole herd of Crœsuses. I had known and still know other good and sincere men of the type God must look at with pride in His workmanship; but without having known this one great Christian worker, my education in the humanities and my wealth in splendid possessions should have been incomplete. He was a highly charged medium, connecting God Himself with those he met. He transferred directly the divine fire and energy and in a handclasp and a smile. He didn't just exactly know he did it. He gave God all the credit. He was as modest about it as is a piece of copper wire connecting a storage battery with an engine. He was a vessel "for the Master's use made meet." He didn't say to God, "Didn't I do that nicely for You?" Instead he said, "Thank you, God, for having used me for that work instead of somebody else." Knowledge of great work greatly done or greatly attempted through him was his greatest

and sweetest reward. He left the results and the glory to the Instigator of the impulse. A man of that kind can never be unhappy deeply or for long. He is too close to the source of all happiness and wisdom to let trifles fret him. And Marion Lawrance is not gone.

Other characteristics entered into his leadership. He was a tireless worker who never lost interest in his work. So deeply engrossed was he in the mission and message of Jesus Christ that he had no time for envies or littleness. His faith in the final outcome of all effort put forth by all true followers was adamant. Confidence in his brothers and in himself seldom wavered. While he knew the weakest part of God's scheme was men, yet he looked for those things in them that made them sometimes great, and not those other things that marked them often little. And with it all he could wait with poise and hopefulness for the little patience to leaven the whole lump. For God takes centuries to grow great trees and surely will take centuries to build His kingdom here on earth.

Another marked characteristic of Marion Lawrance as a leader was loyalty. If a superior officer were ever placed above him in any capacity, that officer, whether captain of an ocean liner, or his guide through the Orient, or the president of his country, could always be sure of an absolute unimpeachable loyalty. This trait seemed an obsession. He expected the same type of loyalty of those who served under him. He looked for it in the stenographer in his office or the office boy as well as of his associates in the various states and provinces.

His duties were responsibilities but also were challenges to his loyalty. He believed that the home was the centre of American civilization and that loyalty to the home and all in it was absolutely essential to the moral, religious, social and economical welfare of our country. No one could lay a finger upon any disloyalty toward the home. The same loyalty prevailed toward his connection with the Church. It made little difference what others believed, he knew what he believed theologically and he expressed this belief by membership in a certain church. His ministrations found him always faithful.

Moreover, he was intensely loyal in countless ways to his work in the International Office, as well as to his superiors. A great leader is loyal to his followers and above all, to the voice of God.

There were two great hemispheres in his world of thinking—one a world of facts, and the other a world of values. In adjustment to the first, he showed his executive ability and organizing power, in a statistical, coördinating and rationalizing manner. In the other hemisphere, he brought into play personal evangelism, the power of personality, and the spiritual element in all great truths. All his versatile mental power, dealing with facts about men and also with values of men, became a part of his leadership. He was a unit in his thought and life as great men are. Will and action were of supreme importance in his world for he wanted things accomplished and accomplished promptly. Moreover, he learned one great lesson of a leader that even when crossing spiritual continents with his followers, he needed very concrete ideas and ideals to guide them. No leader was more clear and graphic in his speech or more definite in his goal than he. He possessed a little of the practical mind of a business man, the spiritual ideals of a Christian minister, the personal inspiration of a friend, the romantic dreams of youth and the prophetic vision of old age, the creative fancy of an artist and the smiling calm of a philosopher. It takes many qualities of mind and heart to stir the public and enlist followers, but Marion Lawrance's transparent sincerity and earnestness combined with his myriad-mindedness, succeeded in crowning him a leader of men—for his Master, Jesus Christ.

But the great personal factor in Marion Lawrance's leadership was his abiding love—that kept him toiling steadfastly, never faltering—that love that made him strong and "oak-like." As some one has said of him, paraphrasing a recent writer, he was one of those evergreen people—those quiet, strong people, who are stronger than the world's interests, stronger than the push of life or the pull of death, and stronger than nature itself. All the storms of life may sweep over these evergreen people, and the rains of life may beat down upon them, and the decaying forces of life may creep stealthily upon them, but winds, and rains, and

decay pass away and leave them standing green and straight and strong. Misfortune or disappointment cannot bow them, and doubt and disaster can never bring despair to their calm faces. The sunlight of joy and prosperity make the green of their character no fresher or brighter, while the powerful contacts of adversity and the forces of sorrow cannot blight the leaves of their enduring love and affection.

An Instance of Leadership

Much is known of Marion Lawrance's valiant leadership of the Sunday school forces, but few know of his leadership in other organizations. Both Winona Lake and Lake Geneva were scenes of his labours at summer assemblies and Training Camps and Conferences for Christian Workers and possessed a strong personal appeal for him. Winona Lake in particular was close to his heart. Here his daughter Lois was secretary of the great Bethany Girls' Movement and his son Harold was dean, and later Acting President of Winona College. Here, too, he conducted for several summers, Training Schools for Sunday School Workers, and also superintended the large summer Sunday school of nearly two thousand attendants. For years he was a vital force at the Winona Assembly and Bible Conference acting as a director of the organization and being a frequent speaker at the Bible Conference each summer. He loved the spirit and beauty of the Park and, above all, the close associations he maintained for years with such leaders as Dickey, Chapman, Excell, Heinz, Morgan, Smith and Meyer, and was in close coöperation with the present forward-moving administration. His influence was also of weight in helping give a little impetus in the early days to the now far-reaching "Bethany Girls' Movement."

Few were listened to with more interested and reverent attention than he at Hillside, Auditorium or Tabernacle. An evangelist from Nebraska recalls an impressive Sunday morning as follows:

During one of the great conferences, when the large tabernacle was filled, and the heat of the summer was telling upon the congregation, Mr. Lawrance stood up to speak. He always had a soothing effect on his hearers and this occasion was no exception.

His voice as he spoke seemed to radiate through the vast throng, sounding like a silver bell. There came a hush and a silence that were almost conspicuous. Then as the throng listened to the message from the man of God, they were carried to such heights spiritually, that the physical pressure of the hour was completely forgotten.

In the directors' meetings, his long experience was very valuable and his services will be continuously remembered, according to Secretary Breckenridge. His suggestions and recommendations were always along practical lines. He was held in high esteem by Dr. Dickey and all the directors, some of whom have said that he was performing a greater mission on earth than any one they had ever known.

The very tactful and stirring address he delivered in the summer of 1914 on *What Shall the Harvest Be?* was reprinted in pamphlet form and distributed to thousands. This speech called emphatic attention to Winona's lofty aim, her achievements and glorious prospects. It helped to reunite the ranks.

Directors and residents speak illuminatingly. The traits that shone out in his character, according to Dr. W. E. Biederwolf, were his splendid optimism and unswerving loyalty to his friends and the cause. Dr. Biederwolf continues:

Winona owes a great debt to him. He stood by and boosted in the days of her great need and his memory will never fade. I was much touched by a letter from him just a few years ago in which he said, "As the years are slipping away, we ought to give our friendship a little more chance to deepen and ripen. I hope we will not allow ourselves to be too busy to see more of each other in these coming years than we have in the past." He was a strong, lovable, true man, and his friendship for me has been one of the richest dowries of my life.

Dr. M. H. Lyon remembers how his entrance into Board meetings always brought a ray of sunshine dispelling any gloom, and how generous he was in praise of others, how kindly in criticism, and how firm as a rock in matters of conviction. The Treasurer refers to the great confidence he inspired. V. M. Hatfield thinks that among all men who have been conspicuous in Winona's

programmes and affairs, Marion Lawrance stands out as one of the indispensables. "Even his face was an inspiration while his quiet tones were most pleasing to the ear. I have often asked him into my office, in order to draw him out in conversation which I knew would be entertaining and edifying. Frequently he came to me to commend something I had done and give me courage to go on and do better. I wish the world were full of just such good men as he."

Rev. T. P. Ullom owes the investment of his life in the kingdom of youth to an impressive address Marion Lawrance made in his home town twenty-five years ago. The former business representative in the Winona Book Store, W. P. Blessing, classes him a national figure but also a very sincere friend. A Bible teacher, Dr. F. N. Palmer, applies to him the title of Teacher of Teachers because of his clear and strong messages, his humility and warmth of heart, and absence of parade.

When news of his death flashed around the world, Winona was beginning preparations for the summer. Nine memorial services were held in his honour, devoted to recounting his stalwart Christian virtue or his generous unselfish services. At one of these Mr. Homer Rodeheaver concisely said: "He was a man who could climb and not grow dizzy; he had a mind that never forgot." At the Sunday school session, the superintendent asked any of them to stand up and tell what they loved best about Marion Lawrance or what had helped them to be better Christians in his life. The half-hour was filled with hearty testimony —a number being on their feet at one time. At the Bethany service hundreds of girls listened to a feeling tribute by Mrs. Besserer after which each girl, raising her right clenched hand and covering it with a white handkerchief, consecrated anew her loyalty and life to those spiritual verities and that earthly service among men for which the departed leader had paid "the last full measure of devotion." The beautiful and impressive sight of these hundreds of white silent tributes of love that were also pledges of a rededication of young womanhood, must have been visioned in Heaven, for nothing could have cheered the heart of Marion Lawrance more than this.

The Cost of Leadership

Leadership to the true man comes as a surprise. The cause comes first, the man's connection with it as leader is an incidental matter to him. Your real leader seldom feels he is at all fitted to lead, yet to refuse leadership is an evidence of insincerity and disloyalty. The cost of leadership is great. It means, usually, loneliness and suffering, ridicule and anguish. There are only two pieces of Christ's autobiography that have come down to us, and they were both passed through in anguish as a leader—the period in the wilderness and the suffering in Gethsemane.

To quote Marion Lawrance's own words:

> The way to rise is upon the rounds of suffering if one wants to be a leader. There is no real power without a struggle. Those who most truly lead most truly suffer. The world's greatest leader was despised and rejected by men. "A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." His wail over Jerusalem is the sign of a leader; His heart was breaking for those He loved. But here was the proof of His leadership: "Behold, the whole world is gone after Him," and even His enemies said it. That was the test of leadership.
>
> It takes life and blood to be to other people the thing they need. A leader should enter into the afflictions of all his people. This incident illustrates my thought. In a lumber-camp in Michigan some time ago a man was hurt; his limbs and body were badly skinned, large patches torn off, and much of his blood spilled. The proprietor of the camp said, "We must send him to a hospital," and they raised a little sum of money to send him off to the hospital. Just before he went, his chum, who was a leader in the camp among the men, came to him and said, "Jim, I ain't got no money to send you away; the boss and his friends have given the money, but you know that I like you well, and I want to do something for you; I can't do much, but when you get down there to the hospital you are going to need some skin and blood. Say, Jim, if you do, will you send for me?" No one can be a leader who is not ready to lay down his life for those he represents. Our Master Leader did it. It is required, not always to lay down the life, but to offer or spend the life,

and we must do that if in any worthy way we follow our Great and Matchless Leader.

There is a physical cost to leadership as well. The great nerve strain requires a strong constitution and enduring vitality. He solved this problem, as he did others, promptly and finally. In a physical culture magazine he gave ten rules for success:

1. Live for something definite. 2. Have at least one fad. This will keep you out of the rut; will divert your mind and be a rest. 3. Do to-day's work to-day. 4. Plan your work, then work your plan. 5. Cultivate the habit of living on the sunny side of the street, that is the habit of being happy. 6. Be interested in the affairs of your community, the nation, and the world. 7. Refuse to believe that everything is going to the "bow-wows," and do everything you can do that they may not go in that direction. 8. Make the Golden Rule a reality in your daily life. 9. Live humbly day by day the Christian life. 10. And is there nothing more? Absolutely nothing.

The Reward of Leadership

If all the tired teachers and sorely pressed superintendents who have been cheered by his messages and made more efficient by his programmes could march together, they would make a great army. If all the churches which have been quickened by his appeals for more service for their youth could speak in appreciation, the voice would be like "the sound of many waters." If all his friends, both young and old on two hemispheres, who have heard his voice or have touched his hand and whose day was brightened thereby, could raise a memorial appropriate to his memory and adequate to his desires, it would be a lofty column indeed, made of enduring marble and with his name indelibly inscribed upon its front. The reward of leadership, however, is not the approbation of the masses, but rather a great and never-ending influence.

A man's desire for immortality is as real and natural as is his love for companionship. It is what a leader hopes to attain and the means he uses to attain it, that he enjoys quite as much, if not more, than his actual achievement. In fact a great leader

must choose between an ideal pursuit and glory hereafter or success during his lifetime and, perhaps, later oblivion. While Marion Lawrance achieved success in his lifetime, it must be remembered he could have known of only the smallest fraction of what has since been said or written in analysis of his labours or in his commendation. Moreover, there is little doubt that to him his earthly achievement seemed paltry indeed compared with his broad plans and profound ambitions and high hopes for the decades ahead.

What leaders say in praise of other leaders may be interpreted as being of a very weighty and worth-while recognition. Yet Marion Lawrance would glow over a word of appreciation from a blunt newsboy or an unfortunate life-traveller quite as much as from a denominational leader or associate. All leaders naturally gravitate together. Marion Lawrance, acknowledged leader of the Sunday school hosts of North America, was on intimate terms of friendship and coöperation with leaders of many other movements. The variety of these contacts is shown by the different interests incarnated in the nationally known leaders who willingly paid him homage. William Jennings Bryan calls Marion Lawrance "a dearly beloved and greatly valued friend of the Christian Church." He adds a personal note, "I shall miss him both as a personal friend, and as a co-labourer."

"I would find it difficult," writes John R. Mott of the International Y. M. C. A., "to exaggerate my sense of the importance of the service he accomplished to his generation and to coming generations through his far-sighted vision, his wise constructive planning, and his enthusiastic and contagious advocacy and leadership," while Dr. Robert E. Speer, of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, continues in the personal vein, "I have the most clear and sweet memory of him as a man of thoroughly good sense, unselfish, personally interested in others, tender devotion to his Saviour, and single-minded loyalty to the work of Christ's kingdom." In spite of their slightly different religious spheres, Rev. W. A. (Billy) Sunday says, "He devoted his life to the most important work on earth—directing the youth to serve the Lord and live the Christian life." Then he adds, "His

smile and good cheer were as contagious as the laughter of little children. We all miss him. I miss him."

President Ozora S. Davis, of the Chicago Theological Seminary, recalls at a session of the Sunday school of the South Congregational Church in Chicago, how amazed he was, and delighted at the careful attention to detail that marked every act of the session. "It seemed so characteristic of the man. He was then occupying a position of national importance; but he made as careful preparation for an ordinary session of his school as he would also have made for a National Convention. I saw then that the man who commanded the theory of Sunday school administration was master as well of the practice of that theory and that he was great enough to be careful in the small affairs. This revealed him to me in a way that I never have forgotten."

Another view is given by Dr. Cleland B. McAfee of McCormick Theological Seminary who was much impressed with Marion Lawrance's attitude when his successor was being considered. "His faithfulness to his colleagues and his utter unselfishness regarding fame or place, his tremendous conception of the vital importance of the work—though there was never a hint that any man could not do it since he had done it himself—showed that he counted the work the big thing, while most of us felt that so great a spirit as his had been poured into it." The fact that he never stopped growing, never limited himself by a too close attachment to the existing order of things, was the reason that he retained his place of leadership till the end, thinks Dr. L. A. Weigle of Yale University. "He lived in a time of great transition. A less great man than Mr. Lawrance might have failed to enter into the great transition of the past decade or might have met it with a bad grace. He never failed to occupy a place of leadership. Marion Lawrance was a great-hearted man, and a man of great power and resource. He was a great leader because he was a great follower of Jesus Christ."

The "Mission Boys" loved him. As Mel Trotter says, "He was a great friend to missions and to mission friends. He always had a love for the fellow who was down, and appreciated, more than most folk, the effort we mission folks were putting

forth for their rescue." Marshall A. Hudson, founder of the Baraca and Philathea Bible Class Movements, says he was drawn to Marion Lawrance by his honesty of expression and his purpose to help the young men of America to a knowledge of the Word. "The Baraca and Philathea Bible Classes, which have grown to a million members, have lost one of their best friends and advisers. They will probably never realize that in many of the difficulties of the early life of our organization he was relied upon to help out with our problems. The young men of America have felt his touch, but have not had the personal knowledge of what he has done for our great movement." Fred B. Smith, of the International Y. M. C. A., relates the following incident: "I wish I knew a language which would adequately express the tremendous love and affection which has lived in my heart for Marion Lawrance for a quarter of a century. When we were planning the convention of the Men and Religion Movement in 1911, the participation of the International Sunday School Association led us to ask for the full time of two of the secretaries for a year. It was a difficult time financially. Mr. Lawrance was carrying a heavy burden in raising the budget. Leaning back in his chair and looking out the window, he finally said, 'I believe this service is the biggest thing to be rendered for the cause of the Kingdom for the next years and let happen what may, we are in it. Our men will go with you and if we do not get the money this year we will get it some other time for the good Lord will not fail us.' This supreme love for the Cause without reference to himself, his associates, his organization, he carried to the highest degree of any man with whom I have ever been associated." Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, the famous British preacher, counted him among the number of the truly great men in all the highest and best senses of that word. "He impressed me ever with his sanctity, sanity, sweetness, and really great statesmanship."

Practically every Protestant evangelical denomination is represented in the enormous sheaf of tributes, either as ministers of churches or leaders in the educational, missionary or Sunday school departments. Few people knew that Marion Lawrance

was brought up in the Christian Church and in mature life belonged to the Congregational Church, for all denominations to him were engaged in the Lord's business and deserved the heartiest of support. His leadership apparently covered them all.

Honoured by two famous colleges in Ohio with LL. D. and D. D. degrees, Marion Lawrance nevertheless did not consider himself a titled educator. Yet some of his staunchest friends were among college and university leaders. Frequently he addressed student bodies and for years had regular engagements to speak to seminary students on the Sunday school. President Mullins, of the Southern Baptist Seminary, comments on the great inspiration and aid he was to those students. The Dean of Educators, Dr. A. E. Winship, asserts that Marion Lawrance was one of the "chief promoters in internationalizing the extension of the science and art of teaching the Bible," and praises his breadth of view and his balancing of international leadership. "He was a crusader for big broad messages, rather than a mere propagandist of guttering incidentals." Dr. H. G. Williams, educational publisher of Ohio, was greatly stimulated and inspired by the great energy, enthusiasm, and sincerity of the Sunday school leader, while Dr. Arlo Ayres Brown, of the University of Chattanooga, remarks about his clear vision and his quickness to see a way out of difficulties, also to see new avenues of progress. "In my contacts with him, he was unfailingly good-natured and sweet-spirited. He loved people greatly and, of course, this trait was one of the chief reasons for his success. In thinking about him I am reminded of the lines from Browning's *Ring and the Book*, spoken by Pompillia:

> *"Through such soul as God stooping from His height*
> *Shows sufficient of His light for us the dark*
> *To rise by. And I rise."*

The world needs healing more than reformation, and light to combat ignorance and retrogression. Marion Lawrance acted as the representative of the Great Physician. "He always went a little farther in unselfish service than any one else," says one leader. "The man as we remember him is the true man as he is

—a world citizen of light and leading." A ministerial leader exclaims, "He talked of the new movement in educational work like a young progressive!" A North Carolina statesman said, "I'd rather have the love and affection of the Sunday school army that Marion Lawrance had than be President of the United States." A denominational leader declares that "few men have more friends in the old world than he, because of his rare spirit, genial personality and wise counsel." Another leader is impressed by the fact that the outstanding leaders of the country he won to himself in personal friendship and enlisted in the same Cause. The large gifts of money and the time he was able to secure from big business men was remarkable, and he held their loyalty year after year until they passed away. "Perhaps the very personal interest he always showed in people is one of the secrets of his successful life. How he did it, I don't know, but never a birthday or a Christmas passed without a word of affectionate greeting from him." The Moody Bible Institute Sunday School was built up largely on the methods of Marion Lawrance as found in his *How to Conduct a Sunday School.* His enthusiastic interest in the "new" gospel songs gave rise to the publication of a number of collections of the "new" gospel songs by several publishers. The Japanese Y. M. C. A. of Chicago (through Viscount Shibusawa) express their deep appreciation of Marion Lawrance's services to that organization. The Rotary Club called him their "genro" or Elder Statesman who "was a source of particular pride to all." To some denominations, the greatest significance of his life and works was that his service was rendered as a layman—a business man with a spirit of altruism. "After knowing Marion Lawrance, no one can say that a layman has no opportunity in the world, in the field of Christian service."

Persons who stand out from any mass are those endowed with unusual qualities or with common qualities in an uncommon degree—an endowment which gives them numerous points of contact, power, interest, and charm. "Biography perpetrates these men as creations of God Himself." This may explain why such diverse movements or organizations, all however seeking man's

uplift—have paused to lay a flower of praise on his memory. There was the American Sunday School Union and the Salvation Army, the Chicago Christian Industrial League, and the Moody Bible Institute; the Alaska Presbyterian Church and the Tuskegee Institute; the United States District Court of West Virginia and the Bethany Movement; the Gideons and the Near East Relief; the American Youth Foundation and the Illinois Vigilance Association; the Chicago Congregational Club and the British Sunday School Union; the Board of National Missions, and the Masonic Order; the International Rotary Club and the Newsboys' Association; the Toledo Y. M. C. A. and the International Bible Readers' Association; Yale University and the United Society of Christian Endeavour. His irenic, expansive and Godlike spirit embraced them all.

It may be said that Marion Lawrance was not a man of ten talents nor even of five, but it is absolutely true that the talents that he did possess were not wrapped in a napkin and hidden from the world. Every faculty he had, he used for God's Kingdom and used to the full. A man he was who kept the whiteness of his soul, who staked his existence and centred his energy on an Idea—remorselessly, sweeping everything to its triumph.

But the forward-looking spirit of Marion Lawrance was perhaps what made him so eminently successful as a leader. People he believed are too much attached to things that are transitory and too little attached to principles and personalities that never die. He recognized the fact that it is the spirit of things and of people in all places that gives them charm. It is not so much what the man is as what he may become. The future beckons irresistibly.

Then, Marion Lawrance adhered to the old precept that God gives enough when He gives opportunity. In the opportunities he had he gave the world a new conception of Christian education, which is both knowing what we do not know and behaving as we do not now behave. But he also gave the world a renewed and amplified faith in Jesus Christ and the supreme example of a leader who was willing to be a servant of mankind that he might help to build the Kingdom of God here on earth. The

secret of his leadership is imprisoned in God, love, the Bible and is expressed in the poems he loved to quote such as *He Leadeth Me.*

In pastures green? Not always: sometimes He
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be:
Out of the sunshine warm and soft and bright,
Out of the sunshine into darkest night
I oft would faint with sorrow and affright—
Only for this—I know He holds my hand:
So whether led in green or desert land
I trust, although I may not understand.

So, whether on the hilltops high and fair
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys where
The shadows lie—what matter? He is there,
And more than this, where'er the pathway leads,
He gives His own hand, sufficient for my need,
So where He leads me I can safely go;
And in the blest hereafter I shall know
Why in His wisdom He hath led me so.

XX

AUTUMN HARMONIES

"The last of life for which the first was made."

—BROWNING.

"To know how to grow old is the master work of wisdom and one of the most difficult chapters in the great art of love."

—AMIEL.

THE art of playing together is the joy of childhood; the art of working together, the achievement of youth and manhood, and the art of talking together, the privilege and satisfaction of old age. The three comprise the fine art of living. Marion Lawrance had mastered this great art, for he steadily refused to live hurriedly, to look backward, to think of himself solely, to worry or to be afraid. He did not measure life by its span but by the use that's made of it and believed as a true Christian that "The best is yet to be."

If growing old is simply an indication of apartness from the world, Marion Lawrance did not grow old. As Dr. Landrith said of him, "He was a great man because he never grew up." He kept his youth in his cheerful manner, unselfish spirit, chivalric ideals, and in that Divine enthusiasm that made his spirit so joyfully contagious. After all, the so-called period of "old age" is simply the period when a man knows how to employ his youth and youthful energies, whereas the previous period he spent almost entirely in acquiring those same energies. He gains a little more poise and a little more restraint.

"Oak-like" he was termed by a pastor of the old Washington Church. The figure seems apt. The growth of the oak is silent, symmetrical, sweeping, with a gathering greatness of strength and power and shade-giving properties. So the last years of Marion Lawrance were years of great peace, great strength, and a tremendously quiet power that made itself felt wherever known and seen. Very few things could move him from the convictions

of his youth and early manhood. The winds of criticism and the showers of disapproval which sometimes came, really strengthened his oak-like heart.

Instead of growing older, he grew younger and more cheerful, quiet, charitable and loving, as the days glided by. He felt increasingly the glowing warmth of his many friendships and cherished more and more the cheerful letters of affection he daily received. His ministrations never ceased but grew more frequent and loving. His friends rallied closer around him these last years so that indeed did he verify the promise which Macbeth could not: "That which should accompany old age as honour, love, obedience, troops of friends."

Planning Ahead without Misgivings

Marion Lawrance realized that the shadow on the dial was growing longer and longer. A strong intuition possessed him that only a few months remained of his earthly sojourn. Without the least apprehension or confusion he began making plans to close the account and balance the books. His habit of preparedness for any emergency—that habit of system and order that became him like a garment functioned still. "Since I am in my seventy-third year, it is fitting that I should be thinking of those things that should be known at my death by those nearest to me, and with no sense of sadness I am writing this statement, so there may be no embarrassment on the part of those I love when it comes to the readjusting that will be necessary after I am gone."

In his tin box placed in the vault of the International Sunday School Association were found papers giving detailed instructions about his funeral, for the executor of his estate, Mr. William A. Peterson, his attorney, Elmer Brothers, and his children. The funeral services, presided over by his pastors at Chicago and Toledo, he wished to be very simple. He named the speakers and listed his favourite hymns, and the pall-bearers. "Few flowers, if any. Save the money for those who need it." But he did suggest that if any wished to bring one flower and lay it upon his casket, he would be glad. (His wife had suggested the same

ceremony at her funeral.) He ended with the words, "He that liveth and believeth in Me shall never die. Jesus said it; I believe it!" He had also written notes to his two children:

To MY DEAR CHILDREN:

My birthday greetings seem to have been appreciated. I shall try to sign them up in advance as far as I can, hoping to have them signed up for the whole year.

If I should be taken away, I should like to have these greetings which are signed up and ready to go, sent out as if I were here, with a little printed statement by you with your names to it, stating that it was done by my request for the balance of the year in which I passed away. If you cared to, you might also in the same note say that I greatly appreciated the friendship established through my Greetings.

A letter, sent by Mr. Lawrance early in April to his secretary, asks that all bills be paid, as usual, promptly, on the first of the month. He calls attention particularly to the church dues, which he asks to be paid by check. No bills were left unpaid at the time of his going.

In a letter to his son, under date of February 16, 1924 (two months and a half before his call came), he wrote, "I am writing this letter to say that if at any time I should become incapacitated and cannot go forward with the completion of these books, I want you to look after them if you will, and see that they are gotten out."

He had been given a place on the Glasgow Convention programme, and, with characteristic promptness and foresight, had made a tentative programme which was unusually complete and which was found typed in his desk after his death. This was used at the convention practically as he had planned it.

A well-ordered life was drawing to a close and quiet preparations, personal and official, were made for a harmonious adjustment of the change. Just as he set his affairs in order before each convention tour and ocean voyage, so now he followed the same method before he embarked upon the never-ending sea.

Reacting the Drama of Boyhood

It was more than an accident, perhaps, that Marion Lawrance, with his brother, visited the old home town just two years before he left this earth, and again with his daughter, one year before. The account of this visit is given in his own words, and indicates the clarity of his mind, the logic of his thought, and, at the same time, the subtle but well-ripening sentiment about the familiar voices of the past:

For a good many years, Brother William and I have looked forward to the time when we might make a visit together to the scenes of our childhood. William's engagement in Cleveland, attending the R. E. A., and my visit to North Carolina about the same time, made it possible for us to meet in Dayton, Ohio, on my return trip, Sunday night, April 15, 1922, and complete our arrangements for the next three days.

On Monday morning we took an early start by interurban to West Alexandria, driving seven miles from there to Gratis, the village in which we were born. Gratis is a little village forty miles north of Cincinnati. It was formerly called "Winchester."

Upon arrival, a little before noon, we took a walk about the town. The old house in which we were born is still standing and occupied and is apparently in fairly good order. The occupant allowed us to enter the house and we stood in the very room in which we took our first breath. Then we went to the general store that Father used to keep. It is still the same kind of a store, occupying the same room, although the room has been somewhat enlarged. It is an ordinary country store, apparently well kept, and now owned by a man of the name of "N. C. Carr," who has been there for over twenty years. Then we visited the building formerly used as a carriage factory, where our brother, Joseph Martin Lawrance, and our cousin, Theodore Bradstreet, learned the carriage-making business. The building is now occupied as a tobacco factory, or rather is the place where they stem and sort and cure tobacco.

We visited the graveyard which is now abandoned, with apparently no attempt to keep it up. We have a little sister there, who died at two years of age, but were unable to find the grave.

After lunch, we were invited to the Brethren Church, where a meeting was held in our honour. Quite a number of the village

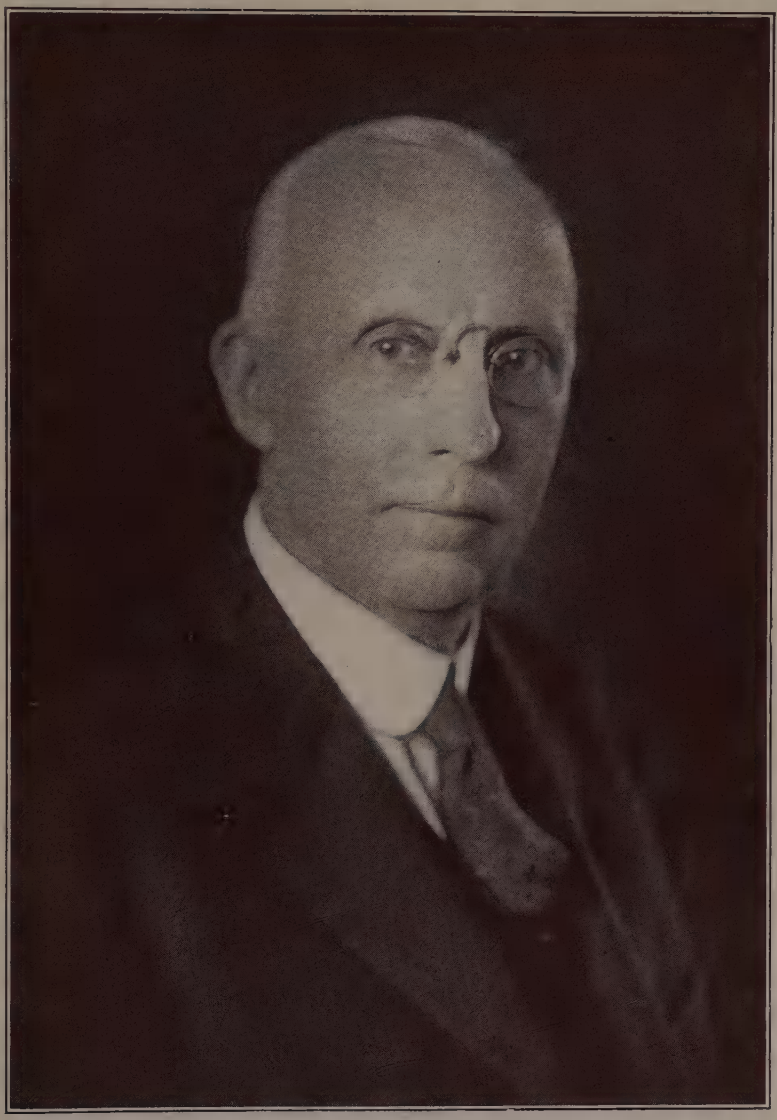
people had gathered, and sharp at one o'clock the school children of the town came in a body and in order, under the direction of their superintendent. The children and the villagers practically filled the house. Brother William and I made short talks to the children, expressing our appreciation of the courtesies shown us. I had been there three times in the past twenty years, and had spoken at a convention and on one or two occasions in this same church. The little frame building that was occupied as a church when we lived there, and to which no doubt Mother took me and possibly William when we were little children, is now moved and is occupied as a warehouse for agricultural implements.

The next morning we took an early start for Yellow Springs. I remained in this town until I was of age. William stayed several years longer. As we entered the town, we got off the trolley car to visit the family lot. There are five graves here—Sister Jane, who died at the age of twenty-six; then John, who lost his life in the army; Father at the age of seventy-five; Mother at the age of seventy-five, and last our sister Annie, at the age of eighty-six. We spent considerable time walking about the cemetery, for there were many more names of those we knew, on the monuments, than there were persons to greet us on the streets.

We visited our old home, which Father built, having moved the shocks of wheat from the corner of a wheatfield to locate the building. When he began to build, only three houses were in sight, and they were all in process of construction. Before the roof was on our house, there were seventy-two houses in sight, all in the process of being built.

We walked up and down the streets; visited the Elm Street School, where we both spent our first school days and which is still occupied as a public school building for the youngest children. We visited the old church, known as the Christian Church, where our Sunday school work began. Everywhere we turned there were familiar sights and scenes but very few familiar faces.

We called on the son of the baker of the town when we lived there, also on Professor Perry Miller, formerly a teacher of history in the college. Then we called on A. F. Hopkins or "Bert" Hopkins, who was known as a drummer-boy in the army and has been at the head of the music department of the Grand Army of the Republic for many years. He is now writing a book which is to contain all of the martial music of the war.



Dr. William I. Lawrance
Marion's favorite brother and only surviving member of a family of twelve children.

I started for home that night, grateful for the privilege of having had the visit with my only surviving brother and glad to see again "the girl I left behind me." We shall not forget this delightful trip to the place of our birth and youth, nor the fellowship we had together, recalling the things that are past.

The next visit he made he was accompanied by his daughter, and it was for the purpose of having the honorary degree of LL. D. conferred upon him by Antioch College. Describing this visit he writes:

The morning of Saturday, June 23, 1923, we drove direct to the college, where I met President Arthur E. Morgan, and Dean Nash. While waiting in the library Gen. J. Warren Keifer came in from Springfield. The General, who is a trustee of the college, calls me nephew because my wife was his niece.

When the time came for the meeting, the procession was formed with President Morgan and Miss Dora Wells, an educator from Chicago and the President's former high school teacher, leading. The rest of us fell in line, including trustees, faculty and the eighteen graduates in their caps and gowns. It was excessively hot and the rest of us did not wear our caps and gowns.

The ceremony was simple. The music was furnished by a stringed orchestra. There was some congregational singing, and then the graduating address by Miss Wells. Then came the conferring of degrees, announcements by the President, and adjournment. After the graduates had received their diplomas, Dean Nash presented me to the President who conferred upon me the Degree of Doctor of Laws and presented me with a parchment to that effect. I had been asked to make a short address, upon receiving my parchment, which I did.

Immediately following the service, there was the Commencement dinner, at which two hundred people sat down. At this time, I saw more of the old friends, although comparatively few of them are left. One of my old scholars from the Corry school, which I taught in 1870, was there. It was really pathetic, how very few there were of those I used to know when we lived back in the old town.

We passed the Elm Street schoolhouse, the old church where I used to go to Sunday school, 'way out past King's place, and

where Butler's nursery used to be, recalling many places that were very familiar to us in the early days.

I must say the town is greatly improved and the outlook seems good for the college. The President announced the donation of a $10,000 property that had just been deeded to them, adjoining "The Glen." I think it is a farm.

After the afternoon meeting, we drove around to see Warren Wilder and a number of boyhood friends. Later we walked around the town a good deal, although it was very hot.

"Burning Out" in Christian Service

On his seventy-third birthday, October 2, 1923, Marion Lawrance had expressed to Dr. Magill the wish that he might make three trips of an extensive nature some time soon—as a kind of climax to his public activities, so far as travelling was concerned. They were all undertaken that year—one to New England in the fall of 1923; a trip to the South in the winter of 1924; and a trip to the Pacific Coast, which he made in the spring of 1924 and almost completed.

The trembling hand, which made the following entries in his ever-faithful diaries, indicates a little of his waning powers. This is a record of the Pacific Coast trip, March 25 to May 5. It was on May 5, that he was brought home to Chicago, thus having completed his wish, and ending his journey west on the very day planned! Coincident with this tour was a speaking-tour of his brother, Dr. William I. Lawrance, who was also on the Pacific Coast in the spring. Both itineraries are in the diary. On the third page are pictures of his son and daughter.

My only grief is to leave my Lois behind. I am so glad to go over the Santa Fé, since this is my favourite line to the Coast. Leaving home on this trip without my Lois is the hardest part of it, but we shall hope to be together on the Glasgow trip. I am longing for this, probably my last ocean voyage, with the dear girl. We shall enjoy every bit of it, I am sure, and we should be grateful for the great goodness of God in letting us take it together. How good God has been to us!

To show that he was interested in the work at all times and

constantly " boosting " the financial side of it, the following statements are quoted:

I am to try to get as many subscriptions as possible to our new magazine.

Packages of *Journal* advertising sent to me at each point.

(Opposite the various states that he was to visit is written the amount of money that he received.)

Preliminary: I am trying to get this book in shape and all things in order at the office, at home and so on.

I am to try to get as many $2.00 and $10.00 subscriptions to our *Journal* as I can. Hope to do well at it and make a good showing.

I will try at least to make the whole trip without cost to the Association. *I want to do even better than that.* (The financial report of the trip shows that he collected more than enough to pay for all expenses.—Author.)

March 20 (day of departure): Last night, I went over, with Lois, to Bethany to hear Dr. Richardson's talk and to say " Good-bye " to Mrs. Besserer and the Petersons, also to speak of Lois' going with me to Glasgow. Mrs. B. said of course she ought to go, and so the way is clear, with no obstacles. Such a happy time the dear girl and I had at breakfast and afterward. What should I do without my Lois! How good God is to give me these wonderful trips, and He seems to bless my work. I read the books of Ruth and Esther. Another letter to Lois. A quiet, restful afternoon and a perfectly grand sunset. Went to bed early. Have had a good day. God is good. How fortunate I have been to have had all the blessings that have come to me all these years, with opportunity to see so much of our country and of the world. Very few, comparatively, have had such a chance. *I want to make the remaining years count as never before.* What opportunities I have had!

Wednesday: We see to the right, a wonderful, snow-capped mountain. Have written letters to my children. It is very bright, and getting warmer. Sage-brush everywhere. Rev. and Mrs. Peabody lived at Trinidad before they were married. Read the last seven chapters of Luke's Gospel to-day. What awful things Jesus suffered for me, and how often I have disappointed Him! God help me to be a better man. I do not want to disappoint my

friends. Have had a number of good talks with our Pullman conductor. We have a fine porter, too. Have put in much of the time writing, working on my diary, reading, and looking at the wonderful out-of-doors. Wrote letters to Lois, to Harold and Inez, and Erlandson. His financial plans are fine, and I am sure they will work out better than any we ever had.

Thursday: Had a fine night's rest. Bright, warm, but windy and dusty. Began reading John's Gospel. We are passing Flagstaff, where Harold was for a time in the normal school. We are getting among cedars and pines. A heavy snow-storm. Never saw the trees more beautiful. Look like cherry trees in full bloom. The barberry bushes were grand in their snowy coats.

(In the diary was a Prescott newspaper advertisement: "Marion Lawrance, the world's expert on religious training, will address the people of Prescott, at the Congregational Church, Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock. All are invited. Admission, free. Undenominational, non-sectarian. *This may be your last chance to hear Marion Lawrance.*)

Friday: Spent forenoon at "home," before a blazing fire. Spoke at Rotary. Visited Hazeltine's bank. Wrote to my three children, and Brother William. Reached Phœnix at 9:00 P. M. A beautiful, healthful city of forty thousand.

Saturday: A fine sunny day, not too warm. Mr. Dawson took me for a fine ride. Visited the Protestant Hospital—one of the cleanest I have seen. At 5:00 P. M., went to the Townsends. Met Miss Merritt, who says I helped her get into missionary work. She has been twenty years in China. Is here on sick leave and wants to go back. Met R. V. Brigham, missionary to the Soudan. Mr. Townsend, a very fine man.

Sunday, March 30: Went to the First M. E. Church, and spoke to a houseful. At 3:00 spoke at Baptist Church to two hundred. A good time. Open offering, $27.00. Hurried to hotel and got ready to go. The Dawsons took me to the train. They have been so good to me. I shall never forget their kindness. This is a wonderful state and city. The climate is perfect.

Monday: Los Angeles, 10:00 A. M. Met Gibson and Billy Brown. Brother William called, with whom I had a good visit and lunch. He is looking fine. Went with Gibson to Long Beach to a meeting. Met many former Toledo friends. Had a supper

meeting, and spoke to two hundred. Reception afterward. To bed early.

Tuesday: William called. Maurice Reed and Ruth are to take lunch with us to-day at one o'clock. Meeting to-night at Riverside, a beautiful sixty-mile ride from here. Had supper at the famous Mission Inn. Gibson, Doolittle and I ate dinner there. Meeting at the Congregational Church, where Dr. John Gardner is pastor. I knew him in Chicago and first met him at Hull, England, in 1911. He referred to this in speaking of me at the close of my address. A beautiful church, with four hundred or five hundred people in audience. Home at midnight.

(Beautiful pictures of missions, drives, canyons, peaks, big trees, Indians, bridges, cliff palaces, etc., were scattered throughout his diary.)

Wednesday: One o'clock—Electric car for Fullerton to Orange County Convention. Met Julia Meisner who graduated with Lois from Toledo High School, also many of my old pupils at Toledo Sunday School. One wrote me a beautiful letter, enclosing a rosebud which I wore. Met quite a number of workers whom I had met elsewhere. Returned to Los Angeles and went to bed pretty tired.

Thursday: Went this morning, by appointment, to Pasadena. Met by Mr. Campbell. Called on a former teacher of the Toledo public schools. Called on former members of South Church, in Chicago. Called on the Jenkins—my former pastor and wife. Dear folks! He is eighty, she is seventy-nine—formerly of Toledo. They are true Christians. Spoke to a full house, on *The Teacher with the Shepherd Heart.* It seemed almost impossible to get out of the house, because of those who wanted to shake my hand. Found others waiting to see me at hotel.

Friday: Mr. Gibson came out with me to Sacramento. Met Charles Fisher. Lunched with them. Spoke in the afternoon, Dr. Bulla presiding. In introducing me, he showed a five by six inch reproduction of my six-year-old picture. Bulla was most kind in his introduction. He has always been good to me. I showed him the marble he gave me years ago at Chicago, and referred to our fellowship. The attendance, fair. I raised for Fisher $350 for his work. Went to the church and heard a fine address by Mr. Wood, State Superintendent of Public Instruction. Then heard Martha Fisher play on her harp. It was fine!

She is a wonder, and very sweet and simple about it all. A big crowd to hear her. To bed by 9:30.

Saturday: Got off letters to Lois, Harold, Inez, Floyd, Dr. Wilson. Had supper with the Fisher family. Spoke at the church, at night. Fair audience, and my message on *The Teacher at the Grindstone* seemed to be well received. Many came up to thank me. It is wonderful how many tell of knowing me and hearing me back in Ohio and elsewhere.

Sunday, April 6: My second Sunday on the trip. A beautiful day. Was in this city in 1901, with Mr. and Mrs. Hamill, Mr. and Mrs. Excell, and Mr. Spilman, on a three months' tour. Spoke, in afternoon, to four hundred; at night, to nine hundred.

A leaflet gotten out by Mr. Gibson on Marion Lawrance's visit runs as follows:

The man with a million friends—Mr. Marion Lawrance of Chicago. Plan to hear the organizer, orator, world-traveller, author. Best known Sunday school man in all the world.

Some Facts Concerning Mr. Lawrance

No man is better known in the field of Church School work than is Marion Lawrance. For nearly thirty-five years he has been an outstanding personality and leader of North America.

Kingdom Service

The helpful service rendered by him to the Church School life of North America and the world cannot be tabulated on paper. Only the Judgment Day will fully manifest his influence in organizing, stimulating, and developing International and World forces of religious education. Undoubtedly, his crowning joy is in the successful accomplishment of the merger for which he has laboured and prayed, by which practically all of the religious education forces of the Continent come under one banner, and with a spirit that spells "victory," and stages a forward march together as propagandists for Christ. Many times has Mr. Lawrance expressed a willingness to yield his life, if necessary, to bring this about.

Platform Ability

His messages are pointed and soul stirring. Mr. Lawrance is of striking presence and charming personality. With seemingly

no effort, he holds his hearers in rapt attention and sends them away feeling that they have been in the presence of one of God's great men. He has spoken repeatedly at all the State and Provincial School Conventions, as well as International and World's Conventions, Rotary, Kiwanis, and Lions Clubs, Chambers of Commerce; and civic organizations are constantly seeking him as a most practical speaker.

A series of ovations is one way of characterizing this trip. But the very strenuous itinerary and speaking programme taxed his vitality to the utmost with its constant travelling, two and three speeches a day, and the countless receptions and personal meetings with friends made in all parts of the world. As the diary continues, it can be read between the lines that he had a premonition of the closing of his life's day and that his burning desire was to crowd into each day, each speech, all he could of his great message for the world through Jesus Christ.

Monday, April 7: I started on alone this morning. Have been in Fresno, where Charlie and Mr. Miller met me. Had a lovely ride of ten miles. Millions of California poppies all along the road. Immense vineyards. Orchards on both sides of the road, chiefly grapes. This land sells for $350 to $400 per acre. Am feeling pretty well, and am doing my work all right, so far as I can see. Rested in the afternoon. Train ride very interesting. Wrote to Lois. At my room, I wrote to Walter E. Colby and planned to get out the brochure, *The Art of Keeping Young.*

Wednesday: I never saw a more perfect morning—not a cloud in the sky. Am feeling well, and Charlie is sparing me in every way he can. He is very good to me. Passed through many orchards—orange, almond, olive, grape, prune. Went out to an orange-grower's for our supper. Met an old man of eighty years, a Mr. Lillie of Toronto—a fine man. Spoke at the night meeting, then Fisher and I took the night train for Berkeley, arriving early Thursday morning.

Thursday: Spent day at Fisher's home. Dictated a lot of mail. Spent afternoon in my room, resting and napping. After supper, a friend drove me to Richmond, where I spoke.

Friday: Charlie and I start for Stockton, where we hold a County Convention to-day. We rode for an hour on the banks

of the bay, and saw many ocean-going ships at anchor. We were driven by the University and saw the new stadium, the Greek Theatre, and many of the buildings. The University has ten thousand students. Was rushed to the Stockton Hotel, where a W. C. T. U. Convention was in session at a banquet. I was guest of honour and sat next to the County President. Met a good many I had seen before. Spoke twice in convention, making three times to-day, a pretty full day. Had a specially good time at night, but was fearfully weary when I got through.

Saturday: Rev. Woodruff took us to the train. He was on Jerusalem trip—fine man. Am pretty well worn-down. Went to bed early. Am glad my work seems to please and help the folks as I go. How many more such trips I shall be able to take, God only knows. I pray I may be able to keep it up for ten years more, and be ready to go whenever He calls. If I live to next August, I shall have given just thirty-five years to the organized Sunday school work. God is good.

At Berkeley, he wrote many letters regarding his Glasgow trip, one to Carey Bonner, of London, in which he expresses again his great love for this British leader, offering to speak for him in London, without any financial consideration, his excuse being: "I do want to help my old friend and running-mate, Carey Bonner, in any way I can." As soon as it was definitely known that Mr. Lawrance was to be in Great Britain, speaking invitations flew thick and fast, coming from Belfast, Cardiff, Edinburgh, London and many other cities. Expressions such as these were common: "We are delighted at the prospect of your coming"; "Many of our workers have most pleasant recollections of your previous visit"; "Your name is a household word throughout the British Isles, in Sabbath school circles"; "The younger generation, who have heard of you, are eagerly looking forward to hearing you and seeing you"; "Hospitality will always be provided for you, and expenses met by our societies."

Some diary entries of this, Marion Lawrance's last speaking tour, follow:

Sunday, April 13: This day goes down as one of unusual experience. The Fisher family and I started at 9:30 to San Francisco, to the store of Hale Brothers, to conduct a radio service.

I never had been in a broadcasting station before. There was organ and violin music, Scripture and prayer, a vocal duet, and two vocal solos. Martha Fisher played two numbers. I gave a twenty-five-minute address on *The Sunday School, the Church, and the Nation.* A man in charge said that I spoke to "countless thousands." It is not a difficult thing to do, but one must "tend to his knitting." I enjoyed it very much. Went to San José, where I spoke at 3:00 P. M. to a good audience. Got supper on the ferry-boat and reached home about eight o'clock. Went to bed as early as possible, almost too tired to sleep. How good God is, to give me such fine audiences to speak to for Him. May my work be used to His glory! Try to write to Lois every day, but have missed two days thus far.

Monday: One of my busiest days. At eleven, I spoke to the Congregational ministers. At noon, had a hotel *luncheon* meeting of about fifty, including superintendent of the San Francisco public schools and his wife. I spoke at some length. Was alarmingly tired at the close. Went back to Fisher's alone, packed up and rested on the bed. After supper, I said a last "Good-bye" to Mrs. Fisher and the children. They have been very, very good to me, and are just like my own folks. Charlie and all of them call me "Daddy." J. W. Henderson and wife came and took me out to Oakland, where I spoke at the M. E. Church. A reception followed where it seemed every one in the room came up and shook hands. Three meetings in one day is too much. Went to station to take train for next engagement. Charlie went with me to Ashland. Am so glad to have him with me, for I am not well. God give me strength to complete my trip and many more besides.

Tuesday: Another very busy day. Reached Sacramento for breakfast. Dr. C. A. Richardson, State President, came to train. Reached Marysville at noon. Spoke to a fairly good audience in Presbyterian Church. Left for Red Bluffs. Spoke in M. E. Church. Fine audience. Good orchestra, of ten young folks. County well represented. Gave *Ten Commandments.* Was fearfully tired at close. My talk was well received, but cost me too much. Went to bed at eleven. (On the very last page of his book is a card written by Dr. Thomas D. Bulla, from Las Vegas, New Mexico, in which he says, "Dear Marion: I'll see you on your one hundredth birthday, here or There. Thomas D. Bulla.")

That the trip was a wearying one is evidenced by many things, —by Mr. Lawrance himself, in a letter to Dr. Price, dated April 10: "Had I known this trip would have been so strenuous, I should have hesitated to take it." His cheerfulness and hopefulness are evidenced by the next sentence: "Still, I am standing up pretty well, and expect to get through all right."

A letter received from Rev. Carey Bonner, dated April 24, indicates something of the general admiration people had, here and abroad, for his staunch courage and unlimited determination in making such long and tiring trips. "I take off my hat to you as a traveller and talker; you young folks can do this sort of thing without turning a hair! We middle-aged ones have to be content to 'let our moderation be known to all men.'"

The glowing enthusiasm and intense earnestness nowhere or at no time in his whole life reached a grander climax than in the heart-searching, thought-building, ambition-spurring addresses he delivered the last year in New England, the South and particularly on the Pacific Coast. His name had been a household word in Georgia for years. When he spoke at Macon in the fall, the audiences filled the largest auditorium. He spoke on *The Ten Commandments for Sunday School Teachers.* "We can never forget the address," says Russell F. Briggs, "how each one of the commandments was filled with burning interest and intensity. At the last Marion Lawrance drew from his pocket a much-worn letter from his son and read it to the audience: 'Just a little note to tell you *how much I love my father*—how proud I am of him and his noble work. But I am sad to see him carrying such a heavy burden of responsibility. Still, that, perhaps, is what makes him so strong. As I have said in public, "My father is the finest Christian gentleman I know."' As he read the last line, his voice broke with feeling and the effect upon the assembled Sunday school workers was electrical!"

At Redfield, California, the city superintendent of schools commented feelingly on Marion Lawrance's splendid address, in which he showed no signs of any weakness but "delivered one of the greatest speeches the city had ever heard." At Riverside he spoke to a large crowded house. Although the night was

rainy, the largest church was filled. He told his audience that this would be his last message in Riverside and he wanted to bare his heart, which he did with such tender words and gripping force that his listeners were thrilled. "The vigour and clearness of his thought, and the unity and completeness of his discourse as a message straight from the heart was a happy surprise and a full compensation to all, for it sent us forth with a keener desire and stronger determination to be better Christian Sunday school workers."

A Surrendered Life Submissive to the End

A slight cold contracted probably in a motor trip across the mountains became serious in his exhausted physical condition. He refused to let go, however, even when close friends urged. At Portland, A. A. Morse, a long-time friend, met him at the train and finally persuaded him to rest a few days. He still refused to cancel his engagements although the magnitude of the remaining programme loomed large before him. A Masonic brother, whom he had never seen, Lewis A. Clarke, found him at the hotel very sick. He was resting on the bed with a bundle of mail, reading a letter from his daughter. He told him of his sickness while crossing the Oregon line. "I advised him to get into bed and call a doctor and tried to persuade him to permit me to communicate with his home, but he was very vehement in his statement that his daughter and family must not know of his present condition. Ominous as the situation was, his only thought was his own household, and his wish that they be not unduly disturbed over what might be a temporary condition. I learned to love him the first time I saw him." Finally he wired the International Office requesting the cancellation of all dates but added, "No occasion for alarm but think it wisdom to take precaution. Please 'phone my daughter." He grew rapidly worse. Mr. A. A. Morse engaged the best physicians and nurses procurable, informed the International Office and his son and daughter daily about his condition and ministered to his needs in countless ways. Dr. William I. Lawrance, Marion's brother, who was also on a Pacific Coast tour, was wired. He and Lois reached

his bedside the same day, Harold arriving the following Tuesday.

When the news of his illness spread over the wires, great was the concern of thousands, and many were the expressions of prayerful sympathy. Telegrams, letters and communications came from all parts of the world to the International Office, and to Portland. The International Office, through Secretary Hugh S. Magill, published and sent out regular bulletins to friends generally throughout the country. The latter were exceedingly detailed and full of kind and loving sympathy. In the Gypsy Smith meetings in California, eight thousand sent up petitions to God for his recovery. Special prayer services were held in the International Office, and in hundreds of other religious gatherings. Toledo and Washington Street friends were unusually solicitous and constant in their interest and loving sympathy. Individual associates, former pastors, Sunday school colleagues, his family physician in Chicago, offered and gave aid and comfort in numerous ways.

After two weeks' illness, much of the time unconscious and practically free from pain, he gently and quietly relinquished his hold upon life at about midnight the last day of April (1924). A spirit of peace and harmony had pervaded his sick room, while now the breath of the eternal springtime seemed to have touched his calm brow and the principle of life, not death, rested upon those lips that had so recently said, " He that liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

The Divine Instinct of Friendship

The Western tour of Marion Lawrance, which was to cover a period of five weeks, five states and twenty-six towns, was nearly completed when his last illness overtook him. It was fortunate, indeed, he was among friends, and that members of his family could quickly come to his bedside. Yet, as many have said, he could not have gone anywhere in the country without receiving the ministering care of many friends. When he left Chicago for his Western trip a friend, Ralph Diffendorfer, met him at the Dearborn Street Station. The conversation turned to his state

of health. "He stood up before me," said his friend, "looking unusually robust, and told me with a good deal of pride of the article that he was writing for some physical culture magazine. He rejoiced greatly in some word that had been given him that he was the most active and best preserved man of his age that the 'Life Extension Institute' had found in recent years."

The nurse, whose sympathetic personality made his last hours as happy and comfortable as possible, was a friend.

As I remember him, writes Ethel Brereton, his patience and his love for humanity seemed to draw all who came in contact with him closer to him, and, in the short while he was with us, we became very fond of him, admiring him and loving him for the love he had for every one. While the doctors were there, he would apparently be indifferent, for his attitude seemed to be that every one was doing the best they could and that he was satisfied. During the consultations, he always asked if he had made a "passing grade." Then as they left him, he said he thought it took "a heap o' arithmetic" to find out his condition, sending the doctors away with a smile and a general good feeling toward him and the world because of his witticism. I was very happy to do everything I could for Mr. Lawrance, for I kept thinking, I should have been so glad to have done the same for my own father, who is now gone, if such had been possible.

Perhaps one thing that may have caused Mr. Lawrance a little uneasiness in the beginning of his illness on the West Coast, was the fact that he was deprived of the services of his family physician, Dr. Charles M. Bacon. This physician had been able to bring him through a previous pneumonia illness and was a real friend, appreciated not only for his scientific skill, but also loved for his cheerful, kindly, personal attitude. Yet it was not long before his complete confidence was given to the Portland physician and nurses and he was content.

Dr. Morse, his physician, who exhausted every avenue and bit of scientific skill available upon his patient, was a friend.

I have thought much about Mr. Lawrance since his death, writes Dr. Morse. His personality impressed me greatly during

the days I attended him, and has remained with me to a marked degree. I have a feeling of gratitude for having known such an inspiring and outstanding character. When I was called to see him on his arrival in Portland, he told me he had been ill for five days following exposure to cold on a hard drive which was a part of a long and wearing trip. His dominant spirit found it difficult to stop for the rest and care he needed. While he realized his condition was serious, he met it with great bravery and cheerfulness. In the days that followed his delightful humour was always in evidence.

His illness was bronchial pneumonia with a heart which gradually failed under the strain. His tenacity of life and vitality were a constant wonder to all the physicians who saw him. His last days were free from pain and I am sure he was greatly comforted by the presence of his two children.

It is also an interesting fact to note that his itinerary said that he was to come home on May 5, and on the afternoon of that day, all the earthly remains of Marion Lawrance were brought to Chicago. Friends everywhere surrounding him, continuing their generous service after death, symbolize the great outstanding mark of his character-love. At the brief Portland service, a few friends sat with the bereaved as they listened to the solemn organ, the impressive words of the minister and the singing birds. When the two children left on their sad journey eastward, it was one of Marion Lawrance's friends who made all the arrangements and waved good-bye. Friends of his from Toledo and Columbus and the International Office boarded the train in Iowa and Illinois to express their sorrow and offer consolation to the son and daughter. At the Chicago station a hundred other friends had gathered, quiet but tearful, to show their love for him whose spirit was among them still.

At both the Chicago and Toledo services friends everywhere paid loyal tribute in song and speech, in fragrant flowers and delicate attentions. Reverently and lovingly was the alabaster box of costliest ointment broken to honour his life and memory. Although his achievements belonged to the world, yet his brother and children realized better than others the completeness and

harmony of his life. And William, whom Marion greatly admired for his learning and leadership and loved for his comradeship, had written a poem, *Autumn Leaf*, years before, which strikingly presents the lives of these two, the last of a family of twelve. Even the final stanzas personify the sentiment, presenting the biography of one in the glorious autumn of his life, and an obituary of the other who has just "let go the bough" for a more beautiful existence.

At last it was finished; and so is my story,
Save this,—that before I let go of the bough—
God smiled His approval, and a part of the glory
Of that benediction remains with me now.

Ah! autumn leaf, autumn leaf, wisdom and beauty
In a life such as yours harmonious meet.
Your glory has come through plain doing of duty,
And 'tis life, and not death, makes you fall at my feet.

XXI

"THE LAUREL-CROWNED"

"Life's crowning victory belongs to those who have lived great principles midst small duties, nourished sublime hopes midst vulgar cares, and illustrated Eternal principles in trifles."—ANON.

"I have glorified Thee on the earth; I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do."—JOHN 17:4.

THE many branches of the Lawrance family—however they may have spelled the name, had almost identical coats of arms. This was a shield with a notched cross upon it, surrounded by a lion, with a demi-turbot. The field was of silver; the cross was of bright red, and the motto was, according to the particular branch, "In Cruce Salus," Safety in the Cross, or "Per Ardua Stabilis," which is Strength through Toil. The immigrant ancestor of all the Lawrances was Thomas Lawrance, who came to Massachusetts, early joining the Society of Friends, and dying in 1775 in the Province of New Jersey. The arms of this Lawrance are described as follows:

Arms argent—a cross, raguly gules.
On a chief, azure—Three leopard heads.
Or,
The crest was a demi-turbot in pale, gules
and, the tail upward.
Motto: "In Cruce Salus."

How the spelling of the name came to be changed, is a bit of tradition but not of history. The story comes from the lips of Marion Lawrance's cousin, Mrs. Read, who when a child visited, with a number of her cousins, at the home of their grandfather. On this occasion, he—Marion Lawrance's grandfather—Chauncey Lawrance—asked them to write their names in a book, taking care that each child knew the correct way. Then he gave them the

reason for the second "a," in a carefully detailed history of the early family trouble. His narrative related that originally "there were two brothers, the only children in a wealthy English family, by name, 'Lawrence.' Under the English law of inheritance, the eldest brother inherited the entire estate. In this case, the younger brother learned a trade and asked his brother to start him in business. This the elder brother refused to do, which greatly angered the younger, who had a plenty to say, both of his brother and of English laws, and swore that he would disown his brother and renounce the name. So he came to America and changed one letter in his name, spelling it 'Lawrance.' The elder brother married a woman by the name of 'Townly,' who was wealthy in her own right. She died without issue and, so far as I know, their estate is still in the English Court of Chancery." Marion Lawrance's brother William adds that "In 'Burke's Peerage,' there are several living noblemen named, who now spell the name as we do, 'Lawrance,' and their families have so spelled it from their earliest recorded history. The name is also spelled in three or four other ways. In the Revolutionary War, for every three soldiers going from New York, also from Massachusetts, who spelled the name 'Lawrence,' there were two who spelled it 'Lawrance.' I verified this myself. That shows how common that spelling used to be in this country."

There has been much written and more imagined about the origin and history of the name "Lawrance" as found in genealogical tradition. Some records go to show that the earliest possessor of the name was Robert L. Lawrence of Lancashire, England, who was knighted by Richard the Lion-Hearted after the Siege of Acre.

One authority, however, indicates that the name came into English through the French, being derived originally from the Latin. This authority tells a beautiful legend of a certain family in old Rome which boasted of strong, athletic sons for generations. These young men were always found in the Olympic Games; they threw the discus; they hurled the javelin; they competed in races; they appeared in the games in the Coliseum, and were known throughout the city for their physical prowess. Because

of their fine achievements in the arena, where they displayed splendid physique and fine daring, they were usually given the crown at the end of the day. These crowns were wreaths of laurel or myrtle and were more precious in the sight of Roman youth than crowns of gold. They indicated, in the appraisal of severe judges, victory over all contestants. Consequently, these people came to be called "The Laurel-Crowned Family," as shown by the name applied to them—Laurentius—"Bound with laurel."

Whether or not the story is true, there is probably no question in the minds of thousands that the name "Laurel-crowned" belongs to the subject of this book. In the words of St. Paul, "he fought a good fight, he finished the course," and was crowned with the token of victory.

Nor was the race he ran an easy one. Compelled to struggle with the handicaps of an inadequate intellectual training, in a world that was emphasizing education, suffering a tremendous handicap in the insidious encroachment of a fatal disease in early life, he yet kept his course, struggling for mastery with eyes intent upon the goal. In addition to these burdens he endured others. Poverty was one, but the heaviest to bear was the Church's and world's indifference to his message of childhood. But these and other impediments were doubtless the reasons for the greater victory.

And gradually each of these obstacles dropped from his shoulders. Although he had no college education, he early acquired keen power of concentration and observation, and the habit of study, which became to him more valuable even than a college degree. The dread disease, tuberculosis, he fought for more than half a century, yet enjoyed good health the greater part of a life that extended beyond the "three score years and ten." Although never rich in the world's goods, yet because of perseverance and thrift, he gradually emerged from this handicap with pleasure to himself and friends. The indifference of the world, and the Church especially, to his message, was finally broken through, for the tributes paid him after his death surely indicate that in his half century of service he had caused the great Church of Jesus

Christ to awaken somewhat from her lethargy and apathy to the place of the child in her midst.

To be sure, there were many slips and falls in that long life race. Sometimes he seemed to be standing still; at other times he was certain he was moving backward. Yet he seldom lost sight of the Great End, seldom weakened in his spiritual purpose —although the flesh was sometimes sorely tried—because he possessed the undying spirit of the true contestant.

He never took "failing" easily; and never failed to rise when he had fallen. But he would be the last to say that, in the later years especially, he could have kept his dauntless courage, his indomitable will, had it not been for the unselfish approbation and generous encouragement of countless friends and the sustaining power of Christ Himself, "whose he was and whom he served."

At first when he started upon his great career, there were few to applaud, many to criticise. Later, however, many noticed this courageous runner who with every muscle steeled, every sense alert, and every nerve throbbing with purpose, was so completely master of his body and his passions—all save one—the winning of this great race of life for his Master, Jesus Christ.

As the exhausted runner passed—amid the cheers and tears of thousands—two pictures flash upon the inward eye. One is that of a small group of closest friends, as they reverently review the many brave conquests he made for his matchless leader Christ and murmur: "Behold how he loved Him!" The other is that of Christ as we imagine Him placing a chaplet of immortelles upon that brow, and, pointing to the golden record of seventy-three years, saying to the world: "That thou mayest add thereto."

It was the Faith that burned steadily and the Faithfulness that endured to the uttermost which brought this runner to the end and earned for him in truth, as well as in name, the term—MARION—THE LAUREL-CROWNED.

II
HISTORICAL

XXII

MARION LAWRANCE'S PLACE IN SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION HISTORY

By E. Morris Fergusson

THE religious side of North American history is a large and vital part of our continent's story as a whole. The history of the Sunday school movement in general, and of the county, state and International Sunday school convention and association movement in particular, forms in turn a large and vital part of the history both of religion and of education in the United States and Canada. And in the history of that association movement, one of the formative and epochal chapters, significant in character, relations and achievement no less than in span of years, is supplied by the life and association of Marion Lawrance.

The Sunday schools of the nineteenth century were a vast force for good, both in our national history and in the upbuilding of the strength of each denomination. But in educational quality these Sunday schools averaged low. Considered as schools of the Bible, and still more as schools of the religion of Jesus Christ, their ideals were narrow, their materials limited, their methods crude. Could the zeal, the piety and the good-will that organized and maintained them have been reinforced by the results of modern educational progress, the blessings that flowed from those faithful workers' labours in all those years might have been indefinitely increased.

This observation, if it were a criticism, would be unhistoric, ungenerous and ill-timed. They were heroes, those early workers; some of them were saints, and some were seers. The workman's product should be judged by the lights, the tools and the standards of his own day. But it is necessary that we should frankly face the crudity of Sunday school material and method

in the first half of the nineteenth century, and should compare it with the degree of excellence to which our Sunday schools have now attained. Only as we realize the distance we have come can we comprehend the force that must have been expended, to bring this voluntary, democratic, conservative, unstandardized and almost wholly unsupervised institution up to the average level of efficiency it occupies to-day.

Here is a wonder to be accounted for. The great advance made in general education during the past seventy-five years does not explain it. On the life of the Sunday school that advance has directly had but a slight effect. So little commerce has been held between the public school fraternity and their local Sunday school fellow-workers that the direct seepage of teaching methods and professional standards through the walls of separation has been negligible. Neither is any principle of development discoverable, by which these scattered thousands of Sunday schools, big and little, rich and poor, might have evolved this progress of themselves. Denominational leaders have shown for the welfare of their Sunday schools deep concern; but on the method and material of instruction their influence as a rule has been conservative, while the denominational publishing agencies have invariably followed, not led, the advance. American Sunday schools did not rise: they were lifted. *Who did this lifting?* The answer is, A company of men and women, among whom, for over thirty years, Marion Lawrance moved as pathfinder, partner, spokesman, brother and chief.

The spread of Sunday schools in America during the early decades of the nineteenth century was due primarily to the intelligent, determined and heroic endeavours of the American Sunday School Union. This is true not only of the thousands of mission Sunday schools planted by the Union's agents in the Mississippi Valley and other vast sections of the frontier, but also of hundreds of other city Sunday schools and schools in prosperous country and village church fields in the seaboard states. Against indifference, inertia and occasional active opposition, this great society of laymen, undenominationally organized, began in 1817, from its Philadelphia centre, its Sunday school

campaign; uniting with other societies in 1824 under its present name, and for over forty years carrying forward the banner of the cause.

Four noteworthy contributions were made by the Union to the upbuilding of Sunday school method. It greatly extended the influence of the spoken message by means of its supply of juvenile religious reading. To this it added the Bible notes of Albert Barnes and many other writers, Scripture geographies and dictionaries, and other materials for teachers' use. In 1825 it began its work of issuing question books on lists of selected Bible lessons, thus for a time leading in the novel "limited lesson" method of Sunday school Bible study. Its later vast work in this direction was simply the commercial purveying to a want already created. Most significant service of all, it sensed in 1832 the need of a thoroughgoing study, evaluation and determination of Sunday school method, and so took the lead in calling the First National Sunday School Convention which met that fall in New York, and in preparing the exhaustive questionnaire on method whose answers formed the agenda of that convention and its successor held in Philadelphia the following year.

During the quarter-century that followed these two national conventions, some influence seems to have slowed Sunday school progress down. Material prosperity, the rise of the anti-slavery agitation, theological controversy, and the current ecclesiastical opposition to union effort on Bible society, tract, missionary and Sunday school lines, may all have contributed in their way. No further national conventions were called. The state, city, and local Sunday school unions established by the Union's officers and agents, or in line with its example, were during the twenties and thirties numerous and active; but one by one they dropped from view. In number and in members, however, the Sunday schools grew with the population. The Union, facing denominational competition, and with a large and growing debt, continued to care for the new settlers and the needy fields; and wherever these were found, its missionaries were busy.

In a typical mission Sunday school at Winchester, Scott County, Illinois, organized by one of the Union's missionaries

and reorganized by another, Stephen Paxson was converted and trained for service in the cause. From that Sunday school he went forth as a volunteer and organized many Sunday schools, some with leaders of intelligence and education, others among the more backward and primitive settlers. To aid the latter in their work he felt himself unequal. So, that his people might, as he put it, have a chance to "swap ideas," he called, April 20, 1846, at Winchester, a county Sunday school convention, and the following October aided in holding a like convention in Pike County, adjoining. Hundreds of Sunday school conventions and meetings, some on county lines, had been held before under the Union's leadership;—but of voluntary, associated conventions by the Sunday schools of a county, under their own local leaders, for mutual advantage, this Scott County Sunday School Convention was the first.

This was the beginning of what, for many years, was called "the convention movement." It formed the initial rivulet of organization whose broad stream we now call the International Council of Religious Education. Like Columbus, Benjamin Franklin and his kite, and Robert Raikes with his first Sunday school, Stephen Paxson here made a genuine reasoned beginning, that opened the way, by a series of direct causations, to a new era; and his partisans, like those of Raikes, can afford to smile at any efforts made by other partisans to impeach the originality, the priority and the significance of his service.

The movement for county Sunday school conventions, thus begun, spread throughout the rural regions of the state. Paxson, whose zeal as a voluntary worker soon after led to his appointment as a missionary of the Union, aided it as his itinerations made possible. In 1856 he and his fellow-leaders added the feature of township organization. In 1857, soon after the start of mission Sunday school work on Dearborn Street by B. F. Jacobs and the arrival of D. L. Moody and the beginning of his mission school work on Chicago Avenue, Cook County swung into line with organization and a convention. In 1859, at Dixon, was held the first all-State Sunday school convention for Illinois.

But the workers of other states were already stirring. In 1856

State conventions of Sunday school teachers were held in Massachusetts and New York. The latter meeting led to a permanent State Sunday school association, with annual conventions not since intermitted. In Hartford, Connecticut, a State Sunday school convention met in April, 1857. Here a State association was formed, and H. Clay Trumbull, as secretary for his county and the State, made for the first time an annual statistical canvass of the Sunday schools and presented its unexpected revelations of spiritual need to the State convention of the following year. In November, 1858, New Jersey was thoroughly organized on a basis of county organization similar to the Connecticut model.

Following the bitter political controversies of 1856 and the widespread distress caused by "the panic of 1857," came that deep ground-swell of religious awakening, the revival of 1857–58. It was natural that attention should now be focussed on the Sunday school as the national agency preëminently fitted to evangelize alike city and country through gospel teaching to childhood and youth. The recently started State associations made possible the securing of delegates to a national convention. In Philadelphia, therefore, on Washington's Birthday, 1859, the Third National Sunday School Convention assembled. Its enthusiastic sessions indicated that the convention movement in America had found itself and was on its way. Before the convention adjourned, it named George H. Stuart, of Philadelphia, chairman of a committee to call another national convention in 1861.

In this act of the Philadelphia convention we may see the leadership of the Sunday school cause in America passing from the hands of the American Sunday School Union. The original idea of a central union agency, of which each affiliated Sunday school was a member and each local, county or State union a branch, was borrowed from English practice; and up to 1830 it fitted American conditions very well. But when the churches through the Union's effort had been converted to a sense of their need of the Sunday school for their own children, and the practice of each church having its own Sunday school had become general, the idea of such schools being tributary to an unde-

nominational central agency was to the denominational leaders altogether unacceptable; especially as this agency's managers, under its constitution, were all laymen, chosen in denominational balance but without denominational responsibility, and in its books, platform addresses and union Sunday schools it challenged the spirit of sectarian division at every turn.

With the issue thus clearly defined, the process by which the Union was reduced to its present status of an independent Sunday school missionary and publishing agency for the care of special and neglected fields went steadily on. Church Sunday schools ceased to regard themselves as members of the Union. Local unions languished and died. The denominations established Sunday school unions of their own, or enlarged their publication boards to include the service of Sunday school promotion. The cheap and popular "Union Scripture question books," used by the million, were parallelled by issues which aimed to conserve denominational loyalty. Finally the Sunday schools themselves, impelled by their felt need for fellowship and unity, came together in the field, apart from Union initiative or leadership on the one hand or denominational consciousness on the other, and by the steps already recounted created a free, nation-wide, territorially organized entity, whose pledge of continuous, self-directed life was the Stuart committee of 1859.

Weak indeed was the new movement, a baby just born. In only five states was the work organized; and of these Massachusetts was still under Union leadership, while the first Illinois State convention was yet to be held. The Philadelphia convention of 1859 was an inspirational mass meeting without representative responsibility. But whereas the conventions of 1832 and 1833 gave no thought to the matter of perpetuation or field promotion, that being in their view the business of the Union, this convention looked to itself as the continuator of united national Sunday school fellowship and action, and so became the starting-point of a new era.

The convention planned for 1861 was not held. At that time the country, North and South, had other concerns than the holding of fraternal conventions, and delegates from either side

would have had their troubles in trying to pass the lines. Mr. Stuart, with B. F. Jacobs, William Reynolds and many other active Sunday school men from Chicago and elsewhere, found for a time their task among the men of the Union army, particularly in the noble work of the United States Christian Commission. When peace came, they returned to their fields, newly trained for united Christian service.

The convention movement, which had gone on extending during the war years, now quickened its pace. Chicago and Illinois were especially active. John H. Vincent led the institute movement, adding to the convention a strong educational tendency. In lesson-making the progress was rapid and the interest keen. It was high time for another national Sunday school convention.

A movement for such a convention was started at the Illinois Sunday school convention in May, 1868, and perfected at a representative gathering of Sunday school men held at Detroit in June, in connection with the International Y. M. C. A. Convention. These planned for a delegated International convention for the United States and Canada, Edward Eggleston of Chicago being made chairman of the executive committee. With the first announcement of the plan Mr. Stuart's committee woke to life; the two groups came together; the International scope of the plan was dropped; the mass and delegated features were combined; the New Jersey organization extended an invitation; and the Fourth National Sunday School Convention met at Newark, April 28–30, 1869.

At this meeting attendance, eloquence and zeal for evangelism were alike overflowing. As a mass convention, it fully met the old ideal; and its educational features were strong. But it was also to a considerable extent a delegated body consciously functioning as the overhead of a field organization. Sixteen State associations reported their work; and the Canada Sunday School Union, formed at Hamilton in 1865, and meeting in Montreal the following year, sent, with other Canadian bodies, a visiting delegation. The convention devoted much time to " reports from national and state societies," and, following these, heard reports from unorganized fields. It took its able business committee of

nine, headed by Mr. Eggleston, as its committee to call another convention; and for this convention it named the place, Indianapolis, and the time, April, 1872.

What, now, was the old ideal from which the leaders of the Sunday school convention movement were beginning to draw away? What interests, backing that ideal, tended to resist the movement's advance? Before we can intelligently follow this movement from level to level of its rising power, or see the life of Marion Lawrance in perspective relation thereto, these questions must find an answer.

Each great denomination, represented by its Sunday school union, publication society or other agency, was and is to its own Sunday schools a national organ of oversight and supply. Such a body, confronted with actual or anticipated rivalry in its own field, cannot view its rival with unconcern. It must make choice between alliance and opposition. The Union in 1832, conscious with good reason of the denominations' attitude of suspicion toward all its plans issued no direct call to the First National Convention, but instead invited together a joint body, including men from the denominational unions and other interests, who appointed the committees and issued the convention call. The convention, thus called, devoted its attention exclusively to the discussion and evaluation of local method, as did the supplemental convention which it called for the following spring to clear its docket. The convention of 1859 was a convention of local delegates and was almost wholly inspirational. For conventions such as these the denominations and the Union were, for once at least, united in approval.

The old ideal is well voiced by the venerable former editor of the Union, Rev. Edwin W. Rice, D. D., in his book (1917), *The Sunday School Movement and the American Sunday School Union,* page 369: "The functions of the convention (of 1832) were to be limited to the gathering and collating of information . . . advising improvements . . . and arousing greater enthusiasm for the cause. In the course of time new leaders came to the front who proposed to change the conventions to a permanently organized body to be called 'association.' The ten-

dency was stoutly opposed by early leaders, who declared that the usefulness of the convention would be seriously impaired by this course." In this statement, taken with its context, the sympathy of Dr. Rice is clearly with the conservative view.

Impelled by various motives, there developed in support of this early view, within the convention movement, something like a national strict-construction party. Against it the progressives, in the 1869 convention, won their first victory, in the recognition of State Sunday school associations as official though not exclusive auxiliaries, entitled to representation and report. Connecticut, New Jersey and Illinois had already learned the value of statistical canvasses and county organization in making contact with Sunday schools and getting full delegations to the State convention. Leaders thus trained saw that only by like tactics with the states could the national conventions be made adequately representative. They therefore stood—though for a while without result—for an enlargement of the scope of national convention preparations to include the function of State auxiliary promotion. This logically followed from independence of the Union. Some unified leadership, somewhere, must carry the banner of the Sunday school cause.

The man who led the way into the new era was Benjamin Franklin Jacobs of Chicago. As it happened, the matter on which he caused the first break from the old ideal was not auxiliary promotion, for which logical necessity might have been pleaded, but lesson uniformity. Four rival Sunday school Bible lesson courses were in the field, one—the National Series—being much in the lead. All used the limited-lesson method, already fifty years old. The uniform use in each school of a common lesson was general. Jacobs, as a leader of convention and institute work, saw the vast gain to the cause of convention and institute promotion that would come if the rival lesson-lists could be merged into one. Sunday school people would then have their Bible lesson study as a common term. At the Newark convention he had sounded the call for this reform. Now, July 10, 1871, he got the executive committee for the Indianapolis convention, in breezy defiance of limited jurisdiction, to call a conference of

publishers to consider the possibility of a united lesson list for their issues of 1872.

What followed is lesson history. But convention history followed, too; for the convention of 1872 found the way cleared for its startling and far-reaching incursion into the sphere of denominational leadership through the appointment of the first Lesson Committee. The strong popular support given this move, and the quick returns that came to the lesson publishers that fell in with the Committee's choices, averted denominational opposition; and the lessons became for years the convention movement's largest asset. They stood also as an impressive object-lesson of what the field stood to gain through thus using its centralized machinery as an instrument of united action. The arguments of the strict-construction conservatives had to face the fact of the International Uniform Lesson system and its admitted blessings.

At Indianapolis, also, the inclusion of Canada for 1875 was voted, making that convention, held in Baltimore, the first to be called International. A national statistical secretary was also appointed, who though working without salary became thus the first continuous International officer and so the forerunner of the future International association staff. At Baltimore, and again at Atlanta in 1878, inspiration, fellowship, improved method and evangelistic zeal were the conspicuous features. The State Sunday school associations were slowly multiplying and growing stronger; but with a new executive chairman for each triennium, a small executive committee, and no leadership of promotion beyond the correspondence of a plodding and unpaid statistical secretary, the advance of the movement was small.

Then came the epoch making convention of 1881 at Toronto. The strict-construction party, as usual, was in control. The progressives, led by Reynolds of Illinois, rallied their forces on the issue of a living salary to E. Payson Porter, the statistical secretary, to be paid by a treasury supported by pro rata pledges from the state and provincial associations. Against strongly voiced opposition they won; the appeal for pledges was carried through; and to carry out the newly broadened policy of the con-

vention they named an executive committee of thirty-six, representing each organized constituency, with B. F. Jacobs as its chairman. So far as convention action could insure it, the progressive victory was complete.

The new chairman made himself leader of the cause. Vigorously, and without a break for six trienniums and part of the seventh, he pushed for the strengthening of International convention work through the organizing and vitalizing of the state and provincial associations. He gave much of his business time to correspondence, conventions, and field tours. The financial responses of the associations were meagre; but in spite of repeated discouragements and setbacks Jacobs pressed on. His letters of cheer, appeal, remonstrance, request or appointment of dates flew to every field. Pressing volunteers into service, he engineered transcontinental field tours, organizing and reviving associations, finding new leaders, and gathering pledges of financial support and representation at the next International convention. Nor did these labours interfere with his faithful maintenance of his place as an Illinois Sunday school leader, his weekly duties as Superintendent of Immanuel Baptist Sunday School, Chicago, or his service on the International Lesson Committee.

The reward of nurture is to be outgrown. Many a mother has had that lesson to learn. The Union had to learn it when the convention movement took its leadership away. The effective promotion campaign of Mr. Jacobs and his loyal executive committee led first to increasingly representative and responsible conventions, at Louisville, 1884, at Chicago, 1887; then to such an increase of field responsibility that Jacobs, in the fall of the latter year, had to call on his well-tried comrade, William Reynolds of Peoria, to leave his business and enter the field on a salary as International Field Superintendent, thus dividing the leadership of the cause; and then to the rise of a new progressivism within the International ranks, to whose leaders Mr. Jacobs ere long found himself standing opposed as the representative of conservatism.

The control which sharply limited Mr. Jacobs' otherwise ebullient energy was the fear of setback to the cause through aroused

denominational opposition. That he was resolved not to incur. Pure convention work was unexceptionable from any viewpoint, as we have seen. To promote state and county organization, with accompanying statistics and financing, was a necessary step in convention-holding, whether conservatives could see it to be so or not. To employ a statistician in the office and a superintendent on the field was but a logical extension of this promotional programme. So was Mr. Jacobs' further proposal of a great International Sunday school magazine, made to the Pittsburgh convention of 1890 and turned down on recommendation of its business committee. Lesson Committee work was legitimate, since the denominations, for excellent reasons, had endorsed that part of the convention movement's programme. Even when the stronger state and provincial associations began to enter the field of method-promotion in the Sunday schools, adopted their own training courses and sold text-books to the local workers, he could still approve their zeal, since no such field could be the rival of a national denomination.

But improved International conventions meant the frequent coming together of like-minded workers from many fields; and as one newly developed special group after another found itself, it began to seek for International leadership and union. Here was a potential source of future trouble which the statesmanlike vision of Mr. Jacobs was not slow to discern. He was not himself a specialty man. Friendly and encouraging to every feature of advancing Sunday school method that he could use, he thought always in terms of the undivided Sunday school, learning in every department its uniform lesson and finding its highest expression in the services of its common platform. Unity was his passion. No graded lesson proposals, however modest, found favour with him. "The second best is the best," I once heard him say, "if we can all take it together!"

Of the special groups the primary teachers were easily first, with separate conferences both at Newark and at Indianapolis. At Louisville, 1884, they met again in conference, and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts announced the recent organization of the National Primary Teachers' Union. At Chicago, 1887, and the Interna-

tional conventions that followed, this union, now a strong body, renamed International, was recognized on the programme and held its triennial business meeting in the form of a simultaneous afternoon session. The unwisdom of this fostering an independent union within the convention movement was seen and feared by Mr. Jacobs; but he was powerless against its enthusiasm and manifest local helpfulness.

It was at the Louisville convention that the International contacts of Marion Lawrance began. He was then superintendent of the Washington Street Congregational Sunday School of Toledo, Ohio, having taken office eight years before. A hand-book of his church and Sunday school, printed in 1884, shows the unusual forwardness of the latter in lesson-study requirements, worship, teacher-training, graded organization and personal accounting. Mr. Lawrance was then a modern worker, far in advance of his day. At the convention, as he often told his audiences afterward, he made a speech. "It was a good one, too," he would say. "It was this: 'Mr. President, I pledge our Sunday school for ten dollars!'"

The Chicago convention endorsed Mr. Jacobs' proposal of a convention for the Sunday schools of the world, to be held somewhere in Europe by coöperation with the transatlantic bodies. Arrangements were later made to hold this in London, July 1 to 6, 1889. One of the leaders in the International Primary Union group, Mr. W. N. Hartshorn of Boston, took charge of plans for gathering and transporting the delegation from the United States. The *Bothnia,* a small Cunarder, was chartered for the outward voyage. With his usual energy, Mr. Jacobs sought to round up the outstanding Sunday school men and women for the delegation, including as many as possible of the International Executive Committee.

A week or two before the vessel sailed, Mr. Jacobs ran over to Ohio to assist at the State Sunday school convention. By that time Mr. Lawrance's fame as a superintendent had spread. He was on a salary that represented half-time service to his church; and many in other fields were beginning to use his literature and methods. What happened at this convention Mr. Lawrance him-

self described, in his words of memorial to his dead leader at the Denver convention of 1902:

I remember the first point of contact that I ever had with B. F. Jacobs, in my own State convention in Ohio, in the month of June, 1889. As I was sitting upon the very rear seat of the church, with Mr. Jacobs upon the platform answering questions, the question was asked, "What shall we do with our work in Ohio?" and to my great astonishment he spoke my name and said that he thought I ought to be asked to take hold of the work in our own state. Before that convention adjourned it was settled; and I have been in the Sunday school work ever since.

For the ten years of fruitful service as Ohio's general secretary, thus begun, and for participation as a state leader in the fellowship and labours of the convention movement as now broadened, quickened and diversified from the conditions of the early days, no experience could have been for Mr. Lawrance so rich or opportune as the eleven days of companionship on the deck of the *Bothnia,* with the World's Convention following at London, all within a month of his election at the Ohio State convention. He was privileged to sit on deck with Mr. Jacobs in his open meetings of the executive committee, as they reviewed the great International field and made plans for the Sixth International Convention to be held at Pittsburgh the following year. His two earliest predecessors in the field, W. B. Jacobs of Illinois and Samuel W. Clark of New Jersey, were his fellow-voyagers. From among the many Sunday school experts abroad he was selected to lead the Sunday school session held the Sabbath of the voyage; and the following Tuesday he gave a brilliant talk in exposition of his methods at Toledo and answered numerous questions. When he returned to take up the work of his new field he was in the International fellowship as he had not been before.

The annual meetings of the International Executive Committee for the coming convention were during Mr. Jacobs' chairmanship usually held in August at Chautauqua, N. Y. Besides the members of the committee, it became common for the general secre-

taries, a steadily growing company, also to attend. At the meeting held in 1892 steps were taken to form an association of the professional and semi-professional workers of the cause; and at the Seventh International Convention, St. Louis, 1893, this body, the Field Workers' Association, held an all-day session before the main convention and organized for the coming triennium. For president of the association, the field workers picked their Ohio colleague, Mr. Lawrance.

In 1894, and again in 1895, the annual conferences of the field workers met, or tried to meet, as usual, in conjunction with the meetings of the executive committee. But they found themselves getting only the leavings of the available time. With the chairman's crowded docket, the routine reports were relegated to the field workers' sessions, and when time pinched they were asked to shorten or adjourn their meetings in order that the necessary work of the committee might have the right of way. The president, loyal to his great chief, made no open protest; but he and his fellow members determined to have a society and a meeting of their own. At the convention of Boston, 1896, accordingly, the association stiffened its "basis of organization"—they knew better than to call it a constitution—and boldly called and held at Louisville, in January, 1897, a separate conference for the study of the problems of Sunday school field work and the interests of the new profession which the progress of the convention movement had called into being.

Intensely loyal as these field workers were to the International work, and reasonable as their action seemed from the viewpoint of their own needs, the existence of this self-governed body holding meetings not under the International Executive Committee's control seemed to Mr. Jacobs a dangerous innovation. The growing activity of the Internationally organized primary workers, with their widely circulated *Monthly Bulletin*, their success in organizing primary unions and creating local constituencies of like-minded specialty workers, and the large share of convention time which it seemed necessary to allow them, also, in his mind, ominously threatened the peace and unity of the convention movement. Appreciating his fears and sympathizing with his desire

for unity, several of the leaders at the Boston convention, against strong opposition, secured for the International Primary Union a new constitution, relating it closely to the State associations and preparing it for absorption as an orderly auxiliary of the International convention work when that should be possible. At the field workers' conference held at Plainfield, New Jersey, January, 1898, Mr. Jacobs strongly protested against the irregularity of the organization's existence; and at the convention of Atlanta, 1899, a formula was found by which both organizations, renamed departments but retaining all necessary features of independence, were with his full approval received as official auxiliaries of the International Convention.

A great blow had meanwhile befallen the convention's cause. William Reynolds died, November, 1897. Dr. Howard M. Hamill of Illinois had already for several years been secured for service as his assistant; and he, with others employed from time to time, continued at the state and provincial convention and sometimes among the county and city fields to represent the general work. Long since every state, territory and province, with four or five difficult fields as exceptions, had been organized; and at Boston Mr. Jacobs reported these organizations as employing fifty-nine paid workers.

The old strict-construction theory of the work had by this time taken the form of insistence that there was no continuing general organization, but only a succession of separate triennial conventions, each with its own executive committee which adjourned *sine die* when its convention had been duly held. In former days this had been strictly true. But now the facts belied the theory. The workers, for lack of a better name, spoke of the continuing organization as "the International Convention"; and Mr. Jacobs' private office was to them the headquarters of the cause.

But Mr. Jacobs was not now the leader of the vanguard as he had been in years before. Unfortunate real estate transactions in Chicago at the time of the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893, and commitments on behalf of a model Sunday school building erected in connection therewith, had brought him increasing financial embarrassment and in some quarters loss of friendship

and support. His leadership seemed to many imperious rather than imperial. His conservative convictions blocked the pathway of the younger leaders. Already the teacher-training hosts in many states clamoured for International standing such as the primary workers had for long enjoyed; and the chief's fears of trouble in consequence seemed to them foolish and unreal. When the executive committee came to Atlanta for the convention of 1899, therefore, there was general agreement that the chairman would retire.

Who should take his place was a problem. He had carried the responsibilities of three distinct leaderships. He had been the liberal, well-to-do, energetic chairman. After Mr. Porter's withdrawal his secretary, in his office and under his direction, had compiled the statistics and kept track of his own voluminous correspondence with the field. Until the advent of Mr. Reynolds and to a large extent thereafter also, he had been the strong man on the convention field. Now Reynolds was gone. It was a critical hour for the cause. Fortunately, Mr. Jacobs himself was still at the head of the committee; and he never worked harder, or with more self-effacing wisdom, than in those Atlanta sessions. Three men were chosen to take up the work that once was Jacobs' alone. As field superintendent the committee elected Dr. H. M. Hamill. As chairman they took John Wanamaker of Philadelphia, who at much personal sacrifice had come to Boston three years before and made a great address, and who was now head of the work in Pennsylvania. And for the new office of International general secretary, to take up, systematize and extend the office leadership of the chief, they called from Ohio, Marion Lawrance.

Between Jacobs in the office and Reynolds on the field there had never been a ripple of misunderstanding—so far as outsiders ever knew or had reason to imagine—as to questions of authority or jurisdiction. But between the fiery and sensitive Hamill and the quiet, peace-loving Lawrance, the Executive Committee saw that trouble would soon come unless the bounds of authority and function were made unusually clear. They therefore drew up a statement intended to forestall all such difficulties. It did do this

to a considerable extent. For two years these noble brothers worked side by side with no observable friction, even though for thirteen weeks they toured the Southwest together for fifty thousand miles of convention travel—a major test of grace for any combination. But such a position of subordination did not fit Dr. Hamill's personality; and in 1901, without loss of affection for the International cause, he carried his fine leadership of the teacher-training work over to the service of his denomination, the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Mr. Wanamaker found it impossible to accept the chairmanship of the committee. Mr. Jacobs, after an interval, resumed office as acting chairman. Since 1894 Dr. George W. Bailey of New Jersey, later of Philadelphia, had as chairman of the finance committee taken in the Executive Committee an increasing place, as had Mr. W. N. Hartshorn of Boston, Justice J. J. MacLaren of Toronto and other state and provincial leaders. The acting chairman's health was now precarious, though his vigour and vision still carried on. Mr. Hartshorn, as chairman of the programme committee, conducted the arrangements for the convention of 1902 at Denver.

On Monday, June 23, 1902, three days before the convention met, Mr. Jacobs passed away. Mr. Lawrance went up to that convention officially alone. Except for a stenographer in his Toledo office, he was the staff of the International Convention. For the year then closing he had been more in the field than in the office; though one great interest after another clamoured for leadership and service in detail. Even a chairman was lacking to his supporting committee. Never, even under Jacobs himself, was the convention movement of North America so completely under the personal leadership of one man.

The isolation was apparent, however, rather than real; for the tired and overworked secretary was surrounded by a multitude of eager fellow-workers, every one of whom was his loyal friend. Then, as ever, Mr. Lawrance's leadership power lay in his heart, his voice, and the winsomeness with which he made and kept the friendly relation. He would have had his colleagues sooner, but for the combined influence of the chronic treasury shortage and

the chairman's conservatism. The great success of the bold venture on a convention as far West as Denver—for in spite of fears it enrolled 1,172 official delegates and over six hundred visitors from outside Colorado—and the success of Dr. Bailey, now treasurer, in collecting the Atlanta pledges and paying all bills with a three thousand dollar surplus to carry over, made every one feel that the hour had struck for a new era and that to move forward was the only thing to do. The idea that denominational opposition would ever confront such an advance, if it occurred to any Denver delegate, was dismissed as one of the old chairman's queer notions. To the newly elected chairman such a possibility was not even thinkable.

The new chairman was Mr. Hartshorn. A more dramatic reversal of policy than he made from that of Mr. Jacobs is seldom seen in the life of an organization. For nine years he led the cause, giving to the work every ounce of strength and resource that his big heart, his comfortable means and his ready fireside could command. If his policy was different from that of his predecessor, it was not less definite and purposeful. And until the inevitable deluge came, it was not less fruitful of happy result.

The International Sunday school convention movement—the baby born at the Philadelphia convention of 1859—was not forty-three years old, and was soon to receive a new name. What had it done during these years to improve the quality of North American Sunday school work, and by what means had it done it?

Whatever blessings have come to these Sunday schools through the uniform lessons must be credited primarily to the convention movement. Some of these blessings reached the schools by way of *The Sunday School Times, Peloubet's Notes,* and other independent lesson publications; some through union teachers' meetings, where R. R. Meredith, A. F. Schauffler and other able expositors guided and inspired their weekly assemblies; the major part through the greatly increasing and improving lesson-help supply of the Methodist Book Concern and the other great denominational editorial and publishing houses. But the fundamental value in all these issues was their adaptation to the

Protestant religious community through the use of a common Bible lesson basis. To lay that basis, and to renew it year by year and cycle by cycle, was the work of the convention movement. By no other human agency could it have been brought to pass.

What the convention movement would have done for the schools apart from its lesson-making achievement cannot be known; for the common lesson was for many formative years a powerful bond of unity. It lent motive-power to many a weak county and city organization. It was the very life-blood of all the early primary unions, which were essentially weekly gatherings where Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Crafts, Mrs. Kennedy or Mrs. Ostrander exemplified the teaching to "primary classes"—congregations of children from three to eleven or over—of the next Sunday's lesson. Modern method in the children's division is historically the by-product of this uniform-lesson activity. The eager circles thus drawn and held together by this common supply for their next-Sunday need found other common needs, broadened their leadership, drew together in national union, hit upon one device after another for bettering their local work, improved it, standardized it and passed it along, borrowed increasingly from the kindergarten and the primary school the educational wisdom of the day, and in 1894 adapted to their uses the summer school idea. Thus freshly equipped, these primary workers, with well-earned State and International coöperation, created within their own fellowship an effective standard of departmental worship, a graded set of supplemental lessons, a system of normal training for primary and junior teachers, the departmentalizing and year-grading of the children's division, and a movement to secure from the International Lesson Committee a fully graded elementary lesson course. The causal sequence is unbroken. It is bad history and worse gratitude for the modern religious educator to decry the services of the International uniform lesson system.

But before and apart from the uniform lesson movement, it was the great National and International conventions, with the State conventions in extending area and annual recurrence, that

formulated, distributed and vitalized the otherwise inert impulses to Sunday school extension and improvement, sent them down to the counties and the schools, and so added them to the spiritual assets of each Protestant denomination. The conventions were schools of leadership, local, territorial and denominational. The convention's inspiration was not always or everywhere short-lived. And as State association work developed, under continuous International field promotion, and as the employed and specialized leadership multiplied, the county, city and township conventions and institutes thus held became, like the primary unions, seminaries of progress, out of which practically every approved feature of recent and present-day Sunday school method has come.

For ten years as Ohio's secretary, and as a leader among the field workers, and for three years of International transition, Marion Lawrance had played a large part in this steady lifting of the American Sunday school method level. Like the others, he brought to the work his own contribution, in his case the improvement of Sunday school administrative method. As each feature of the modern departmentalized Sunday school, equipped with graded lessons, became standard, he made room for it in his thinking and promoted it with a will. He was now to become official chief of the whole rapidly enlarging circle of the International friends of Sunday school improvement and reform.

In Chairman Hartshorn's policy, the boundaries of International effort were the shores of the continent and its islands and the last imaginable needs of every Sunday school. Within that field and sphere, destined to favour, dominance and victory, stood no mere unorganized convention movement, or series of separate convention efforts, but the International Sunday School Association. The former chairman had worked for Sunday School Association improvement mediately, through the State associations and the lesson publishing houses, which did the work and took credit for results. He would work for Sunday schools directly, through a staff covering every specialization the treasury could carry; and the glory under God should be the Association's own. Lack of income he would meet with a bold and lavish campaign

of publicity. What friend of Christ and the children could refuse assistance, once he was made to see the work and the need? All differences could be melted in the atmosphere of brotherly conference. In sacrifices to make progress possible he would lead the way. So planned and purposed the chairman; and the general secretary, loyal and efficient as ever, followed his chief.

The rebuilding of the International staff on the new plan began that fall, when Mrs. J. Woodbridge Barnes, of New Jersey, long the recognized leader of the primary progressives, and for seven years field primary superintendent for Pennsylvania, was made International superintendent of primary and junior work. In November the field work for the negro Sunday schools of the South, prosecuted from November, 1895, to March, 1902, by the Rev. L. B. Maxwell, was resumed after his death by sending two qualified men into the field. In April, 1903, W. C. Pearce was called from the Illinois force, and that August he was made International superintendent of teacher-training. With him, to aid in convention service and method promotion, especially in the elementary grades, another Illinois worker was added, Mrs. Mary Foster Bryner. At the Eleventh International Convention, Toronto, 1905, Treasurer Bailey again reported a good balance, with fifty-five thousand dollars raised for the work; and the convention registered notable advances on every line.

On the Executive Committee's recommendation the Toronto convention adopted for the now solidly continuous work the name of "The International Sunday School Association." More radical by far was its resolve authorizing the Executive Committee to incorporate the Association thus newly named. There were conservatives in plenty to have combated this move, had its significance and consequences then been clear; but it passed without debate or opposition. Even at Louisville, 1908, when the charter of incorporation, granted by the Congress of the United States the year before, and clearly indicating that all administrative powers, including the election of its own members, had been vested in the Executive Committee, which was now in law and fact the Association—when this was presented, the convention

gave no sign that it knew it had lost any part of its former authority.

No new members except for field work in Mexico, the West Indies, and the northwest states and for office service were added to the staff during this triennium. As office secretary and statistician, Mr. Hugh Cork helped Mr. Lawrance greatly. Mr. Pearce, in addition to his work for teacher-training, took up the rapidly developing organized adult class work, reporting separately at Louisville on both heads. Intermediate department work, so-called, for the classes whose ages ran from thirteen to sixteen, was beginning to take shape, under a voluntary committee. Provision for a missionary and a temperance department was made at Louisville. In May, 1907, the International office was moved from Toledo to Chicago. With the Louisville convention Mrs. Barnes retired, and her place as elementary superintendent was taken by Mrs. Bryner. During the triennium General Secretary Lawrance travelled over eighty thousand miles, not counting his attendance at the World's Convention at Rome in 1907; and with the negro field work included and the Rome trip left out, the whole staff covered more than half a million miles, making more than twelve thousand addresses.

Action brings reaction. The fruit of the new policy was now ready to ripen. Partly through the influence of the old convention movement, the great denominations had been stirred to a deeper and more educational interest in the progress of their own Sunday schools. New and vigorous leaders came to the helm. Denominational sense of responsibility for teacher-training and other local Sunday school service had never been quite dormant; but the rapid advances of this great territorial engine, whose expansive programme the chairman advertised at every turn, roused it to unwonted life. In May, 1908, the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church replaced its mildly functioning Sunday school Union with a Board of Sunday schools that meant both to claim and to exercise over its titular field an exclusive supervisory jurisdiction. Several other denominations, sympathizing, made common cause. On many a field and in many a State department, busy with its elementary,

secondary, adult and teacher-training service, the winter of 1908–1909 brought a rude awakening.

In May, 1909, at a conference in Chicago between the denominational leaders and the State secretaries and committeemen, limits of jurisdiction were agreed on. Thenceforward the denomination was to make the programme for its own Sunday schools. The International sphere of leadership was to be the community, with the union schools and those of denominations educationally unorganized or making no objection. The State association might promote in the Sunday schools the denominational programme. In the matter chiefly at issue—the local certification of teacher-training and adult classes—a compromise was effected through the use of joint diplomas and certificates. The principle thus enunciated has since been generally recognized; but for some years disputes arose as to its application in detail.

The International train—to borrow the chairman's figure in his printed report at the San Francisco convention of 1911—was now so heavy and going so fast that even such a red flag as this could not slow it down. Rather it blew the whistle and put on more steam. The organizing in 1910 of the denominational leaders as the Sunday School Council of Evangelical Denominations, making them a united force to be reckoned with, was balanced in its influence by the World's Sunday School Convention held the same year at Washington, whose inspirational power and world vision were felt all over the International field. The International staff was increased to ten, with a dozen helpers in the office. International departments of work were multiplied, each with its strong committee. Temperance and the intermediate and senior work, now beginning to be called "the secondary division," were under active voluntary leadership. Such was the line-up at the San Francisco convention. Mr. Hartshorn, ill, was obliged to retire as chairman, just as his vision was beginning to assume reality. His earnest plea for the International work as a help and service to the denominations showed that he appreciated the seriousness of the issue.

The Executive Committee did not. Naming Fred A. Wells, of Chicago, as its chairman, it proceeded to exercise its newly char-

tered prerogatives to the full. Taking over the convention's historic lesson-making function, it reformed the Lesson Committee's structure, adding a sixteenth member, and by a new by-law restricted that committee's lesson choices to material selected " from the Holy Bible." The Louisville convention had authorized the Lesson Committee to issue a full set of graded lessons. Of these ten yearly courses had so far been released by the committee, and in some of these considerable use had been made of extra-Biblical material. In its by-law the Executive Committee took ground with the objectors to this and sought to coerce the Lesson Committee into conformity with its view. Editorial representatives of three denominations united in the publishing of this extra-Biblical material were called before the Executive Committee to explain their conduct in the matter. The session was not long nor unduly tense; but the situation could not be forgotten. Its absurdity, and its peril to the cause, became clear to many.

At Washington, 1910, Mr. Lawrance became general secretary of the World's Sunday School Association for North America, jointly with the Rev. Carey Bonner of London. To this service he gave half his time, including a six-weeks' tour of England in the fall of 1911, where his words of counsel and uplift were much appreciated. The double burden, however, proved too heavy, and in January, 1914, he resumed his full-time International relation. During the latter part of this period Mr. Pearce was made associate general secretary and took over many of the chief's responsibilities.

The triennium leading up to Chicago, 1914, was noteworthy. In 1912 John L. Alexander became superintendent for " the secondary division." That summer there was held at Conference Point on Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, the first International training school for field workers, with Mr. Pearce in charge. Executive differences with denominational leaders were largely adjusted in conference; the committee declaring its subservience to the will of the convention. In Philadelphia, April, 1914, reorganization of the Lesson Committee was agreed to, with eight members to be chosen by the Association, eight by the Sunday School Council, and one by each participating denomination. This was ratified at

Chicago, and the enlarged committee at once began work on new plans for the uniform lesson series.

A new educational attitude, brought into work by the advent of Walter S. Athearn as chairman of the Committee on Education, was apparent in the construction of the convention programme for Buffalo, 1918. That programme meant more than the surface showed. Struggles, whose story may not yet wisely be told, had been going on for the realizing of conflicting ideals. The passing of the old convention-made Lesson Committee had been but the beginning of change in the Association's life. Its measure and its men met challenge at every turn. No longer might it under compromise agreements continue its territorially organized service for the field. Demand arose that it raise its standards of efficiency, adopt new and higher educational principles, find a mutually acceptable basis of unity with its now vigorous and strongly organized denominational rivals, or yield the banner of leadership as the American Sunday School Union had done sixty years before. And none knew better than the unselfish veteran who headed the composite and not very manageable International staff that in such an hour of peril and transition it was time for the cause to be seeking a new and younger man.

Then came the meetings of the " Joint Committee of Reference and Counsel," leading after two years of fair and honorable conference to the " merger," by which, when fully developed, the old Executive Committee and the old Council reappeared as the International Council of Religious Education, with territorial and denominational representation in equal balance, the conventions continued as before, and the equal-balance principle carried down to the State associations also.

Still active, in spite of his years and his labours, and still as ever the favourite speaker on all convention platforms, Marion Lawrance, with the beginning of 1920, laid down his general secretaryship and became " consulting general secretary for life." For a year Mr. Pearce was acting secretary in his place; then, on his transfer to the service of the World's Association, the executive chairman, Robert M. Hopkins, carried the work. At the Kansas City convention of 1922, whose successful programme

arrangements were largely of Mr. Lawrance's making, the conduct of the new work on the new plane was entrusted to Hugh S. Magill.

Many able men on both sides aided the Association in its progress through these stormy and eventful years to the new era of united endeavour from which so much, in God's good favour, is to spring. But amid it all, to the hour when, in the midst of a busy and effective Pacific Coast field tour, the call came to join the great convention of his fellow-spokesmen for Christ and the children in the City of God, none helped more than this gentle-souled but dauntless leader. In distant states, hard to reorganize, or crushed under burdens of debt, if Marion Lawrance was coming to the convention, all would be well. In criss-cross cabinet meetings, or difficult situations in conference and committee, Lawrance's voice and counsel seldom failed to make the way out easier to find and follow. And however fixed and unapproachable might seem to the International leaders, at times, the attitude of some denominational headquarters, there was not a leader in that headquarters but thought and spoke of Mr. Lawrance as a dear and trusted friend. To the muster of forces for the new and greater advance of the Sunday school cause, each party brought many and mighty contributions. The foremost contribution on the International side was the life, the record and the personality of Marion Lawrance.

III
MEMORIAL

XXIII

MEMORIAL

A MAN who has woven his personality into the warp and woof and pattern of an international organization, and who has become the epitome of a great movement, cannot become incapacitated, letting go even for a day, without a weakening of that institution's fibre and serious consequences ensuing. But when that illness extends into weeks, finally terminating in that dawn of a new life that men call death, there is indeed a shock that is both sudden and severe.

When the newspapers chronicled in prosaic terms the coronation of Marion Lawrance, thousands felt a numbness in heart and brain. Later, when they were able to crystallize their thoughts and feelings into words, countless letters and messages, filled with beautiful and loving appreciation, flowed in. Memorial services, literally by the hundreds, were held in Sunday school conventions, church services and many other kinds of religious gatherings, in every state and province. The four services, whose chief tributes are outlined in the following pages, are with one exception those where his peaceful face and form appeared amid a profusion of flowers, and where the kindly lips, which so often in life had spoken words of encouragement and comfort, seemed to be saying to sorrowing friends: "Let not your heart be troubled."

A wise God has provided that when a leader passes we remember about him all the things that made him great and not any of the faults and weaknesses that sometimes made him little. The good that he did is seen like rays of sunlight through stained windows, while the rest of his life is lost in the oblivion of the shadows. After all do we not remember in this way the true man as he was?

AT PORTLAND:

Rev. Howard L. Bowman, Minister,
First Presbyterian Church.

May 2, 1924.

To some it may seem regretful that the soul of Marion Lawrance has passed on in a strange city where he has not laboured and where he was not surrounded by hosts of personal friends. To me there seems to be a kind of parabolic significance in that, for his has been a life whose influence has reached out beyond the narrow circles of personal friendship, into a universal service devoted to the religious education of all men. He belonged to the world and wherever lives have studied spiritual truth that study has been a bit more earnest, more enlightening, more fruitful because of the impetus of his leadership. There is only a little group of us gathered together to-day, but we, residents of Portland, taking our place beside the immediate family, typify the tribute of the religious world. We thank God who so blesses men as to give a life like this to enrich the experience of us all. So we render our tribute to this life which has entered into victory, where palms do not fade and crowns are never lost.

AT CHICAGO:

Bethany Girls' Headquarters,
510 Wellington Avenue.

Tuesday, May 6, 1924.

ORDER OF SERVICE

PRELUDE—Favorite Selections.....Mr. Albert Cotsworth
Organist, South Congregational Church, Chicago

HYMN—*Dear Lord and Master of Mankind*..The Bethany Girls
READING OF THE SCRIPTURES
MARION LAWRANCE'S PRAYER
PASTORAL PRAYER.....Dr. R. M. Hopkins
Chairman of the Executive Committee, International Council of Religious Education

ADDRESSES—

Dr. Hugh S. Magill, General Secretary, International Council of Religious Education

Dr. W. G. Landes, General Secretary, The World's Sunday School Associations
Mr. William Hamilton, Representing the Religious Council of Canada
Mr. Floyd G. Crandell, Toledo, Ohio

HYMN—*O Master, Let Me Walk with Thee*..The Bethany Girls

ADDRESS.....Rev. T. Yeoman Williams
Pastor, South Congregational Church, Chicago, Illinois

FLOWER SERVICE—By the Children of the South Church Sunday School

RESOLUTIONS FROM THE SOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,
Mr. A. W. Hardy, Chairman of the Board of Trustees

HYMN—*O Love That Will Not Let Me Go*

CLOSING PRAYER AND BENEDICTION

(Note: With the exception of the two tributes given below, all were repeated at the Toledo service.)

MR. FLOYD G. CRANDELL:

While I am not officially delegated to speak for Marion Lawrance's Toledo friends, I have been asked to do so, and it is with deep humility that I speak now. It is given to few to merit the love and friendship of so many men, and I can say from personal knowledge that Mr. Lawrance's friends in Toledo literally number thousands, from all walks of life. They would all wish me to convey a loving and sympathetic greeting. Each of the Toledo organizations to which Mr. Lawrance belonged, his old church, the Washington Congregational; the Sunday school of which he was superintendent so long, and which is being perpetuated as the Marion Lawrance Sunday School; the Masonic Fraternity where were all the affiliations so dear to him, and a great multitude of other friends, all wish to do him honour at this time. A great man is gone, but his works will live after him.

MR. A. W. HARDY read the following resolutions from the South Congregational Church and Society:

Mr. Lawrance has been an honoured member of the South Congregational Church of Chicago for the past fourteen years.

During that time he has served the life of church as a member of the Pastoral Committee where his gentle personality, broad experience and kindly wisdom influenced largely the policy and the programmes of the church. Mr. Lawrance has also served as a deacon of the church where his modesty and unfailing Christian courtesy added grace and distinction to a high and sacred office. For ten years, with unfailing fidelity Mr. Lawrance acted as the superintendent of our church school. To this task he brought all the experience of his matured years, and to it he gave without reserve of his strength and substance. His influence upon the lives of scholars and workers will live as an immortal force in all that they do. The memory of this service and devotion is tempered with a memory of the humanness and a love which all who knew it will honour and revere as long as memory lives.

Be it therefore resolved that we, the members of the South Congregational Church of Chicago, Illinois, do hereby express our deepest sorrow in the death of Marion Lawrance whose life has taught us the meaning of a cheerful reverence for all things good and holy. And, be it resolved that we extend our tenderest sympathy to the son and daughter who are left to remember him with a deep and abiding love, and to the brother of all his younger years.

AT TOLEDO:

Washington Congregational Church,
Toledo, Ohio.

Wednesday, May 7, 1924.

"He that liveth and believeth in me shall never die."
—JOHN 11:26.

"Jesus said it; I believe it."—MARION LAWRANCE.

PRELUDE.....Mrs. E. C. Longfellow
HYMN—*Abide with Me*.....Quartette
Messrs. Fred Mills, Arthur Strochecker, Paul Crandell, Ralph Girkins

READING OF THE SCRIPTURES—Statement of Release
MARION LAWRANCE'S PRAYER.....Dr. R. M. Hopkins
THE PASTORAL PRAYER.....Rev. T. Yeoman Williams

TRIBUTES—

Dr. Hugh S. Magill;
President W. O. Thompson, President International Council of Religious Education;
Dr. W. G. Landes;
Mr. William Hamilton;
Mr. William A. Peterson;
Dr. W. C. Pearce, Associate Secretary, World's Sunday School Association.

SOLO—*My Father Knows*.....Mrs. Frank I. Green

TRIBUTES—

Rev. T. Yeoman Williams;
Rev. Henry A. Arnold, Pastor Washington Congregational Church, Toledo, Ohio.

HYMN—*Comfort Me*.....Quartette

TRIBUTES—

Mr. Grafton M. Acklin, Representing Scottish Rite Masonry;
Masonic Ring Presentation, Mr. Barton Smith, Thirty-third Degree.

PRAYER AND BENEDICTION.....His beloved brother Rev. William I. Lawrance, Th. D.

Active Pall-bearers: Julius Lamson, Charles L. France, E. M. Beard, F. G. Crandell, J. J. Freeman, M. W. Johnston.

Honorary Pall-bearers: Grafton Acklin; A. T. Arnold, Columbus; Charles Balyeat; Charles E. Chittenden; Joseph Clark, Albany; Henry H. Converse; Florance E. Cottrell; John S. Craig, Pittsburgh; William Deeg; George W. Dennison; A. M. Donovan; Shreve Durham, Chicago; E. R. Eastman, Ottawa; Alex E. Forster; Fred Geddes; Thomas B. Guitteau; William Hamilton, Toronto; George D. Hartman; E. M. Hasemeier, Richmond, Indiana; Dr. Robert M. Hopkins, St. Louis; W. A. Howell; Daniel E. Jones; Dr. W. G. Landes, New York; George W. Lord, Buffalo; John H. Loyd; Dr. Hugh S. Magill, Chicago; Henry F. Meiling; A. W. Payne; William C. Pearce, New York; George W. Penniman, Pittsburgh; William A. Peterson, Chicago; George U. Roulet; Rev. T. L. Rynder, Van Wert; Henry Schaefer; Barton Smith; Dr. W. O. Thompson, Columbus.

DR. ROBERT M. HOPKINS:

In Birmingham, Alabama, in 1920, the Executive Committee arranged for Marion Lawrance to serve as Consulting General Secretary for the remainder of his life. Two years after that time, in Kansas City, at the quadrennial session of the International Sunday School Convention, the International Association was consolidated with the Sunday School Council of Evangelical Denominations, forming the International Council of Religious Education.

In the merger, Marion Lawrance had a very large part. He continued to serve under the new order as Consulting General Secretary until the first day of May, 1924,—on that date the International Council accepted his release as he answered the summons of his Lord to "go up higher."

On the last morning that Mr. Lawrance spent at his home with his daughter in Chicago, before he started on his trip to the Pacific Coast, which was to prove his last journey in behalf of his life's work, he read as the morning lesson at the breakfast table, from a little book entitled "Daily Light on the Daily Path," a lesson appropriate for that occasion and also appropriate for our gathering to-day.

"*I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.*" "So that we may boldly say, the Lord is my helper and I will not fear what men shall do unto me. Behold, I am with thee and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again unto this land, but I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of. Be strong and of good courage; fear not, nor be afraid, for the Lord, thy God He it is that doth go with thee. I will not fail thee nor forsake thee. Demas has forsaken me, having loved this world; at my first answer no man stood with me; I pray God that it may not be laid to their charge; notwithstanding, the Lord stood with me and strengthened me. When my father and my mother forsake me then will the Lord take me up. Lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world. I am he that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore. I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you. My peace, I give unto you."

In the diary which Mr. Lawrance kept on this last journey there was found pasted a little clipping over which he had written these words, *My Prayer:*

"Heavenly Father, I thank Thee for the long life Thou hast given me; for the joys that have brightened the years; for the love that has enriched my fellowship with others; and for all the gifts of Thy providence and grace. Abide with me now in old age, and sanctify the days with Thy companionship. When memory reopens the past, may no vain regret cast a shadow over my soul, for Thou hast forgiven my sins, Thou hast overruled my wayward impulses, Thou hast kept me from the evil of my own misdoings, and Thou art now giving me the assurance of Thy love. Suffer me not to be depressed because of growing infirmities and waning powers, nor to be impatient with the changed conditions and new ways, but help me to bear the burden of the years with a quiet and restful spirit and cheerful courage. Enable me to maintain at all times an unwavering faith in Jesus Christ, with full hope of immortality. May my heart be kept warm in the heart of children, and in sympathetic regard for the aspirations of those who are old. Keep me from outgrowing or losing sight of my own childhood and youth, with its abounding joy and glorious hopes. When I near the end of my earthly life, and the things of time and sense begin to fade, give me a single confidence in the future, and open my eyes to see Jesus as my Redeemer and my Lord,—and this I ask in His Name. Amen."

THE REVEREND T. YEOMAN WILLIAMS:

The Pastoral Prayer

Almighty Father, we are gathered together in the quietness of this afternoon hour to think for a while on the majesty of a great life, and we commune in fellowship with Thee, that we may lift in triumph the achievements of this great soul into the place where Thy benediction and power is felt in all of its gracious fullness and benign and sanctifying influence.

We come from the crowded ways of life, where the activities and interests of the common day consume our time and our energy and from these central places of the world where men are investing their strength and energy for the things which are infinite and eternal. We are here to remind ourselves of the great certitudes of life, and of the deathless power of the spirit of humanity.

We are thinking of these forces which bind life to life, and heart to heart, and of that great unifying purpose of thine own

heart which binds together in a single strand the great energies of the ages. We are thinking of Thy everlasting creative purpose and the creative foresight of those children of Thine who are made in Thy image, and who carry out Thy will and purpose.

Our Father, the great vast universe covers Thy spirit as with a garment. Wherever there is energy there is life and the power of the Infinite God. Wherever there is beauty and glory there is the unfolding of Thy majesty and Thy heart. Throughout the far-flung splendour of the universe Thy spirit manifests its power, but in the life of humanity that spirit of Thine becomes articulate with splendour, and we see it manifested in the loyalties which condition the ways of our days, the loyalty of the man to the maid, of maid to a man, husband to his wife, of a patriot to his country, and of a soul to its God.

To-day, our Father, as we stand beside the open casket, we feel that we are keeping here a tryst with memory, and that once more we are placing the seal of the benediction of love upon a life which has creatively carried forward the will and purpose of God in the life of man. The Master stood before the world and said, " Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God."—This great cathedral-like soul, in whose memory we are gathered in this hour, became the child's ambassador in a century of expansion and growth, and kept alive within his own soul and in the souls of others, the mighty compassionate yearning of the Master of men for the childhood of the race.

We thank Thee, our Father, for this ministry of love, for its great accomplishments to the service of childhood and youth. We thank Thee for the great company of those who in this hour are here in spirit. Sanctify this occasion with a great love.

We are thinking, our Father, as we pray, of those nearest of kin to this great life, and we think of the loss which through separation has made itself so evident to the immediate family circle, and for them we pray. May they feel that underneath them are the everlasting arms of the everlasting God, and that the great mother-like embrace of Thy encircling arms holds them up in this hour. May they feel that though they bow in sorrow they shall rise again in power. May they know the joy and consolation of their faith, that through the gateway of the portal we call death, he has winged his way into the everlasting ages of the

Infinite. And we pray that out of the consolation and the comfort of the hour they may find peace. Amen.

DR. HUGH S. MAGILL:

The world's greatest Sunday school leader has passed from earth, and all over our continent to-day,—yes, all over the world,—there is a feeling of loss and of loneliness, for Marion Lawrance had literally millions of friends.

The success of one's life, the measure of one's greatness, may fairly be determined by the degree in which one has attained excellence and supremacy in any worth-while life service for God and humanity. Marion Lawrance gave his life in the service of his Master in the Christian nurture and training of childhood, youth and adulthood, than which there could be no worthier service. In this field he was recognized as standing preëminent in the world.

He began his work in this city, and built so well that his influence extended out to his state, then to the International Sunday School Association, even extending to the World's Sunday School Association—all carried on through the years in a matchless way. His greatest work was done, perhaps, as the General Secretary of the International Sunday School Association, bringing to all the Christian people, in all the different Protestant churches, the importance of the Sunday school in the ministry of teaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ to childhood and youth.

Perhaps more than we may ever know, the Protestant churches have developed and expanded their work in this field because of the organization which he led and the cause which he so ably carried forward. When he saw in the development of this great programme the possibility of uniting the International Sunday School Association with the Sunday School Council of Evangelical Denominations, thus bringing together the mighty Protestant forces of America, his heart was glad because he saw in that union greater possibility for the teaching ministry of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. When the consummation came about, his wisdom still led on, and when the heavier routine work was handed over to one younger, his counsels were the guide for all.

As Mr. Lawrance approached the end of his life he wanted the work to go on more than ever. I prize as priceless memories the heart-to-heart talks I had with him as he held counsel with

me and others in the carrying out of this great work in the new united movement. We who were officially associated with him the last few years, probably next to his own family, know the power and sweetness and radiance of his beautiful life and character.

When he prepared his last message to the International Executive Committee he mentioned the things he dreamed of and the things that had been accomplished, and called attention to unfinished tasks. He remarked to me, "You know this may be my last message." I said, "You shouldn't say that; you are well," and he responded, "I want to stay here as long as I can, but I want to be sure I have done all that I could, and be ready." In that fine spirit he came to the end of life. When he planned this last trip to the Pacific Coast, anticipating the meeting of friends and the carrying forward of the message, some one remonstrated with him that what he was planning would perhaps be too hard for him, and he answered, "Well, you know I have always said that I wanted to die in the harness." He died, literally "in the harness," on the field, carrying the banner of his Master.

It would take hours to read the messages that have come from all over the world. As I left the hotel to come to this service a cablegram came from London, from the British Sunday School Union, expressing their sympathy for the family and love for this great world leader. Such is the feeling throughout all Christendom to-day.

I would like to say that those of us upon whose shoulders fall more heavily the burden—no, not the burden, but the privilege and responsibility—of carrying on the great work which his life so wonderfully exemplified, would feel quite unequal to the task if we did not trust wholly in the source from which he drew his inspiration and strength. We thank God fervently that we have been permitted to catch the radiant beauty of his life, the purity and devotion of his worship, and the inspiration of his soul. In that spirit, trying to be true to him, and to the cause he loved, we would do what he would have us do,—carry on the great work which means so much to the salvation of individual souls, so much to the development of the Church, so much for society and the civilization of the world,—a work, the magnitude and importance of which can only be measured by God in the infinitude of heaven.

PRESIDENT W. O. THOMPSON:

I join with my Sunday school colleagues throughout the world in weeping over the death of the most beloved Sunday school worker in our generation. By common consent this man made himself immortal in the affections of the friends of the Sunday school wherever that institution has been organized.

My friendship with him began while in the service of the State, and has continued to this moment. Thirty years is a brief period as the decades come and go, but a sufficient period in which to find ample expression of the Christian comradeship and friendship which arises out of our devotion to common ideals. It was this bond, growing out of the Sunday school, which led me to see the excellent qualities of mind and heart so generously expressed in the life of our friend.

The point of view from which I start is that of his *magnanimity* —great-mindedness. There was no little-mindedness in Marion Lawrance. The absence of it freed him and gave him liberty from the pettiness that goes with little-mindedness. He was as nearly free from prejudices, envy and jealousies as it seems to me possible for a human being to be. This freedom, resulting from his magnanimity, enabled him to look at every question with large-mindedness. I should say that this was his outstanding characteristic and quality.

He threw his whole soul into the urgency of the great cause of the Sunday school which, so far as his life was concerned, was his own cause and his great allegiance. He had a strong attachment to the Church in which he was a profound believer, and to this church in particular. He was also greatly interested in the welfare of the churches of the several denominations. Mr. Lawrance, planted squarely on a belief in the mission of the Church and the unity of the evangelical Protestant churches, gave his heart and soul to an emphasis upon the great conception of church unity, and the necessity of a forward looking programme in all the service of the Church. While he held rather strongly, let us agree, to particular beliefs, to what may be called a theology, we cannot escape the evidence that Marion Lawrance spent no time, as many of us do, on the footnotes of religion. He gave his life to the larger things with great emphasis always on the importance of the Bible in the Sunday school. Because he believed the Sunday school to be the agency of the Church, a

Divinely-appointed instrument of God in the religious education of children, and a means of bringing discussion of these great things, one could not escape the feeling that the great-mindedness of the man made him what he was.

Delivered from the pettiness of little things and the partisanship of small-mindedness, Marion Lawrance developed a gentleness, a sweetness of spirit, and a loving attitude toward his brethren that made it impossible for him to carry a grudge, to retain a sense of injury, or to cherish any feeling inconsistent with the most liberal conception of Christian brotherhood. These splendid qualities, characteristic of my beloved friend, lead me to suggest as the message of the hour the magnanimity of the man as developing in him a Christlikeness which all of us admired. I do not exaggerate when I affirm that he persistently sought to have the mind of Christ in all his thinking and in all his judgments.

Associated with this great-mindedness there was an untiring devotion to the interests of the Kingdom of God as expressed in the welfare of the children of the land. He believed in these children as the future hope for humanity. They were in his heart because he believed they were in the heart of God whose love was expressing itself through the years in reclaiming the world. We shall not soon see another whose life more completely expressed itself in an effort to proclaim this love to his day and generation. He offered no apology to the world for being a Sunday school man. He expressed no disappointment in the call of God that led him into this service. He occupied a place all his own; he had no competitor; he took no other man's place; no other man ever sought to take the place in the Sunday school world accorded to Marion Lawrance. His great-mindedness made it easier for him to fulfill the royal love and love his neighbour. The supremacy of Jesus Christ in his life was not only an accepted fact by himself, but a fact recognized by all who knew him intimately. A great-minded man has fallen in Israel to-day. We pay our tribute of respect to him, with tears, with profoundest gratitude for his life, and for the privilege of having been one of his friends.

Dr. William G. Landes:

In the files of the World's Sunday School Association we have a brief record of every member of the Executive Committee.

Marion Lawrance was a member of that committee. I hold in my hand that record. The first item is his name; the second the date and place of his birth; the third item: "Taken as a child to the Sunday school by my mother, when three and one-half years old." It can therefore be said of him as it was of Timothy: "From a child thou hast known the Scriptures." To-day we pay this tribute to this man, as an example of a *life made complete* through knowing the Scriptures.

Another item speaks of his Sunday school relationship and connection with the organized Sunday school work. Some twenty years ago, I, as a young man, through his advice concluded to give my life to the Sunday school cause, and entered the work as general secretary in Pennsylvania. Then for eighteen years followed a relationship with this matchless leader that I prize highly.

I have come to pay tribute to this gentleman, his patience, love, helpfulness at all times. Never did he enter the office of the State Secretary with any note of pessimism, or in any negative frame of mind. He was always optimistic and positive in his suggestions; he always counselled wisely on every problem. If we confronted him with some puzzling problem he would say, "Well, they had this same trouble out in Indiana and here is the way they handled it," and then he would outline some practical way out of the difficulty. He garnered from every part of the field the best in method, management, and spiritual power, and made that best common property for us all. We called him "The Big Chief." It was a term of love and affection, for he was the chiefest among us.

Another item says, "I was led into the work by a vision of its possibilities and by the influence of the great men at its conventions, Bishop Vincent B. F. Jacobs, and others." Then he added in his well-known handwriting and characteristic purple ink, "And the reading of the little book, *The Ideal Sunday School.*" The permanent thoughts of the world are treasured in books. Marion Lawrance wrote a book called *How to Conduct a Sunday School.* Not more than thirty days ago I said good-bye to a young man on the station platform of Cairo, Egypt, Effendi Isakander. I said, "Effendi, how did you come to give your life to the Sunday school?" and he said, "By reading Marion Lawrance's book, *How to Conduct a Sunday School.*" So that

through the reading of that book this young man was impressed with the Sunday school idea in such a way that he went to the priest of the Coptic Church, that ancient Christian Church, and said, "We must have a Sunday school in our church." The priest would not listen to him at first but finally, after reading this same book himself, yielded and they organized a Sunday school. I had the privilege recently of standing before twelve hundred boys and girls in the Sunday school of that ancient Eastern church. Our friend and co-labourer projected himself into the world field in a mighty measure, not only in Egypt, but throughout the whole world, for you find *How to Conduct a Sunday School* in practically every foreign missionary's library.

Mr. Lawrance had much to do in laying the foundation of the Sunday school movement in its world-wide reach. He prepared the service for the World's Convention Sunday to be observed, June 22. He was to respond to the address of welcome at the first session and then to have charge of a memorial session in tribute to those whom God had called the past quadrennium. Now to this list we must add Marion Lawrance, and another must conduct that service.

The last item says, "I believe the Sunday school is the best place on earth for a man to invest his life for God." There is no more critical moment in the life of any individual than when a decision must be arrived at as to the profession or work that is to be chosen. If we could direct a question to Marion Lawrance to-day and ask him, "Mr. Lawrance, did you make a mistake in the investment of your life?"—I believe the words would come back from those lips now so still, in an enthusiastic response, "No, I made no mistake; I made a great investment—the greatest investment—for the dividends are the greatest—the salvation of youth."

When the message came of his death, through the mist in my eyes and the grief in my heart, there immediately came also a great pæan of thanksgiving for the life it was my privilege to know and touch. Now he has been summoned to participate in a greater convention, where he will see the long list of God's chosen leaders, among whom he rightly takes his place. As we take the torch from his hands, let us be sure we hold it high, as he held it high, and give out the Word of life as enthusiastically as he gave it out.

MR. WILLIAM HAMILTON:

Much as we deplore the occasion that has brought us together to-day, I very much appreciate the privilege of being permitted to appear in this relationship—not that I have any hope that any words I can say will lead any one who knew Marion Lawrance to think more highly of him than they do now. To attempt to do such might be like trying to paint the lily or gild a sovereign. But there are occasions when one feels comforted by being permitted to express the feelings of his heart, and of one's appreciation of noble qualities, whether the product of nature or acquired—forged in the crucible of devotion to a high ideal, to a Divine Person and the practice of self-denial and self-effacement.

The book containing the report of the Kansas City International Convention was dedicated to Marion Lawrance, and I had the honour—one of the highest honours of my life—of being asked to write an appreciation of him to appear opposite his picture in the front. Thinking of what I wrote, it seems that like Mary of Bethany concerning her Master, I had been anointing him beforehand to his burial.

I am here to speak for the Religious Educational Council of Canada, with its nine provinces, in which in the neighbourhood of one million Sunday school pupils are enrolled, and about ten thousand Sunday schools are allied for coöperative work. We were in our annual meeting when we had a message that Dr. Lawrance was very low, and we spent some time in prayer. In the afternoon we received word of his death, and in the evening we adopted a resolution which I shall read to you.

WHEREAS, the Religious Educational Council of Canada, having learned of the passing away (or as he would have expressed it himself, the coronation) of our beloved friend, brother and coworker, Dr. Marion Lawrance.

THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED, that we place on record the conviction and feeling of our members as follows:

1. We profoundly admired our brother as a man, a manly man, a man in whom the fruits of the spirit seemed abundant and ripe; he radiated love and so magnified his Lord who inspired it.

2. We deeply reverence the combination of qualities that made his life one of marvellous productiveness for God's kingdom. He had large ability, statesmanlike breadth of vision, deep

human sympathy, great cheerfulness, a keen sense of humour, uncompromising integrity, unflagging industry, and unfailing loyalty to the truth. All these laid at the Master's feet, quickened and sweetened by his spirit, found expression in a passion for souls by a tireless quarter century campaign, the dominant note of which was evangelism. We are strongly hopeful concerning the welfare of the work to which Dr. Lawrance gave a large part of his life, and in pursuance of which he laboured whole-heartedly until the very moment when he was stricken down.

3. While mourning his disappearance from among us, and the loss, for the time being, of his fellowship, we feel assured that the influence of his life service will live and grow. From ocean to ocean the field of religious education bears and will continue to bear the marks of his organizing genius, directing wisdom and inspiring Christian optimism.

4. After twenty-three years of service in the Sunday School Association, he was made Consulting Secretary for life. At the Kansas City Convention, with deep feeling he introduced his successor, Dr. Hugh S. Magill, by whose side he has since stood most loyally, proving a true friend and able counsellor. He was taken ill while on a tour to the Pacific Coast and everywhere his trips were declared to have been a series of reunions and receptions.

5. We greatly sympathize with his son and daughter in their present bereavement, and pray that they may be sustained, and may follow their illustrious father as he followed Christ.

There were several reasons why such a resolution should be adopted. I have spoken of the Sunday school forces of the Dominion as being allied in the Religion Educational Council of Canada. That was one of the first results of the Merger with which Mr. Lawrance had much to do. He had said, and many times, that he would be willing to lay down his life, if need be, to bring about what then took place. For the congenial atmosphere which in Canada we are now breathing as the result of our blending, and for our greatly multiplied efficiency, we therefore owe him a debt.

Another reason is that in his official capacity he served us many times in our annual conferences, and always with great acceptance. Others came, whom we admired for their genius, or who thrilled us by their eloquence or at whose feet we sat as

learners. To Marion Lawrance we paid homage in all those ways, but especially regarded him as a father speaking to his children whom he loved; and when he went away he always left a sweet savour which could best be expressed in the words:

Will ye no come back again?
Better lo'ed ye canna be,
Will ye no come back again?

Yesterday I stood for a moment in his private office in the International Headquarters, and in that hallowed spot breathed a prayer. Then looking around upon the pictures with which he had surrounded himself, I thought of the reception which he probably now is having with those friends of former days, the two Jacobs, Vincent, McCrillis, Reynolds, Bailey, Hamill, Hartshorn, Warren, Heinz, Wanamaker, Wells, Nicholls, Brown, Stockham, Kinnear, Potts—a galaxy of great men, every one a prince. May we not think of them as still interested in our religious educational work?

I pictured him also as he comes in contact with the possible millions, who will be able to say to him, "You helped me to get here." And when the crown comes his way, which we believe to be both the logical and promised outcome of such a life of service, I think I can see Marion Lawrance, with his characteristic humility, laying it at the feet of his Master and saying, "No, it cannot be mine. I didn't do it; You did it all."

Now, if I may be permitted a personal word. I knew Marion Lawrance for twenty-five years. One of the poets has said, "I am a part of all whom I have met." After what I have said and read about Marion Lawrance, it would perhaps be presumptuous of me to claim to be even a small part of him, but I can say without hesitation that I am a better man because he lived, and because he lived as he lived.

Mr. William A. Peterson:

I am privileged to bring three tributes. As one of those interested in Sunday school work in Chicago, we welcomed Mr. Lawrance when his office was moved to Chicago in 1907. Later, as a County Executive and Treasurer of the International for three years I came in contact with him daily. It was an inspiration and a delight to work with him.

In the laymen's Evangelical Council he was one of the committee who gave us many valuable suggestions. We carried on five different campaigns. He was always keen in stressing personal evangelism.

As his assistant and later his successor in superintending the summer Sabbath school at Winona Lake, Indiana, I am still continuing to carry out his methods.

The Bethany Girls' Movement, founded at Winona Lake, twenty-six years ago by Mrs. Besserer, was very dear to his heart, and he was connected with it for the past eighteen years and was Secretary of the Board of Directors at his death. This movement has 15,000 members the world round. Mr. Lawrance's only daughter, Lois, has been connected with it for many years. He was intensely interested in every phase of the growing programme of the movement, which stands for a high type of Christian service.

May I close by saying that one of the greatest honours I hold is that in his will he referred to me as "my beloved."

Dr. W. C. Pearce:

I first met Marion Lawrance in 1890, when he was attending the Illinois Sunday School Convention. B. F. Jacobs, W. B. Jacobs, William Reynolds and Dr. Hamill were other prominent men at the same convention. From that day I was proud to be known as one of the young friends of Marion Lawrance.

Marion Lawrance's life was both simple and complex,—simple in his taste and so sincere in the devotion that it was easy both to understand and to love him. It was this quality that endeared him to the hearts of us all. In the simplicity of his life he was like a mother whom it was easy to love and trust, but difficult to analyze. In its interests and power his life was very complex. There was no phase of Christian work in which he was not interested. In the majesty of his leadership he was so powerful that no one dared to attempt to analyze the qualities of character that made it so.

If I were to attempt to make a bouquet that would adequately express the manifold and beautiful characteristics of his life, it would take all of the flowers of God's out-of-doors to do it, but amongst those I could choose would be—*The Flower of Affection.* Dr. Lawrance was an affectionate man. The influence of his life

left an impression upon all who knew him, like the morning dew which waters the flowers. I would place in this bouquet *The Flower of Vision.* His vision was so clear, and he saw so far ahead of where he stood that his soul was continually challenged to go forward. Thus by example as well as by word of persuasion, he beckoned us all to follow. The third flower I would place in this bouquet would be *The Flower of Faith.* Faith in God, faith in righteousness, faith in all that was good, a faith triumphant. It was this that preserved his spirit, always fine and sweet and true. Often in our work, when the sky was dark, the sea rough, and the bark in which we were sailing was under the shadow of the waves, his faith was just as unwavering as when we were riding on the crest of the billows. Somehow, in spite of all difficulties, he saw so clearly the good that his faith was unwavering. The fourth flower of this bouquet would be the one to represent Christ and Christ's programme: *The Flower of Devotion.* Rarely have I seen his devotion equalled, and certainly it was never surpassed. Although he was naturally timid and sensitive, I am sure that his affectionate nature might have made him weak and wavering at times if it had not been for this devotion to Christ which gave him conviction and courage.

None of us will ever forget with what unflinching zeal and unmeasured courage he went forward in the work of Christ. To the very last moment he stood in the vanguard, pleading the cause of childhood and youth. In this combination of characteristics his life was so full of loveliness and sweetness and power, that as long as memory lasts there will be extended in the world the influence for righteousness and truth. He has left with us a fragrance that will continue to make the world more beautiful and lovely.

The Rev. T. Yeoman Williams:

When Phillips Brooks got the word that his friend Richardson, the famous architect of Trinity Church, Boston, had died, the story has it that for a while he stood before the open window gazing long and patiently at the open sky. Finally, turning to one who had brought the message of the death, Brooks said,— "It is as if one should wake to find the mountain one's window has always faced, and upon which one's eyes had always looked suddenly and forever gone."

It is so that the world that knew Marion Lawrance feels in these days. A mountain-like man has been removed from the places where we live, and the centres where we work. Nowhere is that loss so keenly felt and realized as in the inner circles of his home, in the busy centre of his own office and in the church where he worshipped so earnestly and so faithfully.

For the last fourteen years he has belonged to the South Church of Chicago. For the last seven years I have known Marion Lawrance as his pastor. If I had the time to-day I should like to speak with great reverence, as a minister, upon the life and service in a single church, of this consecrated layman. Marion Lawrance loved his church. Time and time again he came into Chicago in the early hours of Sunday morning, after long and weary trips out on the road in behalf of the cause he so greatly loved, and very frequently he would come direct from the train to his pew in the church. I know he did not come from habit alone, but because he knew and appreciated the values that lay in the ministry and service of the Christian Church. He came that he might have his share in the task next to his heart, the directing of the school. He came that he might refresh within himself those inner springs of his own faith and outlook, and that he might be strengthened for his life-work. Other men have spoken well of the achievements of his life. It is my privilege to uncover the secret of Marion Lawrance's power. He found strength for what he did in the service of the sanctuary where his spirit was at home with God.

Last fall it was my privilege to see that great Cathedral of Notre Dame in Montreal. I was impressed with the majesty of the place, its overshadowing bigness, its great immensity, its galleries towering above one another. As I was standing there drinking in its grandeur, a simple, tired-looking woman, possibly a charwoman from one of the office buildings near by, came in. She found her way to the altar and depositing her coin, lighted her candle on the altar. I watched with reverent eye, and I saw a human soul taken hold of by the ministry of the worship of the house of God, lifted out of the mass in which she had been submerged, into the presence of the Infinite. From that she went back to her work refreshed in spirit, renewed and enriched in heart, strengthened for the duties that were hers.

Marion Lawrance found in the ministry of his church the

power that made him what he is, and that enabled him to accomplish the things that stand to his glory in the records of achievement. He came to church, why? Because he found there the changed moral atmosphere his soul needed for the task that was his. He came there because he found the qualitative values in the ways of the world. He came because he knew there was a value in the worship of the Church, not to be found elsewhere. He felt that he had robbed himself if he remained away from his pew. So the tribute I bring to the memory of this friend, this cathedral-like spirit, is that he was a great churchman, who gave wisely of his counsels and lavishly of his strength in the service of his own church, and who found in her ministry and her ways the things that made him strong for the life he had elected to live in service to the childhood of the race. A mountain has gone, and the place where he stood will never be filled by another.

The Rev. Henry A. Arnold:

It is singularly saddening, and yet particularly beautiful, that the first solemn service of this kind to be held in this newly dedicated church is this memorial to Marion Lawrance. I know of no one to whom the honour of consecrating this building to all high and holy purposes could more rightfully belong. We had hoped to have during this week of our dedication services a night called Marion Lawrance Sunday School Night, in which the great part he played in the upbuilding of this whole institution would be fittingly recognized. He wrote us with a good deal of sadness that he would be unable to be with us because of his Western trip, but said that he dearly wanted to come, and made a definite engagement for next Monday evening. So we postponed the Marion Lawrance Sunday School Night until then, and instead we are holding this service to-day.

Marion Lawrance was a cosmopolitan,—he belonged to all the nations of the world. When the news came that this world-wide Sunday school worker had died, I was in the wilds of New Hampshire, miles from a railroad. I mentioned his death to a simple, unlettered native, telling him I must go back to Toledo. He said, "Marion Lawrance! I heard him years ago at Plymouth (N. H.). He was the best speaker, the most impressive one there." So his lines have gone out indeed, to the ends of the

earth, and there are to-day hearts under the coloured skins of the Japanese, Chinese, Hindoo, saddened with our hearts. Yet I think that Toledo, and Washington Church have a claim upon Marion Lawrance which we would good-naturedly contend for, even above these others over whom his influence was wielded. I have a feeling that Toledo contributed much in making Marion Lawrance what he was through these long years of experience. Here he gathered much helpful information; here his spirit flowered and grew until he became the man he was. Thirty-one long years he held the position of superintendent of the Sunday school. This was his laboratory, the field in which he gathered all that experience in method and management, of which he wrote in his book. Marion Lawrance belongs to us in a little more intimate fashion than he does to any other group of people. Moreover, he built himself into the lives of myriads who sat week after week at his feet, working with him, in the Sunday school, all of whom look back with joy to the long years of association.

Marion Lawrance had become a pioneer and an expert in Sunday school management and method. As time goes on, the methods he used will be transcended and abandoned for better methods, but we shall never transcend the goal, which he always held, in the attachment of boys and girls, to Jesus Christ. On his brief visits he always captivated the hearts of the boys and girls of the school. They were strangers, yet he won his way to them; and the secret of his life can be summed up in one word,—LOVE. He was much beloved by us all, because to an unusual degree he had the capacity to love folk and build them into his life.

It was said that whenever Phillips Brooks passed down Newspaper Row, no matter how gloomy or dark the day, or dour the mood of the newspaper workers, all was sunshine. I think that is true of Marion Lawrance; whenever he passed by in the ways of human life, or touched the life of any one, he left the sunshine of a great warm benediction lying upon the heart.

MR. GRAFTON M. ACKLIN:

I speak from notes because I knew when I stood beside this casket and remembered the intimate relationship existing between Marion Lawrance and myself, extending from boyhood to old age, there would come such a rush of emotion that I would

simply be overwhelmed. Our friend was one of the very few to receive the crown and supreme order, which is the ambition of all Scottish Rite Masons.

More than fifty years ago in the Sunday school room of the First Congregational Church, I sat beside a pale and somewhat delicate lad. We were the survivors of a large class, and our teacher had left us. For a time we carried on the class ourselves. My companion, Marion Lawrance, did not show any signs of brilliancy, but he was quiet and unassuming, albeit studious and deeply interested in Bible-study. At that time we were approaching young manhood. The congregation was wealthy and the church was prosperous, and because of it he could not find an outlet for his energy. He began looking about for a neglected field. He was impressed by the crying need for religious work on Erie Street and devoted himself to the Sunday school there, where he entered upon his life-work.

To have known Marion Lawrance at all was to know the high spots in his life. What was the secret of his success? He was neither self-deprecating nor presuming, yet could introduce himself to a number of strangers and convey the impression that he felt complimented by the acquaintance. I would not call him an orator, yet few men could so sway an assemblage as he could. He was not a theologian, but he could, and did, lead men to believe there was a saving grace in religion that could not be found elsewhere. Just as evil sometimes etches on the faces of its victims almost invisible lines which repel sensitive natures, so, too, goodness coins the stamp of approval on her children; and we remember our friend as being of a deeply religious nature, with an unbounded exuberance of joy in life. Conscious of the foibles and faults of nature, his helping hand and his cheering voice were ever ready to aid.

Of commanding figure, possessed of rare facility of expression, and a pleasing voice, he could immediately capture and control his audience. Because of the kindly simplicity of his nature, to have seen him was a privilege, and to have known him a benediction. Oh, he was a many-sided man, but all his angles cornered in the central thought of God and His *Infinite Love,* and in the work of the Master he found that peace of mind which so idealized him that his passing away seems like the ceasing of exquisite music.

As we gather here to speak the last few words, what unending joy there is in the thought that his work with us and for us is not ended, for he has left a broad field that he planted and tilled, where the seeds of his love and his faith still grow, and will grow, bearing the fruits of his toil to soften life's burden and enrich with the harvest of God's storehouse above.

Mr. Barton M. Smith:

We who are assembled to-day to bid farewell to our friend are representatives of the multitudes who love him all over the whole world. Toledo feels a little closer friendship, a little deeper love perhaps, than is possible for any one except those of us who have known him from childhood, and have learned to love him because of his good works.

Every thoughtful man must realize that the highest service any one can render in this world is to train children in the ways of righteousness, and to teach the youth of the world to know and to love God—a duty and service which only a few are able to render, because it calls for a combination of qualities seldom found in one man. It requires many things—courage of conviction; firm, loving character which cannot be disturbed by the confusion of the world; tact; unusual energy; vision; and a great faith. All of these were extraordinarily united in the character of our friend. As we bid him farewell from this world we sorrow, yet, even in the midst of our sorrow, there is a pride which comes from the fact that we have been able to know and to associate with a man who has done so much good, and who was himself an example of that which is greatest and best in humankind.

Upon an occasion memorable in the life of our brother, I was privileged to conduct the ceremony by which he was solemnly wedded to God, his Country and our Order. He was then presented with a triple gold ring of the Thirty-third Degree. When this ring was placed upon his finger he was charged never to part with it so long as life lasts, and at his death only, to transmit it to his eldest son, his wife, his eldest daughter or his dearest friend.

Within this ring is inscribed his name, the date of his coronation as a Mason of the Thirty-third Degree, and the motto of our order, *Deus Meumque Jus,* which is the Latin form of the

famous battle-cry of the Templars, *Dieu et mon droit,*—"God and My Right."

In accordance with his wishes I now transmit this ring from him to his beloved daughter, Lois: I place it on your finger as a memorial of the love and esteem which we bore to your father, and as a sacred pledge that so long as life shall last we will be your devoted friends, as we were his friends.

Dr. William I. Lawrance:

On behalf of the family, I wish to thank those who have spoken to-day words of appreciation, and also those who by their presence have manifested their kindly esteem and admiration for him whom we have regarded as the crown and glory of our family connection. As the one person living on earth who has known him longest, and in some aspects of life most intimately, I want to say that all that has been said here to-day of his life, his character, his influence in the world, can be seconded and even bettered by those of us who have known him in the most intimate relationships of life.

Prayer

Almighty God, in Whom we live and die not, fill us with a sense of our immortality which we share with Thee in Thine own eternity. Thou Who art the Source of all power, make us strong to serve, and to realize that the world may be uplifted through such lives as this, and through such a realization, may we try to serve as best we can. Thou Who art Love, broaden and deepen our affections until all men are our brothers. God of all Peace, may Thy benediction rest upon us that we may go forth with quietness of heart, manifested even in the midst of the tumults of life.

Benediction

Now may grace, mercy and peace, from God, our Father, and our Lord, Jesus Christ, be, and remain with us now, henceforth and forevermore. Amen.

At the Grave: Tennyson's *Crossing the Bar.*

Marion Lawrance Memorial Service, held Thursday, June 12, 1924, on board *S. S. Cameronia:*

Dr. Robert M. Hopkins (*Chairman*):

Marion Lawrance had planned to be a passenger on this ship

to Glasgow. It is appropriate that one of our fellowship meetings should be in his honour. His name will ever be associated with that of Robert Raikes. More than any other man he has contributed to the success of this great World's Sunday School Association.

MR. ANDERSON:

My acquaintance with Mr. Lawrance began when he was one of the humblest of workers—more than forty years ago—a travelling salesman at Toledo. When through with his business, he would sit and talk Sunday school. One of the most helpful books for Sunday school superintendents is his *How to Conduct a Sunday School.* When a community or commonwealth produces an outstanding man they are proud of the fact. We Ohioans are proud that Marion Lawrance was an Ohio product, and we can be glad that he lived so beautiful a life.

MR. HALPENNY:

Sitting at his desk in the Toledo office, one day, Marion Lawrance thought "Indiana needs Halpenny." That changed all my plans. Mr. Lawrance was always ready and eager to counsel with his associates, and was extremely sensitive to the good-will of all. Often he asked his closest pals if he were giving satisfaction. It was an easy question to answer.

MRS. BALDWIN:

One outstanding characteristic of our beloved "chief" was his absolute confidence in those who assisted him. No matter how difficult the task, or trying the circumstances, Mr. Lawrance believed they could meet the tests and make the Cause victorious. Thus he ever challenged and inspired us to do our best. Another characteristic was his warm personal friendship. In health, sickness, joy, sorrow, in failure or success, he was ever interested.

MR. GIBSON:

We have always looked forward with pleasant expectation to the coming of Mr. Lawrance to California and in twenty years have never had any trouble in filling the largest church for him. As we rode along to Riverside last fall, he said, "I have lived to see the Sunday school go forward." I tried to get him to save

himself on the platform, but he replied, " This is a great message I have to deliver so let me talk as long as I want to."

Mr. Fleming H. Revell (Publisher of many of Marion Lawrance's books, and this Biography):

Marion Lawrance, prince of Sunday school leaders, gifted organizer, inspiring speaker, warmest of friends and most devoted Christian, is an example both in public and in private life. His was a fruitful life. He taught efficiency in the realm of Sunday school effort, how to conduct its every department, ever keeping in mind the great objective—the winning of all to a consecrated service. An untiring worker, he was most proficient in initiative and in inspiring appeal. In all parts of the country men and women were moved by him to greater effort. With all our loved friend's public work he was not divorced from personal friendships—which were legion. His place will be hard to fill, but ours is a resourceful God, One who will raise up other leaders while we mourn the departure of him who has gained so large a place in our affections. Our comfort and assurance, as well as that of Marion Lawrance's immediate family circle (with whom we deeply sympathize) is in Him whom our beloved brother served so well.

Dr. Weigle (of Yale University):

I had known of Mr. Lawrance since I knew anything about Sunday school work. He once asked me to accept membership on the International Lesson Committee, and also to become Superintendent of Education of the International Association. I treasure in memory his defense of me when the question was raised whether I was evangelical enough in conviction to be entrusted with the first of these responsibilities; and the gracious good-will with which he acquiesced in my judgment that my work must continue to lie in the college and university field.

The first thought of every one as we remember Mr. Lawrance is of his human quality—and of his ability to lead, not by commanding, but by enlisting the friendship and good-will of people. He was a born leader of men. I have no less impression of his statesmanlike vision in his chosen field. He lived in a time of great transitions; and helped make them. Marion Lawrance never stopped growing. More than any other one man, he made the

International Sunday School Association what it came to be; and he saw, more clearly than any one else, the new type of organization that is needed to meet the expanding opportunity and responsibility of the churches of America. Mr. Lawrance never got too old to carry on his work. I would have you remember that he not only died in the harness, but he was still pulling!

MR. HOPKINS:

There was never one bit of jealousy in the heart of Marion Lawrance. No one at Kansas City will ever forget the introduction he gave Hugh Magill at that time.

(Mrs. W. C. Hertzler, a member of Marion Lawrance's Sunday school in Toledo, responded in a few words. Author.)

MR. JAY B. ALLEN:

Of all persons who have spoken, I am least worthy, because I am the youngest in period of friendship, of service and also in age, yet my life has been deeply influenced by this brief contact. Mr. Lawrance asked me to be his cabin-mate on this ship. In February he wrote: "I notice your letter to the Cook people in which you very generously offer me the lower berth. I cannot find words to tell you how deeply I appreciate your kindness in the matter, for I could not take an upper berth. I trust you will never have any occasion to regret your willingness to be domiciled with me on the occasion of this trip. It will be a joy to me to have you with me.

The present generation has the benefit of the personal recollection of his addresses, his birthday greetings and his smile. Future generations will have his books for guidance and inspiration. Still, we believe there should be some form of an outstanding memorial in which each one of the Sunday school hosts of North America may have a definite share. The exact nature is a most important matter and the members of the Board of Trustees invite individual suggestions to aid them in their decision.

(The Board voted in the fall of 1924 that the International Council publish no printed memorial of Marion Lawrance but instead heartily endorse and extend the sale of the present Memorial Biography written by his son. This volume was au-

thorized and planned for by Marion Lawrance several years before his death and is the only official life and memorial. Author.)

DR. RAFFETY:

In a Chicago bookstore I picked up a book on Sunday school work. Reading it I got a vision. The book was *How to Conduct a Sunday School,* by Marion Lawrance. For many years I have used that book and the investment I have made in the Sunday school cause I owe to Mr. Lawrance and to that book.

I was in the International Offices with Dr. Magill when telegrams were coming from Portland. I was standing in the little office between Dr. Magill's office and Mr. Lawrance's when he said, "This is to be your office. I want you to be between Mr. Lawrance and me." I said, "I am not worthy to be here." At Philadelphia I received a telegram announcing Mr. Lawrance's passing. Immediately beneath was a letter signed in that familiar purple ink—Mr. Lawrance's Hollyhock greeting. His letter of love was the announcement of his death!

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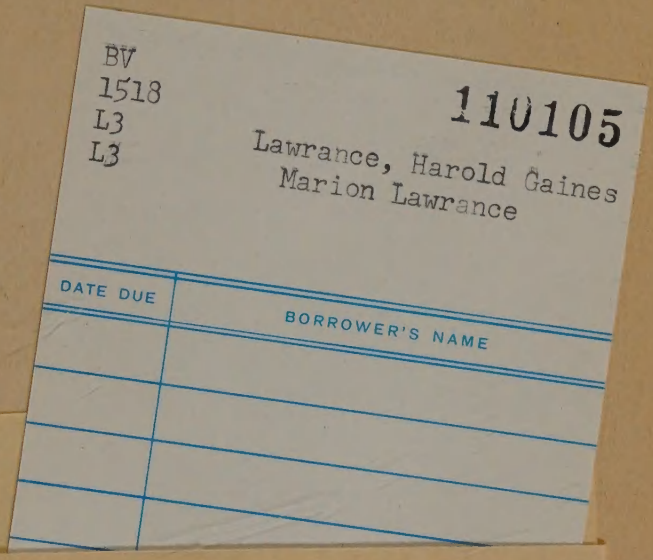

Lawrance
Marion

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